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For[illegible]lin

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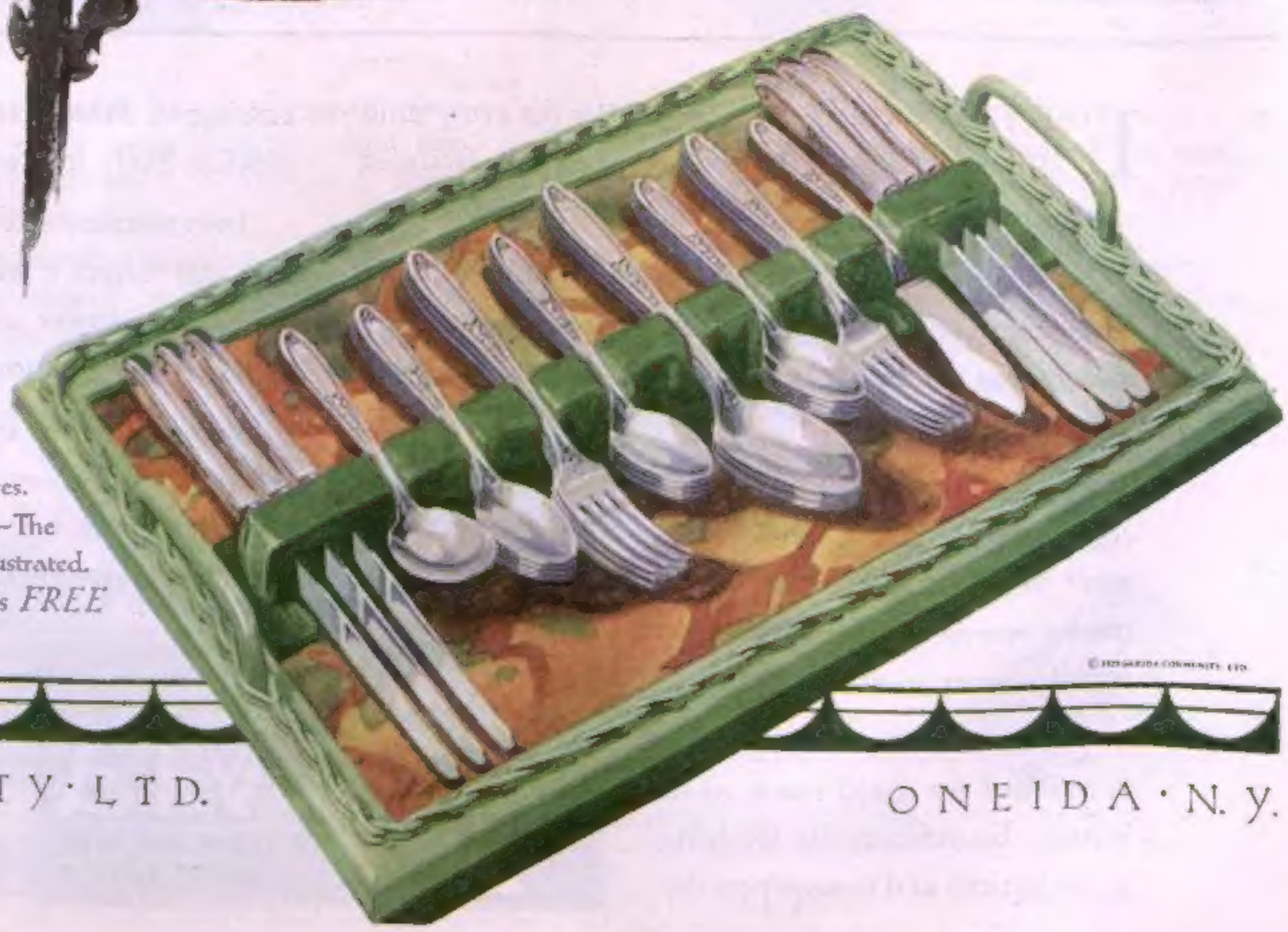

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PASSENGERS ARE WARNED

The Strange Man Asked Miss Hammitt for a Dance. She Looked Up to Make Sure She Did Not Know Him, and Said Unhurriedly, "I'm Not Dancing, Thank You"

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ELLIS BOUGHTON was going abroad for inconsequential reasons, principally because he was bored with his overgrown native town. New York was all right as cities go, easily the mightiest of them all, but its quality was that of a wine which goes straight to the head with too much drinking. You had to take a holiday pretty frequently or go under, submerged by too many kinds of excitement into the ruck of the maelstrom, where you surrendered individuality to become merely a whirling atom.

Boughton was old enough to think about those things. He was thirty-three, unmarried, and of the lean polo-playing type. He had plenty of money and an unexpected amount of specialized brain. He realized that the day has passed when Americans need instruction as to methods for making money and that salvation now depends on their learning the rudiments of how to spend it.

He did not consider philanthropy an intelligent form of expenditure; it was simply the last resort of exactly the sort of ignorance he deplored. Anybody with surplus cash could give it away without arousing in him a spark of enthusiasm or admiration. What he looked for was the pale dawn of the day when an American, having made his pile and retired, would be sufficiently educated to know what to do with his time. This quest seemed to him worth while because it was interesting. The fact that it was of doubtful utility to mankind in general only added to its glamour. He was nauseated by the thought and sight of Service with a big S and all the claptrap propaganda headed for increased efficiency, a bigger market and monotonous mounting returns to the complacent stockholder. Living meant something more than just feeding yourself three times a day and occasionally once more shortly after midnight. It had to comprise finesse or it was merely vegetation.

When you were bored you were stale, when you were stale you were stagnant, and when you were stagnant the thing to do was to put one foot in front of the other and get out of there. Thus reasoned Mr. Boughton as he proceeded downtown in person to buy himself a ticket. Service could have done it for him at no added expense. S stood for

Service, the telephone, the agent, the nonchalant messenger meandering downtown with the pampered passenger's passport. R would have stood for Rot, had he sat just that much longer, waiting to draw a single comprehensive check and have himself wheeled aboard.

Personal contact was a good thing in itself and gave an added return in actual values. The standard type of ticket seller was apt to be morose, armored against an avalanche of fool questions. But if you avoided the maddening, useless query, more likely than not he would warm, become human, and end up by saying, "If I were you, sir, I would take a berth in the big room with a bath. It wouldn't cost as much as the single cabin and nobody is likely to come in with you at the price." Whereupon you murmured, "I'll leave it to you to keep me alone," and you both smiled when he said he couldn't possibly promise, but ——

While Boughton was writing his check a girl entered, glanced around, took out a card and handed it to the nearest unoccupied clerk, saying as she did so, "For Mr. Roulin."

The young lady's appearance was such as to cause Boughton to stop writing halfway through his own signature. In his capacity of a well-to-do bachelor with plenty of time on his hands he knew dozens of beauties, amateur as well as professional, and he decided promptly that the stranger had something more than beauty. She had that elusive quality which made her a person rather than an exhibit.

"What can I do for you, madam?" said the clerk automatically. "Mr. Roulin is busy."

"I know he is," said the girl. "He's busy waiting to see me."

The street door opened. A flurry of wind snatched the card from the clerk's lax fingers, twirled it in air and deposited it face up on the floor outside the counter. Boughton located the bit of pasteboard mentally and retrieved it, taking care not to look down lest he yield to temptation and read the name.

As a result he was looking up at the girl's face as he arose, and perceived that she was biting her underlip with annoyance, but otherwise had not moved nor changed her grave expression. Their eyes met but did not mingle. Sensitive to every nuance of conventional defense, he did the right thing almost instinctively. He placed the card on the counter while keeping his gaze fixed as before.

She nodded without unbending, and murmured, "Thank you."

Strange to say, nobody had smiled; least of all the clerk. He took the card and presently returned to usher her with respect into a private office. Boughton found ways of delaying the conclusion of his own business. He added the figures for ticket and tax, totted up his check book as if unsure of his balance, and decided he needed more tags for his baggage. His ruse was not successful. The girl failed to reappear, and when he could delay no longer without seeming to loiter he hurried out, feeling a little foolish.

It amused him to analyze his own motives. Why had he lingered? Was she extraordinary enough to justify the stirrings of the primitive impulse of the chase, so praiseworthy in the open, but subject to opprobrious construction within the confines of the city? He was astonishingly unable to decide. Already she had become a memory, a volatile essence, a fragrance without substance or form, but that one would unfailingly recognize upon a second encounter. This much seemed clear: He had lingered because he would have liked to know whether that kind of girl was going to be his fellow passenger or whether she was merely paying a social call during business hours.

The return to reason was complete by the time he had got his passport properly visaed, and he had actually banished the encounter from his mind when a glimpse at a familiar hat in the milling throng which choked the gangways at the hour of departure awoke him to renewed speculation. Why should he remember the hat when he was unconscious even of having seen it? Supposing he was right as to its ownership—and he knew he was right—was she sailing or, having seen off her friends, was she on the point of going ashore? He strove to relocate the hat and failed.

Two days—fifty empty hours, to be exact—elapsed before he was assured of her presence on board. Seated at the small table which he had to himself in the dining saloon, he faced the grand stairway and saw her as she still stood on the top step of the main flight. It was the first glimpse he had caught of her without a hat, and the sight of her hair took his breath away. It was neither bobbed nor did it overload her head with a threat of tresses which would hang to her knees. What made it remarkable was the skill of its handling, combined with that inimitable tint of dark amber which has a trick of gathering light and then dispersing it, to the surprised joy of man and the despair of other women.

She paused for a moment to orient herself and then descended slowly enough to give him ample time for observation. Her eyes wandered across him unseeingly. They were gray. She had on an evening frock which seemed to set the note of her department. It was smart without being striking, highly becoming, and yet managed to show a fine discrimination for time and place. It did not reveal unduly her neck or back, but modes being what they are, it could not conceal the contours of an excellent figure. Beholding a slender young woman, fully clothed, you still knew she was properly rounded.

She passed him before he had absorbed any further details, but he managed to keep track of her as she made her way to a table for six where four people were already seated, a man and his wife around one corner and two men facing each other at the other end. There were thus two places left vacant—one between the two men, and the other at the left of the husband. She chose the latter.

As the three men arose it was evident to Boughton that the girl was known to none of them. The wife sized her up with one of those instantaneous accountings of which only women are capable and accepted her on the spot at face value. She leaned forward and spoke a welcoming word. Accepting her lead, the husband beamed with relief as much as pleasure. One could read in his still youthful face his satisfaction at not having to be on his guard throughout the voyage. The two other men, beyond rising, seemed to attach no importance to the new arrival.

Only on the following morning was the huge seating chart compiled and posted. Boughton learned from it that the girl was Miss G. Hammill, the man next to her a Mr. S. J. Meacham, his companion a Colonel Rivers, and the married couple Mr. and Mrs. James Tupper Leffingwell, Jr. The last name was illuminating. This younger Leffingwell had been in Boughton's own class at college for the brief space of six months. He had then been flunked out with the lowest marks ever made public and had subsequently become one of the most successful business men of his youthful generation.

His dismissal from college had been a great thing for him. It had stopped his going to the dogs in a rapid and carefree manner, launched him into business, where he belonged as a duckling belongs in water, and had brought about a rapprochement between himself and his awe-inspiring father, J. T., Sr., known in high railway circles as the Saber-toothed Tiger.

At the moment of disgrace it was all the old man could do to restrain himself from knocking down his son, but by the end of a year he had begun to say, "College did a lot for my boy. It took him in a sow's ear and kicked him out a gold-mesh purse. Yes, sir, I advise every man to send his fool sons to college."

Though Boughton had failed to recognize his former classmate, he had reason to believe his own name would be remembered, but he wished to break the ice while Mrs. Leffingwell was not around. He got his chance only after tea, when Leffingwell left the ladies to go into the smoking room to select a cigar.

"Aren't you Leffie Leffingwell?"

"Sure," said Mr. Leffingwell, somewhat startled and at a loss. It was many years since anyone had called him Leffie.

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"What's the Matter With Me?" He Asked Desperately. "Do You Think I'm a Leper or a Crook or a Cad or an Evil Influence to the Young?"

LINDBERGH AND THE PRESS

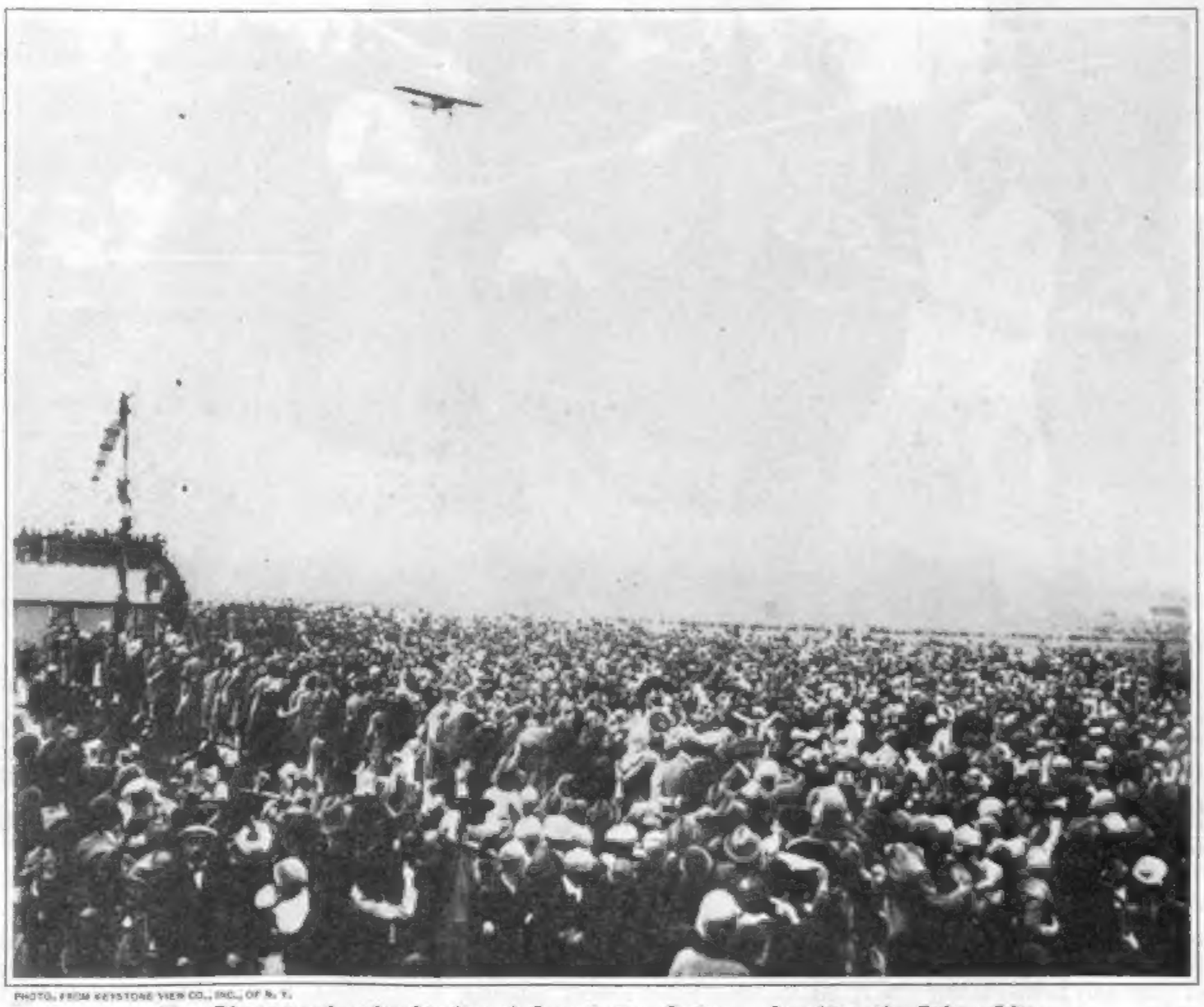
By Julian S. Mason

Editor, New York Evening Post

WHEN Col. Charles A. Lindbergh married Miss Anne Morrow at the home of her father in Englewood, New Jersey, under the very eyes of the newspapers, but without their knowledge, he brought out into the open the question of his relations with the public and the press. Most editors accepted this event with relief and good humor. They saw it as an excellent joke upon themselves and thought more highly of the colonel than ever.

It would be useless to deny, however, that there was a certain undercurrent of disappointment. The reporters and press photographers actually on duty at Englewood did not like it and communicated something of this feeling to their fellow workers. There was some editorial criticism of the colonel for denying the public the show which a Grade A public figure is supposed to owe to his constituency. On the other hand, it is fair to say that many of the aviation reporters regretted that Colonel Lindbergh had been forced to an expedient which deprived him of a simple and natural country wedding such as he and his bride might reasonably have desired.

Back of Colonel Lindbergh's victory over publicity in this matter lies the whole question of the invasion of his privacy, which has been an issue ever since he sprang full-fledged into the difficult position of an American hero. There are two particular fundamentals of this problem which do not seem to be generally understood. It seems to me that we ought to try to understand them for Lindbergh's sake as well as our own.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y.

Two Photographs of a Lindbergh Crowd, One Before a Landing, the Other After

Sticking by the Contract

COLONEL LINDBERGH became an American hero through performing a perfectly great stunt. Backed by an enthusiastic group of young men in St. Louis, he started off on the unprecedented and as yet unequaled feat of flying alone from New York to Paris. His St. Louis backers hoped, but hardly believed, that he could do it. No one else even dreamed that he could. It is of record that, after he had done it, the St. Louisans telephoned to "Slim" at the American Embassy in Paris, by transatlantic telephone. When they got him, after many hours of effort, their spokesman said to him: "You big, lucky stiff; you've done it!" To which he replied, in the midst of adulation from all over the world: "Those are the first homelike words I have heard yet."

Lindbergh had started out from New York with a contract with the New York Times for a very decent sum of money, to be paid to him for the story of his trip. The contract was made, as newspapers make contracts with flyers, with various payments to be made according as the flight might be accomplished, partially or completely. If Lindbergh had not completed his flight to Paris the Times stood to lose a comparatively small sum. If he completed his flight both the Times and Lindbergh stood to win much larger sums. But neither Lindbergh nor the Times could possibly realize in advance the great newspaper value of the completion of the flight plus the personality of Colonel Lindbergh.

Therefore a most pleasing incident occurred—pleasing in the sense that it showed the inherent decency of a great personage and of a great newspaper. Colonel Lindbergh, upon arriving in Paris, received from a newspaper syndicate an offer of $100,000 for the story of his flight across the Atlantic. As soon as he could disentangle himself from the drumfire of publicity that beat upon him—a strange thing to him then, and a strange thing to him now—he cabled the Times that he was under contract to it for a sum much less than $100,000, but that, of course, he purposed sticking by his contract. At the same time the Times wired Lindbergh that neither he nor it had realized in advance the news value of his accomplishment and that therefore the Times was prepared to release him to the larger reward.

The messages almost crossed. Lindbergh stood by his contract and refused to accept the release. The Times made every effort to see that he should not lose by this fulfillment of faith. It sold the story of his flight to newspapers all over the United States, in Europe and in South America. It absorbed all the heavy cost of selling the story and of delivering it to its journalistic clients. When Lindbergh arrived in the United States the Times handed him a check for more than half of the $100,000 that he was gallant enough to refuse.

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

Traps of Publicity

THIS treatment gave Colonel Lindbergh a belief in the good faith of American newspapers. He has that faith today. He has paid his debt of good faith back to the Times. When he took his good-will flight to South America he awarded the serial rights to that paper, despite the attractive proposals that were made to him by other news agencies.

Lindbergh's friends were very worried about him when he came back to America. They were afraid that he would yield to the temptation of the then new personality advertising. They feared that he might be led into indorsements of various well-advertised articles. They were afraid that he might be persuaded into exploiting his personality in the movies. It was my good fortune at that time to see a letter from the late Ambassador Herrick to a powerful New York banker. Possibly Colonel Lindbergh has never heard of this. Mr. Herrick's letter banked confidently upon the young man from St. Louis who had suddenly swum into his ken. But the ambassador wrote in effect: "Don't let the newspapers ruin him. Back him up in his intention not to let the movies get him. Don't let our advertising people make a fool out of him."

Lindbergh has escaped all these snares of American publicity. How he has done it, I don't know. The three agencies that Ambassador Herrick mentioned have tried to bend him to their own uses, not with any malicious purpose but simply because that is the way we do things in these United States.

Here is the background of the first of the problems to which I am leading. We have always destroyed our popular heroes. But Lindbergh has gone straight and fine and free ever since we exalted him, contrary to his will or understanding, into a great American hero. By a God-given decency of soul he has avoided

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TENNIS—By HELEN WILLS

WHEN anyone asks, "How do you train for tennis?" I have no answer, because I do not train. When one thinks of training, one sees in one's mind's eye coaches and trainers and setting-up exercises and special foods and strict rules. If someone said, "Now, Miss Wills, you are to have a trainer," I think that I would no longer find tennis a pleasure.

Tennis is a game that one does pleasantly and agreeably when one feels like playing and when one finds players with whom one enjoys playing. If it is taken seriously, so that training seems necessary, then it seems that the game has assumed an importance that is not in keeping with the sport.

However, some might think that it is strict training to give up smoking and alcohol in every form. Because I believe that it is unnecessary for me I have never smoked or formed the habit of taking cocktails or anything at all with alcohol in it. I enjoy simple foods and like to have nine hours' sleep five nights out of the seven in the week. Training is largely a matter of point of view. It happens that the simple life that I enjoy lends itself admirably to the playing of a strenuous game like tennis. I have always felt fit and cannot remember not having wanted to play tennis. What would be training to one person would be a natural existence to someone else. It is vaguely annoying to have people say, "You have always to keep in training, haven't you?" Usually I say "Yes," because it is too hard to explain that I do not consider doing what I enjoy doing "training."

It is not likely that anyone would give up doing what he enjoys for the sake of tennis. Tennis would become immediately a burden and an effort, and part of the zest of playing would be taken away. It is true that there are players among the best who would be better prepared for tennis if they tried training, and yet it is a question as to whether they would play better tennis if they did do it.

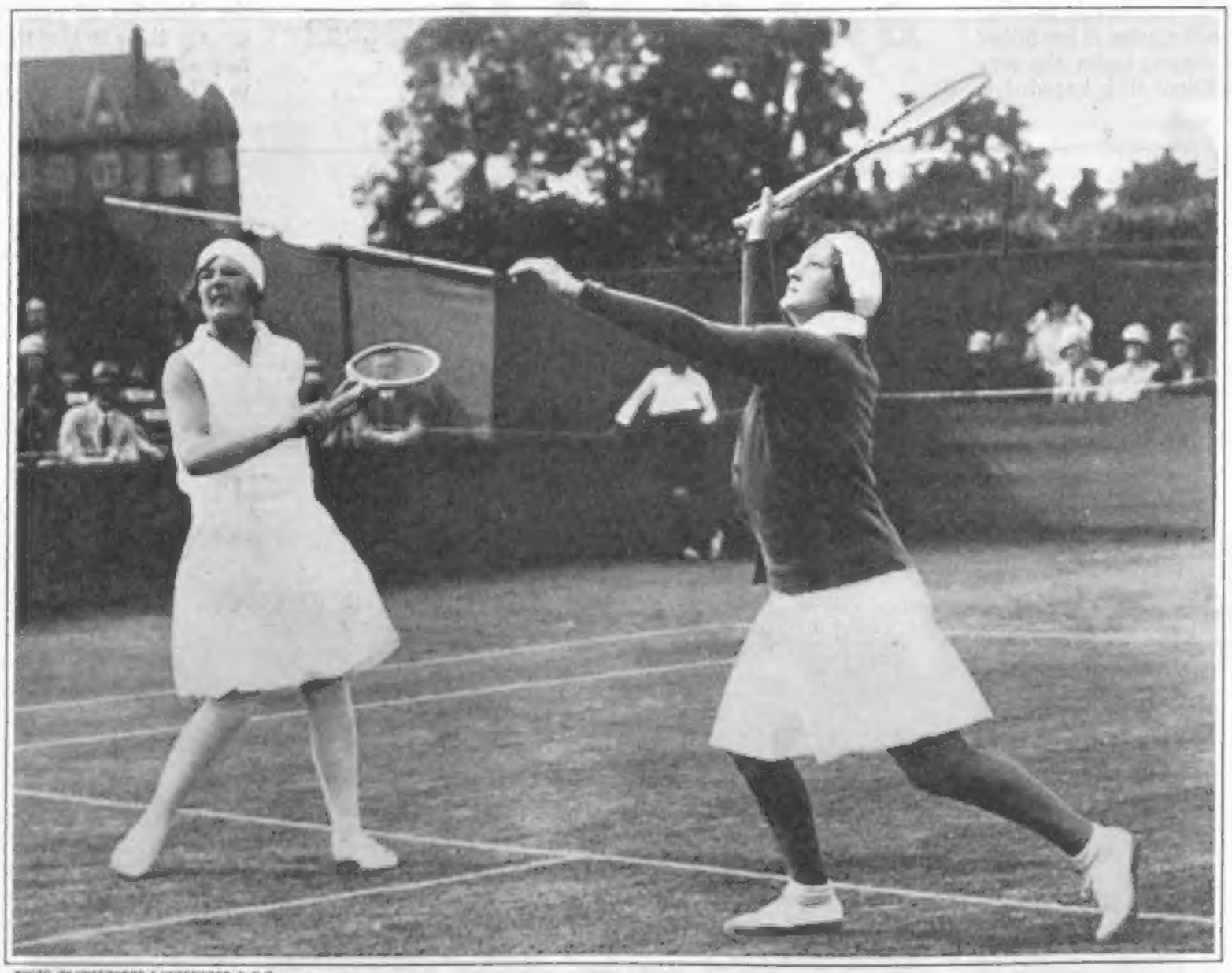


PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Betty Nuthall, Youthful English Star, and Helen Jacobs, America's Second Ranking Woman Player, Brushing Up Their Doubles Play Prior to the Wimbledon Tournament

Choosing a Tournament Luncheon

TENNIS is a game that shies away from any premeditated effort to capture it, and some players who have really trained and trained have played more poorly with each successive season.

So, after all, there are very few rules that one can formulate. One's common sense tells one not to have luncheon directly before going on the court and not to choose lobster or pork chops. It is best to have luncheon about an hour and a half before playing and to have just a little of something simple yet nourishing—a tender lamb chop, green peas, and two pieces of toast is a safe combination. Curiously enough, if the tournament lasts for a week, and you are fortunate enough to play up to the last day, you find that exactly the same luncheon every day seems easier to play on than a great variety. I thought I had discovered something quite new until I was told by several people engaged in other sports that they did exactly the same thing.

I read the other day a most interesting article upon sugar and its value and how it is being appreciated more and more as a producer of energy. It appears that coaches who train athletes in universities are allowing their trainees more sugar. In coming in from a match on a very hot day I have been astonished to find how quickly one can be refreshed by a cup of hot water in which three or four lumps of sugar have been dissolved. It sounds like a dreadful combination to anyone not used to it, but its effect is felt almost instantly.

A simple life and tennis three or four times a week are certain to make one extremely healthy—that is, if one has no physical disability that prevents him from taking exercise. There even have been players who have become quite famous in tennis who were not really strong and who played well in spite of this handicap. The Doherty brothers, greatest on the court in the time of English supremacy in tennis, had constantly to use their brains and every strategy to make up for what they lacked in strength. They were great players in spite of the fact that they were not physically strong enough for the game.

PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Incomparable Suzanne Before Her Match With Mrs. Mallory at Forest Hills in 1928

But it is well for the person who takes up tennis, whether it be for ordinary club play or tournament competition, to be absolutely certain that he is physically strong enough for such a strenuous game. If one is beginning to play, one should start gradually and allow the muscles that are unaccustomed to the new exercise to limber up. This is equally necessary for the experienced player if he has given up the game for a time—for even a short period, such as two weeks. It is astonishing to find how quickly the muscles get out of the habit of playing; indeed, it is true that a no longer young player who gives up the game for a long time, say for a year, can never get back into his old playing form, for his muscles refuse to go back to their former state of flexibility. This same thing has been proved many times in other sports. If one is permitted to bring boxing into a tennis discussion one can call to mind a number of famous boxers who tried to make a come-back and failed because they could not get back into form after a lay-off.

To Keep From Going Stale

IN OTHER words, if a person is desirous of playing the best tennis of which he is capable, he should play regularly—regularly and in moderation—not too long at a time. Two sets in an afternoon are really sufficient for anyone, and although you may want to play more you will find that in limiting yourself to two sets you will never lose your zest for the next day's play or, furthermore, reach that point where you decide that the trouble with your game is that it has gone stale.

I have always secretly believed that there is no reason for so-called staleness in tennis. I have never experienced it, which must be because I rarely play more than two sets in one day. I seldom feel tired after a match. It is really important that one does not feel exhausted after playing tennis, because then the benefits of the exercise are lost and the pleasure of play is outweighed by the feeling of weariness. The player who loves the game and plays on week-ends only, is frequently the one who overdoes. Eight sets in an afternoon are not unusual for the club player. The plan of limiting oneself to a reasonable amount of play should be adopted by those whose tennis is a week-end activity, as well as by those who participate in tournaments.

Tennis, when done regularly and in moderation, its play limited to the strength of the one who takes it up, should be very beneficial and should bring added health.

Of course, in my opinion, tennis is the most wonderful sport ever invented. Each one who has a favorite sport probably thinks the same of his particular one. I feel, when I step upon the court, that I am entering another world and, when the game is in progress, it seems as if nothing exists beyond the limits of the court—people, sound, even any little problems that I might have had before I began to play—nothing is real or matters except the warmth of the sun, the flying ball, and the exquisite feeling of speed and motion.

How does one learn to play tennis? There is only one answer: One loves the game so much that one desires to

play and play and play—and one does. One learns only by playing thousands of games and hundreds of sets. One must have the desire. If one is fascinated, then one is interested in studying out the strokes, in learning the tactics, and in inventing bits of strategy. The strokes must be learned before the plans of strategy can be followed up. The most wonderful ideas about playing the game cannot be fulfilled without the strokes to carry them through. For this reason many enthusiasts play better tennis in their chairs on the veranda than they do on the court.

I once asked Gertrude Atherton, the famous novelist, who lives in California not far away from where I do, "What advice would you give to a young person who wants to learn to write?" "Write and practice—practice—practice," she answered. I met someone the other day who had gone to school with Mrs. Atherton, and she told of how Mrs. Atherton as a little girl used to be continually writing stories, even when she was very young, for the other girls. Childe Hassam, one of the great artists of America, gave the simple advice: "Paint." And in tennis, although it falls in with sports instead of with the arts, the advice holds: to learn to play tennis one must play it year after year.

I am reminded of a question that I have been asked a number of times: "Would you rather be a tennis player or an artist?" In my mind there is no choice. Suppose that one could choose between being a champion tennis player or an artist who excelled in the field of art.

Movement

ONE spends ten or fifteen years learning to play a game that is as nearly perfect as he is able to make it with the abilities of coordination with which he has been endowed by nature. Then, at about the age of thirty or thirty-five, his endurance is not quite so good, his breath does not last so long, and he ceases to improve, and his game remains for a while where it is, and then disappears within a season or two. There is nothing more pathetic than an athlete who has been really good, who has lived completely within his sport, and who refuses to understand, when he reaches a certain age, that he is no longer as good as he used to be. If one may venture to speak of art in the same breath with tennis, art has the advantage of being a game in which one reaches his best form at the age of fifty or sixty, with some time to go beyond. So art wins in regard to years. Then, too, a stroke in tennis is gone when it has been made; a stroke of the brush is there until you want to rub it out, or it is there permanently.

But speaking of art and sport with all due seriousness, there is an undeniable relation between sport and art—not only in tennis but in all sports where rhythm and grace of movement play a part. For example, there is a fine player upon the court, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen; she is about to make an overhead smash; there is her upraised racket, her body poised with perfect balance; through her racket and through her figure there runs a line that is translated to the onlooker in terms of pleasing motion. My name for it is the "dynamic line of movement." All the great players have it—Mademoiselle Lenglen, Señorita de Alvarez, William Tilden and Henri Cochet are perhaps the most striking.

The same dynamic line of movement can be observed in the pole vaulter, in an athlete putting the shot. It is in the football player as he kicks the ball, the polo player as he leans to take his ball; it is found in swimming and in golf and in boxing. It is the thing that makes a good athlete excel in his particular field. How well would Joyce Wethered play golf if she did not have that wonderful line of movement in her strokes?

Can you imagine a painting by Michelangelo without movement and grace in line and color, or a Rembrandt? In all great paintings there is a dynamic line of movement. The eye follows it through the color and line. All art schools should require their pupils to do a sport. Sport and art, while they appear far removed at first thought, are deeply related by the rhythm that streams through them both.

"What do you plan to do in the future?" Such a question as this makes one feel that one's future is important, but, of course, it isn't to anyone but oneself. To be truthful about what one hopes for the future is difficult. I know that I shall play in tournaments only occasionally after I am thirty—I still have seven years left to play in match competition. I believe that after thirty or thirty-five one's tennis ceases to improve. Competitive tennis would hardly hold its charm if one knew that his game was not what it used to be. But I shall play tennis at home, at my own club with my friends, or wherever I happen to be traveling, always, until I must give up my racket because of old age. I know that I shall always love the game. One must think also of the important business of keeping strong and fit, a matter which is of great concern in this sensible day and age. My great desire is to be an artist, but no one can tell of the future. I was amused in finding some of my sketch books the other day which were dated 1909, which showed that at the age of four I had an extremely modern tendency in art. Mothers are always discovering nowadays that their children are "just like Gauguin!" My favorite subjects were dogs on leashes; leading women with Roman noses, with rings on their thumbs; as well as exotic beasts with humps on their backs; landscapes with rounded hills—very modern—with rising suns. So art, instead of tennis, was my first great interest.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Betty Nuthall, the Youngest Member of the Visiting English Wightman Cup Team, at Forest Hills

COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

The Author at Wimbledon, the Scene of Some of Her Greatest Triumphs. In Oval—The Two Helens. Miss Wills and Miss Jacobs Take the Court to Decide a National Championship at Forest Hills

But to go on to the more technical side of tennis: What are those most important points of play that make up the game? There are many things that one discovers as one plays. The casual onlooker at a tennis match can see that the game is one with a finely developed technic, and a game of strategy. The longer one plays the more one learns; and while the game becomes, in a way, simpler as one learns the strokes, it becomes, at the same time, more and more complicated as one becomes aware of the limitlessness of its strategy.

Only Two Sets at a Time

WHEN I began to play I simply played and did not take lessons or go at the game in any very definite fashion. We lived in the country and had a court where my father sometimes played. I first became interested when I found on the hall table one day two brand-new rackets that had just arrived. They looked shiny and their handles felt pleasantly rough. They had the peculiar rackety smell of varnish that new rackets have. I had often seen my father play, but before the advent of these new rackets had not felt the urge for tennis. My only playmate was a little boy with apple-red cheeks named Charles, whom I could beat running and whom I forced to cut out paper dolls. He used to call, "Helen, come out and play," and I would answer, "Anything but tennis." I preferred "Indians" or looking for fairies in the knots of the apple trees by the creek. But when the new rackets appeared Charles and I used to play frequently. Then my father played with me now and then when he saw I was interested. I was then about eight. But it was not until after the war, when I was thirteen and had returned from a year at school in Vermont, that I really took up tennis. It was never allowed to interfere with my school work, and I always finished my lessons before playing, but, even so, there were many afternoons when I had my game. I am sure that I have averaged at least four afternoons a week on the court during the ten years that I have been playing. My play has always been limited to two sets for an afternoon, and two sets usually take about an hour and a half to play, or perhaps a little less time if they go quickly.

I never have had lessons from a professional tennis teacher. My father played with me at first and corrected the strokes that I did not do in proper form. When I

(Continued on Page 32)

FATHER IS ANGRY

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"He's So Deaf I Pretty Nearly Ruined My Voice Yelling"

LATE one Thursday afternoon Mr. Gilbert Henderson was called to the telephone.

"Hello," said a feminine voice. "I want the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company at Earthworm City—the people that make the Earthworm tractors. I want the service department."

"This is the service department. This is Gilbert Henderson, sales and service manager."

"Well, this is Miss Gladys Jenkins speaking. And I hate to bother you, but father is very angry. He would have called you himself, but he's a little deaf, you know. He's not much good on long distance. So he wanted me to tell you to send a man down at once. Right away, he said."

"Let me get this straight. Who did you say you were?"

"Miss Gladys Jenkins, of Scipio, Illinois."

"And your father is angry because he's deaf? And he wants me to send a man down? I don't understand. This factory makes Earthworm tractors, not ear trumpets."

"Oh, Mr. Henderson, you are so witty. But you really must try to be serious."

"I am perfectly serious. Just who is your father?"

"Father is Mr. Henry Jenkins, of Scipio, Illinois. He has just bought one of your Earthworm tractors. You ought to know that."

"Oh, yes, now I place you. It was a five-ton model. It was delivered yesterday. The sale was made by George Sherwood—one of our salesmen."

"Yes, Mr. Henderson. The tractor came yesterday, and father says it is no good. It has no power. It won't pull. He can't fix it himself, and he says for you to send a man down."

"All right, Miss Jenkins, you tell your father not to worry. When we sell a tractor we stand behind it, and we see that it works right. I can't send you a man right away. All my extra men are up in Minnesota at a big demonstration we're putting on at Pryor Lake. But I'll have somebody by the middle of next week sure."

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Henderson, but I'm afraid father won't be satisfied. He wants somebody right away."

"What's the hurry?"

"He has a brand-new combined harvester. It's as big as a two-car garage. The idea is, you drag it through the fields and it cuts the wheat and threshes it at the same time."

"Yes, yes. I understand."

"Most of the farmers around here still use binders, and then thresh the stuff later. But father is very progressive. He wants only the latest and best."

"Quite right."

"And he has six hundred acres of wheat all ready to cut. So he wants the tractor fixed up right away."

"Couldn't the wheat wait a few days?"

"Maybe. But that isn't all. You see the combine is stuck in the mud, and father is all hot and bothered about it. He's funny that way. He gets excited very easy."

"The combine is stuck in the mud? How did that happen?"

"This morning father started to drive the tractor, with the combine hooked on behind, from town out to the farm. And when he came to Goose Creek he decided the bridge was too weak for such a heavy load. And as Mr. Sherwood had told him an Earthworm tractor would go through any sort of mud and soft ground, he drove down off the road and started to ford the stream."

"Yes?"

"Well, it was a poor idea, Mr. Henderson. The combine got stuck right in the middle of Goose Creek."

"Well, well. That's too bad."

"Yes, that's what father seems to think. And he says it's all the fault of the tractor. It ran fine under a light load, but as soon as he got into the mud and opened the throttle a bit, the motor began to cough and spit, and wasn't any good at all. He finally got the tractor out and drove it home. But the combine is still there, and it is sinking deeper and deeper into the mud of the creek bottom."

"How big a stream is this Goose Creek?"

"It's not more than a foot deep right now. We've been having dry weather. But father says a good storm would raise it so high it would probably wash the combine half a mile or so downstream and over Hopkins' Dam. And a combine wouldn't be much good after it got washed over a dam, would it, Mr. Henderson?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Father says he might pull it out with a block and tackle, only there's nothing to anchor to, and the ground is too soft to set a post that would hold. So you better send a mechanic down here right away. Don't you think so, Mr. Henderson?"

"Well, I guess you're right. You tell your father we'll take care of him. We'll find a mechanic somewhere and have him there tomorrow morning."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Henderson. I really hated to bother you, but you see father takes these things so seriously. And he is so sort of virile. When he gets really mad I can't do a thing with him. But now I'm sure everything will be all right. Thank you so much."

"Not at all, Miss Jenkins."

"Well, good-by, Mr. Henderson."

"Good-by."

Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver, thought for a moment or two, and then put in a call for Mr. George Sherwood, at the Rogers House, Galesburg. Ten minutes later he was connected.

"Hello, George," he said. "This is Gilbert Henderson."

"Yes, Mr. Henderson."

"I got a little extra job for you, George. You remember Henry Jenkins down at Scipio?"

"Sure. I sold him a five-ton. It was delivered yesterday, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. And he's having trouble. Got stuck in the mud with a combined harvester. Claims the tractor won't pull. No power. All the service men are busy, so I want you to stop off at Scipio on your way to St. Louis tomorrow morning and see what's the matter. Be sure you get him fixed up. He's only paid five hundred down on it."

"Yes, I know. Balance of thirty-five hundred in thirty days. But don't worry. I'll stop off and fix him up."

"All right, I'll count on you. Give me a ring in the morning and let me know how you come out."

"Very good, Mr. Henderson."

"So long."

"So long."

The next morning Mr. George Sherwood called from Scipio, Illinois.

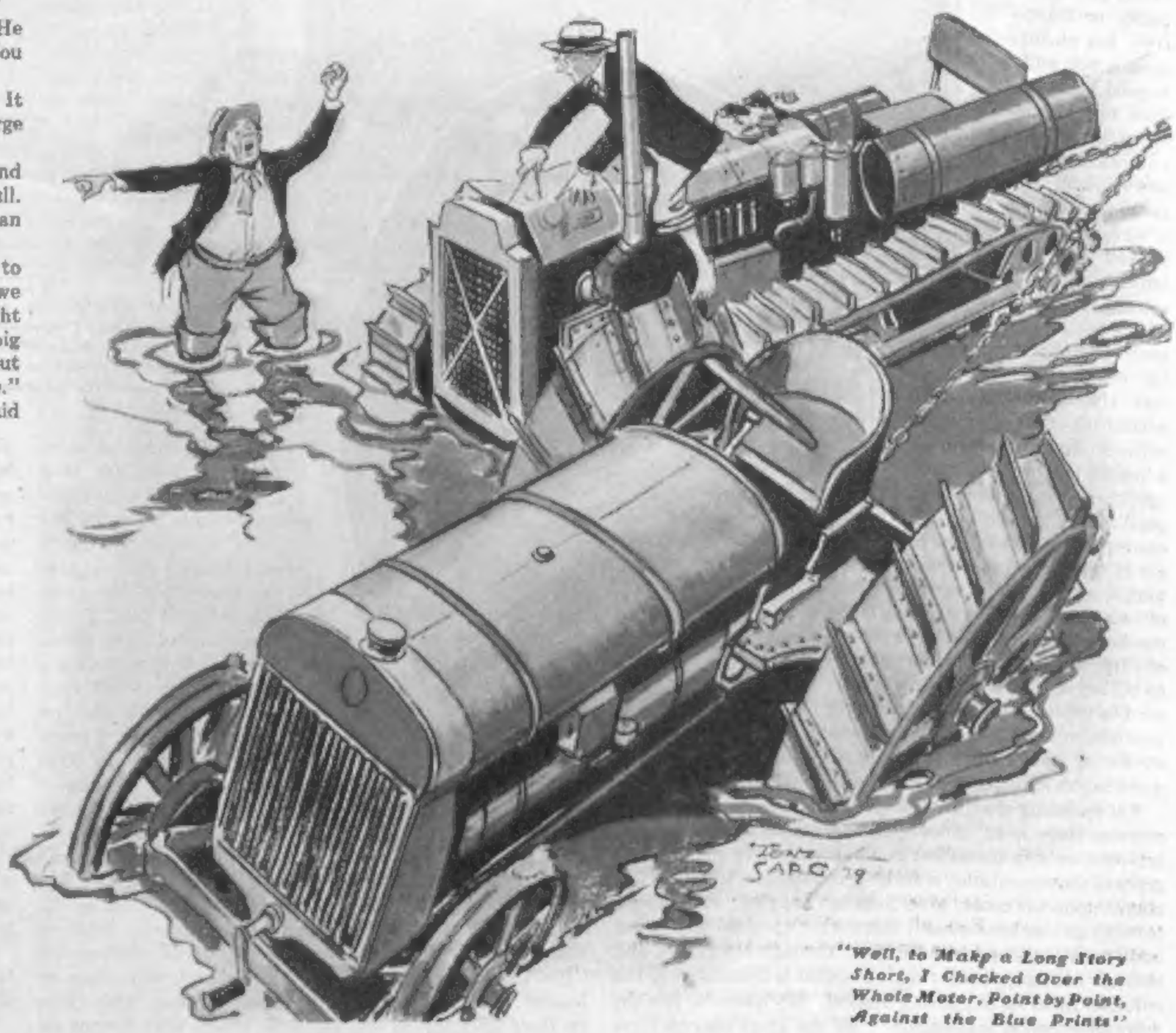
"Hello, is that you, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"This is George Sherwood. I've just been out to see Jenkins. It's a lucky thing you sent me. The old guy was sore as a boil, but I smoothed him down fine. It takes me to smooth 'em down when they get all ruffled up this way."

"What was the trouble?"

"Same old story. Nine-tenths of these tractor troubles are in the mind of the operator. This guy Jenkins got his combine stuck in the mud. And then, just because the tractor didn't pull it out the first try, he lost his head. He unhooked the machine, drove home, and began hollering for help from the factory. Believe me, he was mad too."



"Well, to Make a Long Story Short, I Checked Over the Whole Motor, Point by Point, Against the Blue Prints"

"So what did you do?"

"Oh, I gave him a nice little talk. He's so deaf I pretty nearly ruined my voice yelling. I told him to keep calm and not worry—take it easy and let in the clutch slow and gentle when he started pulling. Any motor will stall if you put in the clutch too quick—you know that."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then I drove the tractor around the barnyard a few times, and it ran slick as a whistle. Even old man Jenkins had to admit that."

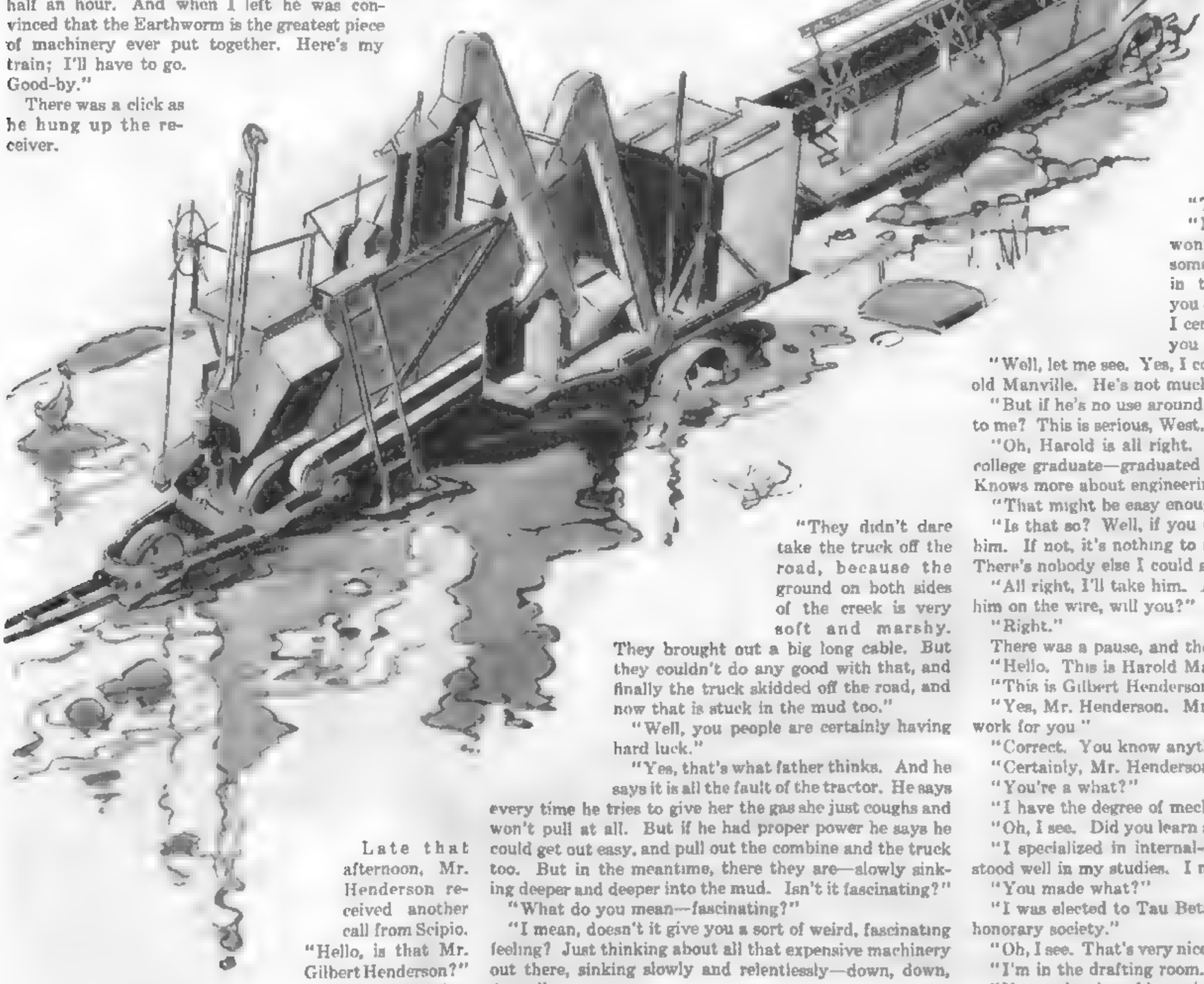
"Did you get the combine out of the mud?"

"No, I had to come back to town to catch my train for St. Louis. It's due in a couple of minutes, and it's the last train till tomorrow."

"Don't you think you should have stayed until he got out? You know he still owes a balance of thirty-five hundred. And if he doesn't think the machine is right, he is liable to hold up payment."

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Henderson. When that payment is due we'll get it. I talked to that guy for over half an hour. And when I left he was convinced that the Earthworm is the greatest piece of machinery ever put together. Here's my train; I'll have to go. Good-by."

There was a click as he hung up the receiver.



Late that afternoon, Mr. Henderson received another call from Scipio.

"Hello, is that Mr. Gilbert Henderson?"

"This is Henderson speaking."

"Well, this is Miss Gladys Jenkins, and father wants me to give you a message. He says to tell you that the Earthworm tractor is the lousiest bunch of stove iron that was ever throwed together, and that Mr. George Sherwood is the biggest liar this side of New York City."

"Well, really, Miss Jenkins, I don't understand why you should call me up and make any such statement as that. Surely ——"

"Oh, I'm not making any such statement. It's father. You see, he's a little deaf, and he can't use the telephone very well—especially long distance."

"Yes, yes. You told me that yesterday."

"So he wanted me to call you up. And he insisted that I give you the message word for word. Of course I hate to bother you, Mr. Henderson, and you understand I have nothing against you personally. And I haven't anything against Mr. Sherwood. But father seems to be really terribly excited. He's all covered with mud, and he's walking around and around the kitchen muttering to himself."

"You don't mean there has been some further trouble with the tractor?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid there has. Or at least father seems to think so."

"But I thought Mr. Sherwood was there this morning and fixed things up."

"Oh, yes. Mr. Sherwood was here, and he was very polite. He is a very nice man. He explained to father that the tractor was really all right, and he told him just what to do to get the combine out of the mud. You remember I told you yesterday that father's new combine was stuck in the mud down in Goose Creek."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, father drove the tractor down to pull out the combine, and he got the tractor so deep in the mud that now the tractor is stuck too. And that isn't all."

"That isn't all?"

"No. Father walked all the way to town and got a Mr. Smith to come out with his big truck to try to pull out the tractor and the combine."

"Yes?"

"They didn't dare take the truck off the road, because the ground on both sides of the creek is very soft and marshy. They brought out a big long cable. But they couldn't do any good with that, and finally the truck skidded off the road, and now that is stuck in the mud too."

"Well, you people are certainly having hard luck."

"Yes, that's what father thinks. And he says it is all the fault of the tractor. He says every time he tries to give her the gas she just coughs and won't pull at all. But if he had proper power he says he could get out easy, and pull out the combine and the truck too. But in the meantime, there they are—slowly sinking deeper and deeper into the mud. Isn't it fascinating?"

"What do you mean—fascinating?"

"I mean, doesn't it give you a sort of weird, fascinating feeling? Just thinking about all that expensive machinery out there, sinking slowly and relentlessly—down, down, down."

"Yes, I see what you mean. I guess I'll have to send a service man as soon as I can."

"Yes, I think that is father's idea too. He says if you don't get some action on this right away, he won't pay the balance he owes you, and you'll have to give him back what he's paid already, or he'll sue you. He says the wheat is ripe and starting to fall down, and he wants to get busy."

"Well, you tell him not to worry."

"If it should rain before we get that stuff out of the creek, he might worry quite a bit. And when father is worried he carries on something terrible."

"Yes, I understand. You tell your father I'll get somebody down there tomorrow."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Henderson. And, by the way, perhaps you had better not send Mr. Sherwood. I'm afraid it would irritate father. You see, father is pretty sore already. He came home here a little while ago all covered with mud from messing around in the creek bottom, and he has a sort of a wild look in his eye. And he thinks Mr. Sherwood lied to him. You know—telling him the tractor was all right, when apparently it wasn't."

"We couldn't send Mr. Sherwood anyway. He has gone to St. Louis."

"You understand I have nothing against Mr. Sherwood myself, Mr. Henderson."

"Sure; that's all right."

"It's just that I'm afraid he might irritate father. Personally, I think Mr. Sherwood is a real gentleman. He certainly was polite enough to me. We had quite a talk."

"You don't say. Maybe if George would tend to business more and women less, he would be better off."

"What was that, Mr. Henderson?"

"Nothing. Tell your father we'll send him a man."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Henderson."

"Not at all. Good-by."

Mr. Henderson at once called the factory operator and was connected with Mr. Julius West, chief engineer of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

"Hello. That you, West?"

"Yes."

"This is Gilbert Henderson talking. I'm in sort of a jam. We've got a new tractor broken down over at Scipio. Got to get it fixed up right away or the guy won't pay for it. All the service men are up at the demonstration at Pryor Lake."

"That's not my funeral."

"No, I know it isn't; but I was wondering if you didn't have some bright young man up there in the engineering department you could lend me for a day or so. I certainly would appreciate it if you can."

"Well, let me see. Yes, I could let you have young Harold Manville. He's not much use around here."

"But if he's no use around there, what use would he be to me? This is serious, West. I got to have a good man."

"Oh, Harold is all right. I was just kidding. He's a college graduate—graduated this June. And he's bright. Knows more about engineering than I do myself."

"That might be easy enough."

"Is that so? Well, if you want this guy, you can have him. If not, it's nothing to me. Take him or leave him. There's nobody else I could send."

"All right, I'll take him. And much obliged. Just put him on the wire, will you?"

"Right."

There was a pause, and then another voice spoke:

"Hello. This is Harold Manville speaking."

"This is Gilbert Henderson—Sales and Service."

"Yes, Mr. Henderson. Mr. West says I am to do some work for you."

"Correct. You know anything about gas engines?"

"Certainly, Mr. Henderson. I'm an M.E."

"You're a what?"

"I have the degree of mechanical engineer."

"Oh, I see. Did you learn anything about machinery?"

"I specialized in internal-combustion engines. And I stood well in my studies. I made Tau Beta Pi."

"You made what?"

"I was elected to Tau Beta Pi. That's the engineering honorary society."

"Oh, I see. That's very nice. What are you doing now?"

"I'm in the drafting room."

"You make these blue prints?"

"No, I make the tracings from which the blue prints are made."

"Quite right. My mistake. Well, do you think you could fix a tractor that is broken down?"

"Certainly."

"All right; I'll tell you what you're to do. Got a pencil and paper?"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson."

"Fine. Take this down. First thing tomorrow morning you get the service-department roadster from the factory garage. You drive to Scipio, Illinois. It's about fifty miles. You find Mr. Henry Jenkins. He lives on a farm outside the town. Got that?"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson."

"This Henry Jenkins has a five-ton Earthworm tractor that isn't running right. You find out what's the matter, and fix it. Understand?"

"Absolutely."

"All right. I hope you know your stuff. Let me know how you come out. Good-by."

And Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver. About the middle of the next morning—Saturday—there was another call from Scipio. *(Continued on Page 65)*

KOSHER RESTAURANTS

You Will See in These Restaurants a Newly Arrived Oriental Still Wearing a Fez and His Wife Still Adorned With Some of the Jewelry and Embroidered Fabrics of the Near East

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

EVERYBODY who lives in a large city has seen upon the windows of restaurants the three Hebrew letters of which the word "kosher" is a phonetic equivalent. It is popularly supposed that this sign indicates the absence from the menu of certain meat, smoked or fresh, and that the true believer in the Pentateuch and Talmud is, therefore, quite safe in entering and eating his fill, because we all know, or think we know, that if this meat is omitted from his diet, that lets the true believer out. As one true believer, a trifle backslidden, who habitually ate his fill right up to the day before his recent operation, permit me to correct you.

The dietary laws of the Pentateuch and Talmud are so intricate that to construe them correctly the proprietor of a kosher restaurant will not trust even himself, much less a hired cook, and hence, on the menu cards of such kosher restaurants as are really and truly kosher, you will read a notice to patrons that the kitchen is under the supervision of the Rev. B. Klein or the Rev. M. Goldblatt or whatever may be the name of the local clergyman in whose Talmudical learning the patrons have confidence.

It is quite true that, whenever in the past I have tried to meet one of these clerical gentlemen, he has been, unfortunately, called away on business—a funeral or a wedding, or perhaps even a *Pidyan Ha Ben*, or any one of the numerous occasions for rejoicing which require his supervision; for be it remembered that he is the minister of a religion which is traditionally organized more for its communicant's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness than for fasting and prayer. Nevertheless, in his absence he has probably left instruction as to just how culinary matters shall be conducted, and those of you who have ordered soup in restaurants where it is prepared without benefit of clergy cannot appreciate what a difference this clerical supervision makes.

The other day I was dining with—why not be frank about it?—my wife in a large Los Angeles hotel where the bill of fare had on it in Gothic capitals:

Special chicken nudel soup—$.50

and we had just made up our minds to order it when we heard a loud voice say from the next table: "I've eaten better soup than this at a kosher restaurant where the entire dinner was only fifty cents."

No Bread-and-Butter Charge

THIS is a mild exaggeration, for the last check I paid at a kosher restaurant in New York amounted to seventy-five cents, which included not only the supervision of a qualified cleric but also clean linen and table cutlery, and a variety of pickles quite unknown to the frequenters of nonkosher restaurants. There was grated horse-radish mixed with grated beets; cold slaw, slightly sweetened; large green tomatoes and cucumbers pickled in brine, and finally, bell peppers, which were not only peppery but salty and sour as well. Does this make your mouth water? Wait! These pickles were not really part of the luncheon bill. They did not appear on the printed menu. They were just thrown in as a free-will offering by the proprietor. In fact, while I sat there, two gentlemen at an adjoining table were visited by a friend from the street. He had no apparent intention of dining with them, for he kept his hat on and smoked a large cigar whose expensive appearance was belied by its smell. Nevertheless, in full view of the proprietor's wife, who sat behind the cash desk, he helped himself between puffs to all the pickles in sight and even accompanied them with a whang of that excellent bread which is served without the usual bread-and-butter charge at all kosher meals.

כשר

Do you know why there is no charge for bread and butter at a genuine kosher restaurant? . . . I thought not. It's because no butter at all is ever served at a kosher restaurant. It is forbidden by the dietary laws to eat meat with any milk product such as butter, cream or cheese. It is even forbidden to take any milk product until a certain digestive period after eating meat, and it is this provision of the kosher dietary laws, when observed in connection with all the others, that has given the East Side physician so little experience in the treatment of ptomaine poisoning. He must, however, be a virtuoso in the cure of indigestion caused by too many pickles, and no doubt, also, he is obliged to warn his patients not to eat so much bread. I for one can never resist the bread which is served so generously in a kosher restaurant.

It comes in two varieties—sour rye bread studded with caraway seeds, and light and flaky white bread possessing a brown crust highly varnished with white of egg. There may or may not be a light sprinkling of poppy seeds on this varnished surface, but white or black, the crust is always crisp and the bread itself admirably suited to the absorption of gravy, for good gravy is always a concomitant of kosher cooking. Nor is there any false shame about utilizing the bread for mopping up the gravy in kosher restaurants. The customary method is to grasp a piece of bread firmly between the thumb and first finger, and to go right to it without taking half measures with a fork; and in case you think this practice a distasteful one, let me remind you that if a diner in kosher restaurants obeys the dietary laws, it is obligatory, before eating food the size of an egg, to wash one's hands as far as the wrists in running water, and a minimum number of immersions is prescribed for each hand.

However, we are not getting along with this seventy-five-cent table-d'hôte at all. Let us call the waiter, and don't be abashed by the circumstance that you haven't heard his name. Just as all Pullman-car porters are called "George" by traveling salesmen and by other people who are acquainted with the *mores* of sleeping cars, practically all waiters in kosher restaurants may be hailed as "Louis" and no offense will be taken.

Mr. Czarnikauer

Recommended by Louis

IN FACT, most of them were actually named "Louis" at birth by their parents, and those who weren't will hardly resent the familiarity, for your kosher-restaurant waiter is nothing if not democratic.

Moreover, if he's not too busy, he will be glad to advise you in the choice of your meal. As a matter of fact, it is one of his duties to do so—a function known in the vernacular as: "Pooshing the stickers!" Thus, if the *gestöffte miltz*, by reason of an accidental scorching in its preparation, is not being ordered in enough quantities to insure its being entirely consumed before closing time, Louis will say: "The *gestoffte miltz* is nice today, gentlemen"; whereat, as an informed though inexperienced diner in that restaurant, you will order something else; for as one of these persuasive waiters disclosed to me in a burst of confidence: "If I tell you the *gestöffte miltz* is nice today, Mr. Glass, you can bet your sweet life it's rotten."

But we haven't reached the entrées, of which *gestöffte miltz* is only one of many. In fact, we are not yet at the hors d'œuvres, reckoning pickles as Charles Lamb's friend reckoned haddock—as nothing. These hors d'œuvres, or appetizers, fill a large space at the head of a kosher restaurant's bill of fare, but if you are wise

you will choose only one or two of them, for there is a great deal to follow. You will also have to choose them without the advice of Louis, since appetizers will keep indefinitely, consisting as they do of pickled and salted fish, spiced beef, smoked sausage and chopped liver with onion. Your best bet, in my opinion, is chopped liver with onion, but you must use a little discretion about the quantity. Many an inexperienced diner in a kosher restaurant has filled himself so full of chopped liver and onion that he has reached his saturation point before he has fairly begun.

You will remember the customer in the London restaurant who, when meat was being carefully rationed, told the waiter that he would like a steak about two inches thick, and that he would also like it medium rare, and would, in addition, like a bottle of unprocurable Burgundy with it.

"Ah," said the waiter, shaking his head sadly after all these likes were disclosed, "I don't blame yer, but what will you 'ave to eat?"

Well, I don't blame you if you like this chopped liver with onion, for it is a seductive dish in which chicken liver and boiled onions are pounded to a paste, with the admixture of chicken gravy and spices. Spread upon rye bread, it has merit far beyond pâté de foie gras, but it is a filling combination, and perhaps you'd better stick to a little of the *maatjes* herring, which is a salt fish surpassing the more aristocratic *filet d'anchois* served in first-class nonkosher restaurants, although quite similar in taste. Or what do you say to some *gefüllte Fische?* Here is an article of East Side diet made familiar to the entire country through the medium of the vaudeville stage, and it seems a pity that the large number of people who hear about it cannot taste it as well. I have seen it on the bill of fare of Madame Finkelstein's kosher restaurant on the Rue Richer, Paris, as *poisson farci*. I have eaten it in Kohn's celebrated kosher restaurant in Houndsditch, London, E 1, as filled fish, and, finally, as *pesce ripieno*, I have had it in Milan; by all of which you will know I am a traveled man and my suitcase is literally hidden by hotel labels.

No Aquarium

WHAT I am trying to tell you is that *gefullte Fische*, however pronounced or spelled, is always the same, and inevitably good, no matter in what country you eat it. It comes to you ice-cold in an aspic of its own juice, and I've never had the curiosity to inquire how it's made. As the French say, one does not try to explain good fortune. Eat it with the horse-radish and beet pickle, and you will wonder why D'Israeli boasted that his ancestors were princes in the Temple of Solomon when the early Britons were staining their bodies with woad. What he ought to have bragged about was that his ancestors were beginning their meals with *gefüllte Fische* when the diet of the early Britons offered no greater variety than that afforded by roots and nuts.

With the appetizers dispatched, Louis will bring you your soup, and in cooler weather it would better be chicken nudel soup. In the terminology of kosher restaurants, this is *lockshen* soup, and in the better grade of kosher restaurants one plateful of it has the substance of what could be watered down into three gallons in the kitchen of some resort hotel. At such a hotel it would be served to the guests lukewarm as *consommé de volaille au vermicelle*, and those well-bred guests would accept it placidly as incidental to a sojourn in Florida in the winter or the mountains in summer. In the average kosher restaurant it would provoke a public riot.

Should the weather be warm when you are ordering your soup, borscht may be recommended, and don't be misled by the borscht you may have had in first-class hotels. This variety of borscht is a pink liquid served in a small two-handled cup. In it there float a few slivers of an unnamed red vegetable, presumably beet, and both vegetable and soup have no flavor that any normal palate may detect. On the other hand, borscht in a kosher restaurant is cold, thick, and at once sweet and sour, and through it all may be discerned a meaty flavor such as every soup ought to possess. It descends upon one's innards like a benediction and practically digests itself. Of all the "much fine confused eating" in kosher restaurants, borscht is by far the finest, but don't let it preëmpt the space you ought to reserve within yourself for the entrée and roast. Remember, too, that the proprietors of kosher restaurants are usually to be found prowling the aisles between the tables, and they are just as likely to pounce upon a guest for not eating the food he has ordered as upon a waiter for not serving it correctly.

Only a few weeks ago I was having dinner at Czarnikauer's Kosher Restaurant on the lower East Side, and my host, instead of ordering the dinner from the bill of fare, wisely left it to the proprietor, Mr. Czarnikauer, to serve what he believed would please us. It pleased us so well that when we had arrived at what the proprietor believed to be the pièce de résistance of his menu, we were all of us at the point of repletion, with the result that a large dish of broiled chicken livers remained practically untouched on the table.

Hence the Importance of Rye Bread on the Lower East Side. It is at Once a Plate, a Spoon and a Hearty Nourishing Food, and it Bulks Very Large in the East Side Landscape

Mr. Czarnikauer paused in his constant promenade of his restaurant and fixed us with a reproachful glare. Up to that time, he had been polished in his speech as the maitre d'hôtel of the Café de Paris itself, for there were ladies in our party who had never before visited a kosher restaurant, and Mr. Czarnikauer knew it. However, a certain impatience appeared in his manner as he addressed himself to these ladies.

"Say, listen!" he said. "You don't got to be afraid of them chicken livers. The chickens they come out of was killed this morning, so help me Gott!"

At another time, in a restaurant on Canal Street, I had gone the limit on some especially fine borscht, so that I left most of a portion of *gestoffte kischkes* which I had ordered under a mistaken impression of my own capacity.

"I suppose if them *gestoffte kischkes* was served to you with a French name, for two dollars at the Ritz," the proprietor said bitterly as he surveyed the half-eaten dish, "you would have et it in one schluck and put up a holler because there wasn't more."

Nor is this concern over the customer's appetite evinced by the proprietor alone, as many an overheard conversation between waiters and customers in kosher restaurants has convinced me.

"You should lay off eating three kinds of fish, Mr. Rashkind," I once heard a waiter say. "A stummick's a stummick. It ain't an aquarium."

The introduction of tipping in kosher restaurants, however, has materially changed the relation of customer and waiter. Twenty years ago, waiters in kosher restaurants expected no tip from a customer until New Year's Day, so that his ministrations were fairly disinterested; since, if a regular customer loosened up once a year for as much as a dollar, it was regarded by most waiters an an extremely prodigal example of conspicuous honorific waste, to quote Professor Veblen. Nevertheless, the waiter in the kosher restaurant displays much more kindly ingenuity than his nonkosher brethren in his pursuit of a tip.

Personal Service

HE HAS a habit of bending over strange customers who are conversing together, with the object of finding out their surnames; so don't be surprised if, when you enter a kosher restaurant for the first time, you will have progressed no further than the soup before Louis is calling you by your surname, no matter if it be as difficult as Rabinowitz. Even though you be alone, he will have glanced at a letter you are reading, or he will have investigated the tailor's label in the lining of your overcoat breast pocket. Then when you order a plate of *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch*, he will call out to the kitchen in a loud voice: "A nice piece *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch* for Mr. Rabinowitz." Usually this order is vocally relayed to the kitchen by the man at the dumb-waiter, so that your name is pronounced aloud twice, and thus the impression is made, or sought to be made, that you are not only an old and valued customer but that you are also the object of especial solicitude on the part of the chef.

By the time you have grown to be a regular customer and good for an average daily tip of fifteen cents or over, Louis will have further plucked out the heart of your mystery to the extent of knowing how you earn your living, and if you are a garment manufacturer, for instance, he will acquaint you with the local gossip of the industry. He knows by sight many of the Middle Western buyers, and should your nearest competitor have lunched with one of your best accounts, he will avoid telling you until after the dessert, so as not to spoil your appetite. He also manages to get advance information as to impending bankruptcies, and will be able to give you the names of the chief creditors and how much they have been stung for, long before the news appears in the business-troubles column of the daily papers. I regret to say that an occasional Louis or two also know the addresses of poker rooms and places where a wheel is being operated without the interference of the police, and if a customer has sufficient confidence in him he will be glad to place a bet with a near-by handbook man. In short, Figaro of the eighteenth-century barber shop had

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PREFERRED LIES

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

On the Long Fourth, Duff Got His Deserts

BAYNE wanted a young man for a job, and the job would be a tough one. It meant South America for a year or two, and some jungle work there, and the necessity for packing a gun on your hip in case of accidents; it meant dinner clothes and making friends. And of course South America connoted heat and mosquitoes and other unpleasant things. But there were any number of young men who wanted the job, for it was worth while to please Burt Bayne. Bayne Cord Tires were not unfamiliar to a world on wheels, and while some thousands of men, both young and old, contributed to their making, Bayne himself was the heart and head and soul of the business. So there was no lack of applicants for any place he sought to fill.

Not that Bayne himself interviewed these applicants. In fact, not many of them knew that they were applicants. Bayne, sitting in his office or strolling through the acres of the big plant, knew that each one of these young men upon whom his eye rested was a candidate for the post he had in mind; knew that each one would leap at the chance if it were offered him. But he wanted a man whose energies would be devoted not so much to getting the job as to doing it. So he strolled to and fro and watched his men, and months went by. For in such matters as a job in South America, there is long forethought, and much planning, and no haste at all.

Bayne believed in friendliness, and he liked to have young men around him. Annis was almost his only intimate of his own age. Annis was his attorney, both in personal affairs and in matters relating to the business; also Bayne and Annis took their vacations together, and played golf together, and settled important matters in the locker room after their rounds. You might have expected Bayne to consult Annis in this matter of the job in South America, but Bayne did not do so. He did not even discuss the affair with the operating heads of the plant. He liked to choose his own man for a job. But of course the office knew that a choice would soon be made, and the shops knew, and his bankers knew, and Annis knew.

One May afternoon, Annis came in to see Bayne, and Bayne greeted him robustly. The day was warm, the windows of the office were open and a breeze drifted through the room. Annis had a matter of business on his mind and spoke of it, but Bayne laughed him to silence.

"Not on a day like this," he protested. "No, Joe. There's too much spring in the air. What are you doing over the thirtieth?"

"Why?"

"Sally and I are going up in the mountains." This was Sally Bayne. Mrs. Bayne was dead years before. "Up to camp. Sally's there now, opening the place for the summer. Here's a letter from her." He slid it across the desk, and Annis glanced it through, smilingly. He liked Sally.

When he returned it, Bayne said, "Come along up with me."

Annis nodded toward the letter. "She says you're taking some boys."

Bayne nodded. "Jennie Gow is up there with her," he explained too casually. "They'll want a couple of youngsters around, but I'll have to have company too. You come along."

Annis knew Bayne of old; he looked at the big man shrewdly. "Who is it you're taking up?" he inquired.

But Bayne only chuckled. "Oh, I'll find someone," he evaded; and Annis did not further question him.

"I'll go," he agreed. "I want to be in at the finish of this. Certainly."

"Bring your clubs," said Bayne.

Annis and Bayne drove up through the New England countryside, and it was evening when they came to their destination. The big house sprawled across the mountain's flank, above the lake; and below them, between them and the water, Annis saw through the dusk the yellow-lighted windows of the country club.

"The course is open," Bayne remarked as they alighted from the car. "Winter rules, but we can play."

Then Sally came running out to meet them, and she kissed them both without discrimination. She and Jennie Gow made them comfortable, and Bayne asked Sally:

"Heard from the boys? When do they get here?"

"Tomorrow afternoon, on the 4:37," she replied. "Charlie telephoned this morning."

Bayne nodded. "Right!" he approved. Annis said nothing at the time, but later he asked:

"Charlie who?"

"Charlie Caster," said Bayne. "Dan Caster's boy. He's been in the main office for three years now. Good man."

"Who's the other?"

"Duff Mace," Bayne explained. "He's in the shop. You don't know him?"

"That Bill Mace's son?" Annis wondered.

Bayne grinned. "Why, you know, I never thought to ask Duff who his old man was," he replied.

"It's down to those two, then, is it?" Annis asked; and Bayne roared at him in good-humored protest:

"What's down to who? This is vacation, man! Forget business for a while. I brought you up here to play golf." And he added: "We'll take the youngsters away from these girls for one foursome, anyway. I told them to bring their clubs."

"I've heard young Caster shoots in the eighties somewhere," Annis reflected. "How about Mace?"

"He's a husky young fellow. He ought to hit a long ball," Bayne confessed. "I asked him if he played, and he said he did. Says it gives him a great kick to give the pill a ride."

"How's the golf in South America?" Annis quizzically inquired, but Bayne, with a rebellious good humor, put the question by.

Later they dined, and Sally and Jennie Gow were content to sit that evening with them.

"But we'll have to make the most of our luck tonight, Joe," Bayne told Annis. "When the boys get here, we won't have a look-in with these kids."

Sally made a laughing grimace. "You'll drag them off to the country club all day," she retorted. "Jennie and I will be left to twiddle our thumbs."

"We'll take them in the morning, and you can have them for the rest of the day," Bayne promised. "That's a fair break, isn't it?" And Sally laughingly retorted:

"Heavens, yes! We don't want them underfoot all the time."

"I've been stumbling over young Caster for the last three months at home," her father reminded her; and Annis saw her color faintly rise.

He asked slowly, "You know Duff Mace, too, Sally?"

She nodded cheerfully. "Oh, yes," she agreed.

"I don't think I ever met him," the lawyer suggested; and Sally said laughingly:

"He's the sort that breaks the furniture when he walks across the room. He breaks chairs when he sits on them. He trips over light cords, and knocks over lamps, and kicks up the corners of rugs, and steps on your toes when he dances."

Annis was watching her shrewdly. "And you like him, eh?"

"Oh, I like both of them," Sally retorted, and her head tossed a little. Then she added thoughtfully: "And that's funny, too; for they're as different as can be."

"I know Charlie Caster," Annis assented; and his glance was quizzical. "Have you ever been in South America?" he inquired.

"M-hm," said Sally, her eyes dancing. "Loved it too."

So Annis looked at Bayne, but Bayne proposed bridge, and Sally got the cards. They pivoted after every second rubber, and Bayne roared cheerful maledictions on each partner in turn. Later, they went upstairs to bed.

Next day, Annis and Bayne tried the course. The fairways were dry enough, but still tufty and uneven, full of small depressions in the turf. Annis had a ninety-six, Bayne a ninety-seven. They were never far apart, these two. Bayne had a bent for figures, and he kept a complicated score. A dollar Nassau; a quarter for each putt; a quarter for pars and half a dollar for birdies. He paid his losses with abusive groans, swore to have revenge next day.

"It may rain tomorrow," Annis pointed out. "Those clouds in the east look bad."

"Rain or shine, you play," Bayne warned him. "You'll play and like it, my friend. You hate water like a cat, but I'm a mud horse. I'll lick you in the rain."

By the time they got back to the house the sky was overcast, and Sally was resenting the weather. "I wanted it clear tonight," she protested. "There's a gorgeous moon, if it weren't so cloudy; and the lake's fairyland by moonlight!"

Annis said smilingly, "You don't need a moon, Sally."

But she retorted, "Well, it helps, you know."

The threat of rain had become reality before Caster and Duff Mace arrived. The car fetched them from the station; and Annis, playing cribbage with Bayne in the living room, listened with one ear to the greetings they had at the door from the two girls. When the two came in, he watched Duff Mace; winced at the other's grip upon his hand; rubbed his fingers thoughtfully. Caster was at his ease, yet Annis thought there was in the young man's eyes an understanding of the importance of this occasion. But if Duff knew what lay under the surface here, it was not apparent in his manner. When he had greeted Bayne and Annis, and swung around to Sally again, his elbow knocked a vase of spring flowers off the end of the piano; and he said in explosive self-reproach: "There we go!"

Sally laughed at him derisively. "That's right, Duff; make yourself at home!" she cried, and added: "But don't mop that up with your handkerchief, idiot! I'll send for a towel!"

"Oh, I carry a supply for emergencies," Duff assured her; and Annis saw Caster light a cigarette in a fashion that was eloquent.

Then they followed their bags upstairs. When presently they came down to dinner, the rain was sheeting against the windows; and after dinner, Duff strolled out on the veranda. He came back with shining eyes.

"Say, who'll go for a tramp?" he proposed. "I get a kick out of rain like this. It's blowing great guns. Let's all go. What do you say?"

Charlie Caster answered dryly: "Not me, Duff. I'm a house dog."

"Mr. Bayne?" Duff challenged. "Mr. Annis? We can dig up some oilskins or something to keep us dry!"

Bayne shook his head. "I used to like to be out in the rain myself, Duff," he admitted. "But I've reached the slipper age now."

"I'll go with you," Sally offered suddenly. "If you're bound to go." And she added resentfully: "There'd be a moon if it weren't raining. That's what makes me mad. Let's go and get all wet and miserable!"

"It will clear tomorrow," Caster urged. "Duff, don't drag her out in this."

"I want to go," Sally insisted. "Duff, come on!"

And after some search for proper gear, despite Caster's protests, they did, in fact, depart. The four who were left behind started a rubber of bridge. Caster, Annis remarked, played a conservative and steady game, conventional and sound. The lawyer was impressed with the young man, and approved him.

It was an hour or more before Duff and Sally returned They were drenched and dripping, and Duff had slipped and fallen in the mud, so that he was a sorry spectacle. But they were both hilarious, and Duff's face was glowing. He and Sally stood shoulder to shoulder for a while before the fire, recounting in a laughing chorus their adventures. When presently they went upstairs to change, the rubber ended, and the evening too.

Only Bayne and Annis sat a little longer by the fire. Annis had many questions, but Bayne was in a silent mood, reflective and absorbed.

Charlie Caster and Annis agreed at breakfast that even though the rain had stopped, it was still too wet for golf; but Duff Mace was ready, and Bayne laughed at their protests. So when they came to the first tee it was natural that they should thus divide, Bayne and Duff Mace against the other two.

"Handicaps?" Caster asked.

"Joe Annis and I are even," Bayne replied. "How about you and Duff?"

"I can give Duff a bisque on each nine," Charlie said calmly, but Duff shook his head.

"No, sir," he protested cheerfully. "We'll take 'em on even, Mr. Bayne. We don't need an edge."

Bayne nodded his assent; he explained the terms of this encounter. "We'll play a dollar Nassau, Bessie and Aggie," he announced. "And a quarter bonus for pars and a half for birdies, and a quarter for every putt Winter rules, preferred lies on the fairway. And outside of the Nassau, every man is on his own."

Duff chuckled. "You'll need a certified accountant to keep all that straight," he suggested.

"I'll keep score," said Bayne. "I'm used to it." He flipped a coin, lost the toss.

"You take the honor on the first nine, Mr. Annis," Caster said courteously; and Annis teed his ball.

There was a trap a hundred and eighty yards down the fairway on the left. Annis and Caster drove safely to the right of it, and Bayne too. But Duff Mace carried it with a tremendous ball. Annis was away; and he played safe, to avoid another trap that guarded the green.

Caster's ball lay on smooth turf, but he murmured, "Preferred lies, isn't it?"

And he perched his ball on a tuft of grass a foot ahead of the spot where it lay. His shot reached the edge of the green.

Bayne carried the second trap, and his ball held the green. Duff Mace had a seventy-five-yard approach shot, no traps intervening, but his ball was in a depression in the turf. Without moving it to a better lie, he addressed it and half topped it into the trap at the right of the green. He pursued it there, and great showers of sodden sand emerged, and the ball itself did in the end appear. Bayne won the hole with a four; Caster and Annis each had five; but Duff was down in nine.

"If you'd taken a preferred lie," Caster told Duff critically, "you'd have had an easy run-up for a four."

Duff made no defense. "That's right!" he assented. "Yes, sir, that's surely so."

The second hole was a little less than three hundred yards, and to the left of the fairway lay plowed ground, waiting to be harrowed and seeded down. Duff's drive had a wide hook, and it disappeared into this territory, but Annis said comfortingly:

"That's ground under repair, Mace. You can take a free lift there."

The others drove safely, and Caster put his second on, while Bayne and Annis were short. Duff went clodhopping across the furrows, and his caddy located the ball, half embedded in the loose and muddy earth. Duff took his niblick from the bag, and Caster called something to him, but Duff's shoulders heaved in a tremendous swing. A geyser of clods arose, and out of it emerged the ball. It soared drunkenly over intervening trees and fell with a plop not six inches from the hole.

Caster got his par, but Duff's birdie three was better, and Charlie succumbed to a natural irritation. On the way to the next tee, he said resentfully: "You had a free lift out of that plowed ground, Duff. I tried to call to you!"

"Thanks, I heard you," Duff apologetically confessed. "But I like to play 'em where they lie. I get a kick out of pulling off a shot like that now and then."

"You were shot with luck," Caster retorted.

"Well, you've got to give your luck a break," Duff reminded him with an amiable grin.

He performed another miracle to halve the hundred-and-eighty-yard third. Caster's drive was short, and embedded in the turf; but he took the preferred lie to which he was entitled and pitched close to the hole for a sure three. Bayne and Annis were likewise on in two. Duff's drive was over the green, in the shallow gravel bed of the brook; yet, instead of taking a penalty lift, he elected to play it. Water rose in sheets, but so did the ball, and a twenty-foot putt went down.

Caster, Annis noticed, could light a cigarette in a manner that spoke volumes; but the young man made no other comment. Bayne was unusually silent, too; he attended strictly to his golf, and after each hole he carefully checked the score.

On the long fourth, Duff got his deserts. His drive sliced into the drainage ditch on the right of the fairway; his second barely got out; he elected to use a brassie in a cuppy lie and was in the pond; his fourth, low and screaming, hit the water and skidded across to safety; but his fifth was over the green, and he went down in a stalwart eight. Caster hit two good woods, but his third was trapped; yet his six was good enough to halve the hole with Bayne.

The fifth was a water hole; a pitch over an angle of the pond. Annis reached the green, and his three was strokes better than the others. Duff played two into the water from the tee; and though he might have dropped his ball at the edge of the pond for a safe five after the

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He and Sally Stood Shoulder to Shoulder for a While Before the Fire, Recounting in a Laughing Chorus Their Adventures

THE IMPOSSIBLE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

WHETHER it was embarrassment, naïveté, or his innate genius for tickling the public fancy, Peter Case's first day as police justice was a great success. It made the public chuckle and it ingratiated him with the reporters who winnowed for news in the magistrates' courts.

He arrived in the morning to find his desk banked with the usual floral offerings of political well-wishers, and from the midst of this quasi bower he surveyed the domain he was to rule. It was a big room—almost big enough to house all the odors which crowded into it. Half of it was filled with benches for spectators and witnesses; then came the rail and the arena allotted to lawyers and defendants and court officers and juries. At his left was the bull pen, and on this Monday morning it was crammed with such unfortunate humanity as had been overtaken by the police while prosecuting its week-end pleasures. Drab, sagging women; hatless, blear-eyed, stubbly men nursing aching heads. All disconsolate and awaiting their fates apathetically.

Peter nodded to his clerk, who called the first case in a lackadaisical voice: "William Bower, drunk and disorderly."

A red-cheeked, beefy policeman arose and walked forward at the same time that a shambling, coatless, disheveled wreck milled his way to the front row of the bull pen.

"Well, officer?" asked Peter.

"Drunk, Your Honor, and shoutin' and singin' at the corner of Hastings and Grand streets. I have to pick him up about every other Saturday night, Your Honor."

Peter looked down at the man, whose eyes drifted away evasively. It was his first case, the first human being upon whom he would exercise the judicial function. Not yet had he reached that state of mind at which magistrates arrive, in which such men as this cease to be human problems, but are merely grist to be passed through the mill as a matter of routine.

Peter leaned forward. "You hear what the officer testifies, Mr. Bower?"

Mr. Bower!

The court room pricked up its ears. Somnolent reporters sat erect. Somebody giggled. Never before in that room had the judge addressed a derelict by that title of courtesy. The idea! The delicious humor of treating a bum to so much consideration and of regarding him as a man and as an equal!

"Yes, Your Honor, I heard him all right."

"Was he telling the truth, Mr. Bower?"

"I ain't sayin' I didn't take a drop too much."

"And you were pretty noisy, eh?"

"Maybe I was singin' a mite, Your Honor."

"Well, now, Mr. Bower, is it a fact you have to be picked up every week or so?"

"It's my stummick, Your Honor. I got to take a drink for my stummick."

"He's a regular, Your Honor," whispered the clerk.

"If I Was on a Jury," Said Sicily, "I'd Believe the Girl a Man Was Engaged to Before I Would a Lot of Policemen"

"They seem to know you here pretty well, Mr. Bower."

Mr. Bower grinned wordlessly. Peter weighed the man and the evidence.

"Now, I tell you, Mr. Bower," he said conversationally, as if discussing some matter of interest with an equal, "it looks as if something must be done about you. We can't have you getting drunk and annoying folks all the time. Here's my idea, and I guess we'll try it." He paused and the room listened, half expecting to hear Peter propound some inexperienced hope or hand down some ill-advised leniency. "I'm going to send you across the street for ten days without a fine. That'll give you a chance to sober up, and then we'll see if something can't be done about you. That's all, Mr. Bower."

It was a story. "Mr. Bower"-ing a man, bespeaking him in most friendly and courteous manner, exhibiting an interest which promised to be mawkish in his problem, and then shutting down like a steel trap! Here was something new in the way of police magistrates.

So went the morning, the story building with its progress. Always courteous, even to Cannon Ball Kate of the black eye, whom he addressed as Mrs. Gannon! And to whom he spoke as if she were Mrs. Astor. And that young stove molder who had been taken in the midst of a bender while playfully wrecking the back room of Casey's and maiming its habitués.

"Mr. Roney," said Peter to him, "you don't belong here. You work hard and earn good pay. Are you married?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Patrolman Bell," said Peter, "go home now with Mr. Roney and tell his wife that the next time he cuts up capers I'll give him thirty days without a fine. We'll overlook one celebration, Mr. Roney, but two makes a habit. I like your looks. But don't come here again."

Peter was able to discriminate. That made a part of the stories which the papers printed that evening. He understood men and women, he was fair, he took up each case as if it were a fresh problem, and dealt with it apart. Would this sweeping of the new broom last, the stories wondered. Or would Peter bog down into magisterial routine? But, whether or no, he had made a remarkably successful debut. His reputation had taken an upward leap. In one morning he had become a character, an individuality.

Commissioner of Public Works Marcus perceived the exact width and depth of what had happened and decided that Peter was more desirable as a friend than as an antagonist. The newspapers hailed his advent as a boon. He was a fresh and unfailing source of news. On dull days they could always go to his court and find a story. Only city editors and reporters know what it is to possess an unfailing source. That quality alone has kept many men in public office.

But on Thursday Peter was temporarily forgotten in news-gathering circles; for a story had broken with all the necessary elements to give it two-column headlines, and what was more valuable, a splendid follow-up.

On Thursday afternoon there arrived in the Union Station from Chicago an ingot of gold of the value of thirty-two thousand dollars. It was taken from the express car by employes, wheeled up the platform on an ordinary truck, and so into the receiving room. And there it vanished. Within a very few minutes the man who had pushed the truck was found unconscious by a clerk. But hand truck and ingot were not found. In the middle of the afternoon, in a busy railroad office, some person or persons had assaulted an employe and boldly walked out of the place pushing thirty-two thousand dollars' worth of bullion, and no one had seen or heard them.

Police and ambulance arrived simultaneously. Jenkins, the injured man, was taken to the hospital with a fractured skull, and there he died during the night; but of the gold or of those who removed it there was no trace. The theory was that it had been trundled out calmly, run from the loading platform onto a truck and driven away. But no one could be found who remembered seeing any truck or wagon or car backed up at that spot, nor could a witness be found who saw any strange conveyance enter or leave the neighborhood.

When a policeman is more than ordinarily baffled he assumes an expression of great astuteness and declares it to be an inside job. After which all persons whose legitimate business brings them into that immediate radius are given a most unpleasant time. Old and trusted servants of the company were browbeaten and threatened childishly and compelled to answer a stock of ancient trick questions by which the old-time police officer thought to trap some admission or confession. But every man of them was able to establish his innocence and his total ignorance of the matter. Apparently, for a matter of

minutes, the big receiving room had been deserted by everyone except the unfortunate Jenkins, who had stood by his truck and had his skull fractured for this lack of negligence.

Detective Lieutenant Wade, compelled to abandon the inside-job theory, fell back upon that other excellent stand-by, the organized gang of experts. Back in the early days of the present century the police did not go in for scientific detection, as they are said to do today. Fingerprints and intricate apparatus for measuring guilt or innocence by the rapidity of the respiration or the flow of perspiration were not in common use. If a crime occurred which was not obviously an inside job, the method was to send out and bring in everybody in town who might conceivably have had the skill or the daring or the ruthlessness to do the deed and to endeavor by substantially brutal makeshifts to wring a confession. Of course, they played with clews. They were always very mysterious about clews, especially in conversation with newspapermen. But for the most part they depended upon good, straightforward guessing and a knowledge of their criminal population. And they got along very well indeed.

Here, however, seemed to be a case where guessing games and third degrees would not serve, and where somebody would have to do some thinking. This was disturbing to Lieutenant Wade, whose mental machinery sought outlet in his hours of leisure in the occupation of honing razors. He honed razors as some men read books and others collect objects of art. It was his real interest in life, and there never was an hour when he did not have stowed about his ill-fitting clothes three or four razors which he had picked up in pawnshops and other odd spots for the satisfaction of his hobby. You could always buy a reconditioned razor from Lieutenant Wade for a dollar and a quarter, and most people who wished for his good opinion took occasion to do so once or twice a year.

On the Friday evening following the disappearance of the ingot the detective lieutenant stopped in the reporters' room at headquarters. This was a small apartment filled with a big table, half a dozen typewriters, waste paper and pipe smoke, and here was the base of operations of those young newspapermen assigned to the police beat.

"What's the latest?" asked young Beebe, of the News.

Wade shrugged his heavy shoulders, then reached into his back pocket for a hone and into his inside pocket for a razor.

"Why don't you bright boys turn up something?" he asked ironically. "You claim you run down everything that's run, and then turn it over to the department. Well, run down something now."

"We'll have to pretty soon, or this story'll play out," said Beebe. "Haven't you got any ideas? I got to have a piece in the morning paper."

"You can say I got the thing practically sewed up," said Wade, "through information I dug up today."

"Yeah? Well, let's have the information you dug up."

"My idee is," said Wade, "it was a dentist."

"A what?"

"One of them that fills teeth."

"Get more expansive. Mention a few facts and names and places and dates. Newspaper readers like names."

"They'll git 'em," said Wade. "Dentists use gold, don't they?"

"So does the mint," said Beebe, "but you don't plan to pinch the mint."

"Here," said Wade disgustedly, "I come in and give you a hint, and what do I git for it? Joshed by a lot of fresh kids!" He looked up as the door opened and Peter Case came in unobtrusively.

"Hello," he said. "No heart game."

"Will be," said Beebe, "as soon as the lieutenant gives us his alibi." He stopped and grinned. "Thought maybe we wouldn't see you any more, since you got to be a regular judge."

"I'm still dropping around places," said Peter, taking a chair and stretching his legs under the table.

Dropping around places was a specialty of Peter's and he had brought it to a degree of perfection. He had practiced it with assiduity ever since graduating from law school, and to it he owed his present place upon the magistrates' bench. He spent his evenings dropping in at fire houses, at the jail, at the coroner's, at police headquarters, at the night lunch wagon. He dropped in on policemen on their beats. He played dominoes with the night superintendent. In this way one can get to know a great many people by their first names in the course of a couple of years.

"The lieutenant says it's a dentist," said Beebe. "Must be going to fill an elephant's tusk to need a hunk of gold that size."

"A dentist can be a crook 's well as a barkeep," said Wade, folding his razor and returning it to his pocket. "Want I should write your stuff for you, besides handing it to you on a platter?" He got up and moved to the door. "You can just say Lieutenant Wade is goin' to make an arrest within twenty-four hours."

"Detective Lieutenant William J. Wade, all spelled out," said Beebe. "Close the door after you." He grimaced at Peter. "Mysterious cuss, ain't he? Anyhow, it's a new angle. . . . Hey, Ted, who's a dentist 'll stand for an interview? A dentist can use gold, can't he? . . . What d'you think about it, judge?"

"Pretty slick," said Peter.

"What strikes you about it, in general?"

"Just between us? Not for print?"

"Yeah."

"How," said Peter, "did anybody know there was going to be an ingot of gold there to steal?"

"Maybe somebody just saw a chance and nipped it."

"Word had to come from Chicago to somebody here the thing was being shipped," said Peter.

"Admit it for the argument," said Beebe. "What next?"

"Why did Jenkins let somebody get near enough to him to hit him over the head?"

"Sneaked up behind him."

Peter shook his head. "Not on that board floor, and Jenkins was standing in the middle of a thirty-foot-square space. I looked."

"Oh, you looked?"

"I like to get around places," said Peter.

"All right, Brother Bones, how did someone get close to Jenkins to tunk him?"

"You guess," said Peter.

"Don't you know?"

"I'm just wondering about it," said Peter.

"My bet is the Greenway gang did it," said Ted Plank, of the Press. "They got nerve enough."

The Greenway gang consisted of four brothers and their satellites, who were regarded by the city as being its prize desperadoes. Unquestionably they were bad and able, and they seemed to be immune from prosecution. The very name of Greenway was sufficient to terrorize an ordinary citizen.

"So," said Ted, "I went over and asked John."

"Asked him what?" demanded Beebe.

"If he swiped the gold. Just between friends, like. He had on a swell suit of clothes," added Ted.

"Where'd he hit you?"

"What'd he hit me for? I asked him a polite question."

"And he said?"

"He said sure they swiped it and he had it under his bed. Then we had a beer, and he said it was a relative of his that stabbed Julius Cæsar. And his uncle that stole Charlie Ross."

"Yeah."

"But," said Ted, "his barkeep tipped me a wink when John wasn't looking."

"What of it?"

"I'm goin' back to see him when John ain't there."

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He Held in His Hand a Little Pasteboard Box Full of Particles of Yellow Metal. "Gold Fillin's," He Said

UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH

Governor Smith's Father and Alfred, Aged Six (Left); His Uncle, Peter Mulvehill, and His Cousin Tommy, 1880

THE church was the scene of many activities. As a charge against the parish, a home for orphan girls was established which housed as many as two hundred and fifty orphans at one time. For the maintenance and operation of this home, St. James' Dramatic Society gave two performances a year. Because of the large number of parishioners and the lively interest of adjoining parishes, the basement of the church was crowded to the doors every night for two weeks at a time while a play was being presented. There were a number of other Catholic Church dramatic societies in the city, but it was freely conceded that none of them approached St. James' in Thespian ability.

Theatrical managers and producers generally, in view of the charity for which these performances were given, were extremely liberal in waiving copyrights and royalties. St. James' Union reproduced some of New York's well-known current dramatic productions of the day, in all of which I played a variety of rôles.

I was interested in amateur theatricals before I was old enough to play before a grown-up audience, and to give vent to my desire for amateur theatricals the garret of the South Street house was often turned into a miniature theater. With the boys of the neighborhood for a cast and my sister and her girl friends to act the feminine parts, many a reproduction of current drama and many a home-made play was enacted there.

A Cast That Would Fill Any House Today

MY FIRST performance as a real amateur was in the Madison Square Theater success, May Blossom. I afterward appeared in a war play known as The Confederate Spy, in which I played the leading rôle. After that we produced William J. Florence's celebrated success, The Mighty Dollar, which played in Washington for a whole season. In this I played Florence's part, Bardwell Slote, the country congressman. As a matter of fact, the manuscript we used was handwritten and loaned to us by Mrs. Florence herself. We played The Lost Paradise. Augustin Daly gave us permission to play, under the name A Kettle of Fish, his celebrated comedy, 7–20–8. We also gave a comedy called Incog, written by Charles Dickson. Hazel Kirke was one of our productions. We played with great success William Gillette's comedy, All the Comforts of Home, and we also played The Russian Honeymoon.

So successful was St. James' as an amateur dramatic society that our services were sought in the interest of other churches in different parts of New York and New Jersey. We produced Incog and The Mighty Dollar at the Catholic summer school at Cliff Haven in the summer of 1899.

The one amateur production for which we were most famous was Boucicault's The Shaughraun. This played three different runs, two weeks at a time, in the basement of the church. We afterward produced it for two nights in the London Theater on the Bowery, and as late as 1916, when the parish needed funds, it was again produced for a one-week run in the basement of the church. I was sheriff of New York at the time, and I played Corry Kinchela, the villain. Harvey Duff, his henchman, was played by Thomas J. Nolan, now a justice of the Court of Special Sessions. Robert F. Folliott, the hero, was played by James J. Walker, now mayor of the city of New York.

Sol G. Frost, theatrical instructor and manager, played the rôle of Father Dolan. One night when we presented this play the audience was almost entirely officials of the city and judges of our courts. That evening there was as much speech making as there had been acting. Frost was the coach of all these plays.

The female rôles were essayed largely by young women of the parish, with considerable help from other parishes, and particularly from Brooklyn. Jennie Lace played Mrs. Gilflory in The Mighty Dollar, and it was said that she played the part with the skill of a professional.

Katherine Dunn, the Future Mrs. Smith, and Alfred E. Smith (Left); the Other Couple are Norah McCarthy and Fred Hurdling

For innocent pastime, for recreation, for knowledge, for training the memory, and for giving a person a certain degree of confidence, there is no better amusement than amateur theatricals. I have often said my prominence in them played no small part in bringing me to the attention of the people of my neighborhood, which unquestionably, in time to come, had something to do with my elections.

Amateur theatricals are not, of course, without their amusing side, no matter what may be the character of the part played. The greatest fun comes from attempts made to fill in the minor parts during the absence of some of the actors.

There was a fellow named Dinny McMahon, and in an old play called Eileen Ogue he was the captain of the English soldiers who came in to collect the rent from the Irish farmer. The farmer's daughter was the leading lady and the country boys came in to fight the English soldiers. Dinny McMahon had on a brand-new bright red uniform, and every soldier would be down on the floor when the boys were finished, except Dinny. Dinny was a little bit bigger than the rest and they were unable to knock him down. It spoiled the end of the scrimmage to see one soldier left standing and the rest on the ground. I played the part of the villain, an English lord, and my secretary was played by a man named Shields, now a lawyer in New York. So one night we made a quick change and got off the fancy costumes indicating English nobility and put on old overalls and joined the hay gatherers who were to repel the soldiers. When the time came for the farmers to set upon the English soldiers, Shields and I took McMahon on, and for one night, at least, the show ended properly. I sat on McMahon's chest. Some of the young lads in the audience who had seen the play the first few nights had noticed that there was one successful English soldier every night until this particular night, and when he was squelched it met with very popular approval from the audience.

A Helping Hand for Jem Dalton

THE assistant stage manager essayed the rôle of one of the henchmen of the villain in a play called The Colleen Bawn. He had only a few words to say, but he failed to differentiate between the speech part and the italicized stage directions which indicated the action, and he rushed on the stage and shouted: "Ha-ha! My time has come! Grabs knife and cuts rope!" Needless to say that there was a pleasant surprise awaiting him when he came behind the scenes.

I was playing the rôle of Jem Dalton, the villain of the production, in The Ticket o' Leave Man. The last act is staged in a graveyard behind the office of Mr. Gibson. Jem Dalton, after robbing the safe, attempts to effect his escape across the graveyard, and is met by Hawkshaw, the detective, played by a young man about my own size named James Bourke. It was on a Wednesday night and a number of small boys had worked their way down the aisles until they reached the very footlights of the stage. During the struggle, as part of the play, Hawkshaw, the detective, knocks the pistol from the hands of Jem Dalton. Jem is on his knees, helpless. A small boy reached over on the stage, picked up the pistol, put it back in my hand and said, "Here you are, Al." The audience roared and I had all I could do to keep myself from laughing as I realized that I could change the whole ending of the play.

Assemblyman Smith in His First Year at Albany

At one time, when I was living on the corner of Madison and Market streets, I was rehearsing one of the parts I was going to play, and an old lady living downstairs on the first floor, overhearing me on several occasions, remarked to one of her neighbors, "The young man on the top floor appears to be a nice young man, but I am afraid there is something the matter with him. He talks to himself so much."

Another time when I was rehearsing I had one of my small boys, who was then in one of the primary grades in school, give me the cues. In The Shaughraun, Conn, the Shaughraun, was spelled C-o-n-n. My boy took it for an abbreviation, and in coaching me with the lines of Harvey Duff, when Conn was supposed to be approaching, gave me as the cue: "He is coming; 'tis Connecticut."

All the important professional dramatic productions occurred downtown, and it afforded young men an opportunity to earn a little money at night acting as supernumeraries. A friend of mine in the immediate neighborhood had charge of securing the necessary peasants, soldiers and various other people required to fill the scenes. I appeared

as a supernumerary—commonly called "supe"—in the old Windsor Theater on the Bowery. The names of supes did not appear on the program. Their popularity with the audience, if they were discovered, was not helpful to them.

A number of young fellows were supes one night while Blanche Walsh and Melbourne McDowell were playing the leading rôles in a play called Siberia. One of the supes was recognized by the size of his feet and was given three cheers by his friends in the gallery. The curtain was rung down and the leading man came into the supes' dressing room. He lined us all up and then asked, "Is there any young man here known as Blank?" Thinking he was about to be specially commended, he stepped cheerfully forward. Turning to the manager of the supes, the star wrapped his mantle around him and said with great dignity, "Discharge that young man. He has too many friends in the audience" Unfortunately for him, the cheer had come at a serious moment in the play.

Kiralfy Brothers staged and managed the spectacular extravaganzas of the day, such as The Last Days of Pompeii and The Fall of Rome. I had much pleasure and gained no little profit from appearing as a Roman soldier in the latter production. Youth had very little to do with it, because when the make-up man got finished with you nobody could tell your age.

Political Campaigns—Old Style

HAVING, as I did, such a lively interest in theatricals, when I could afford it I took pleasure in going to professional performances. At the Windsor and the People's Theater in the Bowery, I saw all the prominent productions of the late 80's and the early 90's. Siberia, The Galley Slave, The Lights o' London, The Power of the Press were the dramas of the day.

Of all the plays I ever played in and of all that I ever saw played, I enjoyed most John Golden's Turn to the Right. It was well written and well acted, and though I saw it only once, it made so deep an impression on me that, years afterward, sitting in Golden's office, I was sufficiently familiar with it to recite some of the lines of the leading parts. This impressed Golden so much that he presented me with a handsome copy of the manuscript, beautifully bound, and it had its place in later years in the library of the Executive Mansion in Albany.

Very popular were the museums, now quite gone from New York. Huber's Museum in Fourteenth Street and the Dime Museum on the Bowery were the leading ones. Museums of this kind today are found only in circus side shows and can be seen only once a year.

I went to the Dime Museum so often that, at a moment's notice, I could have taken the place of the announcer as he described the mysteries of the India-rubber man; Jojo, the dog-faced boy; Professor Coffey, the skeleton dude, the sword swallower, the tattooed man and the snake charmer.

After visiting the curiosities for a single price of admission—ten cents—you could see a one or two act drama. It was in the basement of the old Globe Museum on the Bowery that I saw Fanny Herring playing in one-act dramas after her famous performance in Mazeppa. They had plenty of thunder, plenty of Indians were shot, there was much fire, and they ended with the usual scenes of victory of the palefaces.

During the recent national campaign I noticed a lively interest in it on the part of small boys, and my mind went back naturally to my early experiences with national campaigns. Although only eleven years old when Cleveland and Blaine were in the national contest, I can remember viewing, from the top of a lamp-post on the corner of Broome Street and Broadway, both the Democratic and the Republican parades.

The torchlight procession was an important feature in those days of political campaigning. The men carried kerosene-oil torches on the end of long sticks and wore oil-cloth capes to protect their coats from the drip Instead of music they had a marching slogan. I remember long lines of men in the Democratic Party keeping step with the words: "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine! A continental liar from the state of Maine."

A few nights afterward, in the Republican parade, the Republican marchers kept time with "Ma—ma, where's my pa? Gone to the White House—ha—ha—ha!"

Four years later they marched to song; the Republicans singing:

The train is coming around the bend,
Good-by, old Grover, good-by.
It's loaded down with Harrison men,
Good-by, old Grover, good-by.

The Governor's Father (Right) on the South Street Docks, His Dray in the Background

Tom Foley

The Democrats marching to the words: "Four—four—four years more!"

Strange to say I have no recollection of any political parades in 1892. From my earliest recollection up to comparatively recent years, most of the campaigning was carried on outdoors and was conducted from trucks or temporary platforms that were built in the streets.

In 1896, William Jennings Bryan, in his first campaign, not only addressed an assemblage inside of Tammany Hall but spoke at three different outdoor meetings in and around Fourteenth Street and Irving Place.

The whole conduct of elections in this city has been completely revolutionized in the last thirty-five years. In my earliest recollection, Election Day was a universal holiday. Great crowds of men were gathered around the polling places all day. Fist fighting took place in a great many voting precincts. About midday the small boys began to erect open fires for which they had been gathering fuel for weeks ahead of time. My companions and I stored ours under the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge. We had no asphalt pavements, and in as much as fire did no damage to cobblestone pavements, no attempt was made by either the police or the fire department to stop the fires. Downtown, they were usually built in the middle of the big slips running to the East River, where there was no attendant danger to property.

Second From Left is Sheriff Smith as the Villain in the St. James' Union's Amateur Production of "The Shaughraun"

A Hot Time in the Old Town

PRIOR to the adoption of the present form of ballot, each political party printed its own ballots, and I remember as a boy folding election ballots at so much a thousand. This was a form of patronage passed around in the various districts. For years my father had the contract for trucking the ballot boxes. The various political parties set up wooden huts on the street near the voting place and then distributed their own ballots to the electors. To capture a hut for an election-night fire was to win a real prize.

Nowadays many of the retail stores do not close on Election Day. Many men, after they cast their ballot in the morning, go out to the country, and the city prides itself on the peace and quiet around the polling places during the day. Yet I cannot help but feel that there was greater interest in elections in my early days than there is now. On election night now places of amusement are packed to the doors. Moving-picture houses and theaters have their gala night of the year. Years ago, everybody, it seems to me, was in Park Row, looking at the newspaper bulletin boards. It was the only means of securing early information on the results.

When I speak about interest in elections, I do not mean interest in the issues or candidates alone. I mean interest in the election itself. Were I to be asked if there is a greater interest in the issues today than there was years ago, I would be compelled to say yes, because in 1927 100,000 people gathered in Times Square to watch the returns on the vote on amendments to our state constitution.

I attended my first political meeting at the Oriental Club in Grand Street. It was held in the interest of the

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LONE TREE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Am I a Fool?" Ben Demanded. The Baby Achieved a Sound Remarkable But Not Informing

XVII

MISS ELLIS, watchful in the background, had not failed to remark the new vivacity of her patient. She told herself he looked like her idea of one of the Happiness Boys in their half hour of mirth and melody—nothing less. Two cigarettes were required in the bathroom that night before she could unburden herself to Doyle.

"And one thing—he's deep. Don't let anyone tell you different."

"That deep," said Doyle, measuring to the first joint of a little finger. "He's just a boy. He wants someone to make him feel important because he thinks he isn't."

"All right, but he's lit the fuse, and the way he did it was just no way at all. Think of little me being the Sheba for one dozen of those hard-riding, straight-shooting devils that won't take no for an answer. Is that opera or is it merely cottage cheese? And say, Ginger Doyle, why don't you get a personality haircut and some skin charm and a bottle of Sheik Lure perfume and spend an hour at the Pollyanna beauty shop and be another little sunbeam on the party? Of course, I'll be radio's sweetheart—the little girl with the big voice—but you could play my accompaniments."

"You'd be surprised," said Doyle.

"As how, pray?"

"I'm going to be his secretary."

"His what? This must be static I'm hearing. He wanted me to be his secretary."

"Me too," Doyle insisted.

"Isn't that a drab? I'm terribly broad-minded—but two secretaries! And you say he ain't deep. Listen, sister, that old boy is what these golf bugs are always gabbing about: He's a mental hazard."

"I don't believe it. He needs help—I don't know why, but he does. And besides, there's something else you don't even dream about. And if I can help him fight some battle ——" Doyle was alight with fervor.

"You talk like Joan of Arc—that gal the British set fire to. Well, we're both old enough not to need working permits." Miss Ellis went out, lilting a strain of "She's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

"And don't ever say 'farm'; say 'ranch,'" Doyle called.

"I think I'll be more convincing in simple lines," Miss Ellis replied from the corridor.

After his dinner that night, Doyle's patient proved taciturn, frowning at his cigar and for a long time, one eye half closed, framing his flexible lips about words that seemed to die at the point of utterance. Doyle stepping silently, neated the room from its disarray of newspapers and cigar ash. Then, in overnerved suspense, she sought soothing music from the radio. At first her unsteady fingers brought a conflict. One who seemed to be an aged and impoverished negro sang of a little old log cabin in the lane—"I am growing old and feeble and I cannot work no more." Both listeners were deaf to this appealing employment of the double negative, perhaps because another station was at the same time sending them the velvety-suave tones of a gentleman who greeted his friends of radio land and promised them an old English ballad "of the time of Charles I, who was so wicked and so happy before they cut his head off."

This historic mutilation also went unnoted, but Doyle managed a farther turn of the dial and found a confidential contralto who sang huskily of her baby. Doyle knew the singer hadn't the right kind of baby in mind, but the impassioned iteration of the word itself soothed her leaping nerves. The term "baby," misapplied though it might be, at length penetrated the reek of smoke enveloping her patient. He turned about in his chair to face her.

"Now listen, we got to work this crime out."

"It isn't crime; it would be the best thing could happen to him. It's got to happen." She stood before him with hands clenched at her sides.

"All right; but we got to be practical. Now then, that front door won't do. I looked at it this morning. What's out back?"

"A drive comes up between the main building and some others."

"Then there's a back way down?"

"A small service elevator to the ground floor; then it's a step to the door; but how ——"

"When you've loaded beef cattle through a chute as long as I have —— The only trouble, sometimes a fool engineer will blow his whistle and raise hell with the bunch. We got to pick our time."

"Would I ever dare?"

"We'll take care of that. I want you to know I got some good people working for me."

"Wouldn't it be awful if they —— I can't believe it; it can't be true."

"Truest thing you know; you do as you're told. Will you be ready to travel in three days?"

"I only need to let my aunt know."

"Don't tell her where. Get a box of candy that you write your name on a card and put in it, and send her that. And get yourself some ensembles with smart lines."

"I have everything. I only want him."

"Pinch off of that roll on the bureau and get yourself some outfits, and better get some toy animals with paint that ain't poison on."

"Oh, oh!"

"Get calm, now."

"But who'll take him down?"

"I got just the man for that task; someone a jury wouldn't convict of anything after they heard him talk a

few paragraphs or tell a comical story about a cat. He could kill his own mother with an ax and everybody would think it was a boyish prank. And say, one thing's important."

"Oh, tell me!"

"Get calm. It's this: First thing you buy is a wedding ring. We can't have a mother on Lone Tree without one. Better go to a pawnshop for a secondhand one, so it will look used." Doyle clasped her hands and wavered away to the couch. Her knees had gone weak. "And don't forget a few bottles of milk for him." Doyle laughed at that and was a little restored.

"Get calm, now!" he again soothed her. "It's a fine impulse; we'll ride it while it's young."

XVIII

MISS ELLIS had done her tasks of the morning with unthinking precision. What cerebration she was capable of concerned itself with the enlivening but misty future. Was this the beginning of the rainbow trail, leading on to a hot dancing finish, or would it be one of those Mexican stand-offs where you lost everything but your life? She was more than a little puzzled, and this had not before occurred in her short but sure life. A home in melody land—or down among the starfish where bubbles played in the glass-fronted tank? She could not know.

In the bathroom she muttered to herself, "Darned if I don't feel younger than Davy Lee! That Coogan boy seems like Trader Horn to me." But she must keep her mind on straight; the next move was up to her customer.

He made it when she returned to the room. "How long since you been out in the daytime?" he genially queried.

She counted. "Five weeks, isn't it, I been on your case?"

"You need to be sunned up."

"Oh, I'm one of these tropic night bloomers; you get a cabaret tan after a while." What was he coming to?

"Listen, then: beat it out and shop those things we talked about. Money on the bureau; deal yourself a poker hand off the top of the deck."

"You're certainly using strong language." She went doubtfully to the dresser and picked up the packet of bills. The old nut was talking like a world-beater.

"Five of these? They're all hundreds."

"Hurry along, and it's a ranch, not a farm. . . . Hobnailed boots for mountain climbing."

"My arch simply has to be held up." She extended the arch.

"All right, all right; get something that will make you look dangerous."

She was counting off the bills. How could she safely carry five times as much money as she had ever seen?

"Look out you don't get your stocking picked," warned the man with whom money seemed to be just a pleasant mannerism. But she wrapped the bills in a handkerchief and was pinning this to the inside of her waist. She drew a long breath.

"All right, then, if you want me to be a brunet eyeful, one of the sun-kissed ones—but I know I'm going to fall out of bed in a minute."

"Yeah. Don't fool with your hair; we already got our quota of yellows."

"Hot," Miss Ellis called it. She was too dazed to think up a better one. "Act your age!" she cautioned herself as she went out. It was simple enough so far: He wanted someone with the class draw and she was the high-spirited girl that could please a pay customer.

That afternoon Ben made, by chance, another contact. Whitey came proudly with only a cane, walking nearly human, he announced; and while they smoked there arrived Professor Abercrombie to present his sister. Ben wondered at first if she would be a lady professor; she was short, with the blue and confidingly earnest eyes of her brother—to be observed through nose glasses, where his shone through spectacles—she was rounded where the brother was ill-fleshed, and had kept more of her hair, Ben noticed; and she was trimly right in dress where her brother was careless. Her cushiony small hand gripped Ben's.

"I so much wanted to meet Johnny's new friend," she began, "so I begged him to fetch me. I'm sure you won't mind, and do go on with your smoking; I love the smell of a good cigar. Johnny's pipe reeks." She seated herself after a rapid survey of the room. "They're such neat housekeepers they almost make you forget what the place is."

"Not so homelike," Ben submitted. "Here you can't hardly lie down without going to bed."

"But you are both released after this ordeal. How providential! Johnny had felt his operation coming on for months, practically. And now how wonderful that he'll go to that delightful country place of yours!"

"Ranch," said Ben distinctly.

"To be sure. And I know it will bring the roses back to his cheeks, poor boy!"

"Leisure for my work," said the professor.

"Is your weather often inclement?" the sister asked.

"It certainly often is," Ben assured her. "I guess we got about the pick of the world's climates."

"Oh, I see!" said Miss Abercrombie. "Then I shall try not to worry, because the care of him is simple enough. For his breakfast only fruit juice and a tiny helping of one of the lighter cereals. The poor boy wishes to eat so many things that are ill advised—meat especially."

"You mean steak?" asked Ben, feeling hostile.

"Steak and other indigestibles. I've known him to eat a chop when we were both certain he would react painfully."

The professor here took the talk from his sister: "I was telling them only yesterday of that droll occurrence at the little Normandy inn. You recall it, Agatha?"

"Not quite nice in its implications," said Agatha.

"Droll, though." He regarded Ben and Whitey with the reminiscent gleam. "There were we at table, you recall, with Toby missing from the scene he had always graced, and good old Basil, after glancing about the room in mock alarm, caught my eye with the most laughable grimace and began to intone—quite loudly, you understand ——"

(Continued on Page 77)

She Transferred the Burden to a Casually Sauntering Man

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 3, 1929

Those Old State Debts

AN UNPLEASANT chapter in the financial history of the country is that which deals with the defaulted bonds of several Southern commonwealths. These state obligations have been in default for various periods ranging from fifty-five to eighty-five years. The aggregate principal of these debts amounts to something like seventy-five millions, and the accrued interest brings the total amount now owing up to a figure which closely approaches four hundred million dollars.

Creditors have long memories. Most Americans who are not students of financial history have forgotten the very existence of these obligations, but not so the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders. This is a protective association of security holders formed in London more than half a century ago to investigate and press the claims of British owners of defaulted foreign bonds. Every now and then it publishes a careful study of some defaulted issue in order that its members may be more fully advised of their rights and of the means at their command for enforcing them.

As long ago as 1852, one Hezron A. Johnson, of New York, who sued the state of Mississippi on a Union bank bond, in its own Superior Court of Chancery, obtained judgment. The state, unmoved by this decision, carried the case to its own High Court of Errors and Appeals, which, with an entire concurrence of opinion, affirmed the decision of the chancellor of the court below. Neither victory was of any benefit to the bondholders, for the constitution of the state contained a stipulation that no judgment against the state involving pecuniary damages should be paid until an appropriation had been made by the legislature. As yet, no such appropriation has been made.

It would be unfair to direct attention to these old state of Mississippi bonds without recalling that several other Southern commonwealths have been able to find excuses for ignoring these old obligations. They number among their creditors not only British bondholders but American citizens and the Federal Government itself. These debts are not an agreeable topic, and no patriotic American can discuss them with pleasure or satisfaction. The British press naturally feels no such compunctions, and its references to "American defaulters" and "defaulting Southern States" make us all squirm.

Our situation is the more painful because the sins of the states are visited upon our Federal Government; for many of our foreign critics firmly believe that it is within its power to compel the defaulting states to meet these obligations. But, of course, the Federal Government has no power to compel the payment of these old debts, or to deal with them in any way.

The Tariffs on Farm Products

THE proposed duties on farm products in the legislation now under consideration have provoked rather violent comments in countries as far apart as Canada, Argentina and Australasia. These countries, like the United States, are net exporters of farm products. One of them, Australia, has a butter-export scheme quite like the equalization fee. Both Australia and Canada grant empire preference. Yet they resent duties on farm products into this country. Canada, being a next-door neighbor, has a different ground for her feeling from that which animates the distant countries. In the past our tariff animosities have been largely industrial. The established factories of foreign countries objected to the infant industries behind the tariff wall in this country. But in the case of agricultural products, it is the newer agricultural regions that are protesting against tariffs raised to protect the older agricultural settlements in this country. In a sense, our tariff protects a depleted soil; the foreign products come from newer and unexhausted soils. Such a tariff is quite unlike that set up to protect an infant industry, but it has the same justification in relation to the standard of living.

Give the Children a Chance

THE average American child of today has more done for its present and future health and happiness than any other youngster the world has ever seen. And yet, with all we are doing for our children, the great mass of us have scarcely more than scratched the surface of the possibilities which lie open to us. Children are being studied as they have never been studied before, not only their bodies but their minds, their intellects and their moral performance. The net result of these studies is enormous and it is possible to do for young children today what was almost unheard of a generation ago.

There are, of course, limitations which the most advanced science cannot overpass. It cannot endow a child with better inherited traits than his parents and grandparents handed down to him. It cannot give him a new germ plasm, nor undo the work of the ages. Within these limits, it can and often does produce beneficent results which seem little short of miraculous. In the past thirty years there has sprung up an ever-increasing group of specialists in the diseases of children. In our larger cities they are readily available; but speaking broadly and in a nation-wide sense the American mother has not yet discovered the pediatrist, nor has she gained any adequate idea of the extraordinary services he can render her babies and her youngsters of tender years. When she does, she will lean heavily upon him.

To the competent specialist in this field a young child is as plastic as a lump of putty. He can not only bring it through the usual diseases of childhood, but by taking thought he can enable it to escape many of these ailments entirely. He can build up its resistance, he can detect at the outset harmful physical tendencies and find means to correct them, and he can lay down for each of his patients rules of diet, exercise, hygiene and daily life which will be suited to his individual needs and which will vastly increase his chances of developing into vigorous manhood with a sound mind and a rugged body. Most of these specialists have only children for patients. The large numbers they see bring them the skill which springs only from the widest experience.

Great Britain Back to Free Trade

THE defeat of the Tory government in the recent election carries with it the reversal of the policy of safeguarding that had been assiduously cultivated by Baldwin. Safeguarding is, in fact and effect, protection with a coated name. During the campaign, stress was laid on the continuation of the fiscal policy embodied in safeguarding, with the qualification that there should be no tariffs on foods, and no general tariffs. The Liberals had attacked both the correctness and the sincerity of safeguarding. The Labor Party in a sense stood detached, though on broad grounds opposed to protection.

There can be little doubt that the program of the Labor Party for relief of unemployment will not include protection. Politically the Labor Party, having succeeded the discredited Tory party, could hardly champion the policies which the country has rejected, particularly a policy so foreign to modern Great Britain. In all likelihood the narrow Labor control will make necessary some working understanding with the Liberals, or at least with certain elements in that small but still effective party. Protection no Liberal would sanction or support. Therefore it would seem that at the time when the traditional protectionist policy of the United States is being revised and readjusted, the traditional free-trade policy of Great Britain will be restored

Tapering Off Alcohol in Russia

SOME three decades ago, Count Witte, one of the remarkable men of modern Russia, devised a temperance reform for Russia that was usually called the vodka monopoly. The scheme was based on the Russian need of revenue as well as on the Russian psychology. It was designed to lead to a progressive reduction of use of alcohol, but, in fact, never had a fair trial. Following the introduction of communism, prohibition was given up, not so much because it failed as because the Soviet state could not do without the revenue from sale of alcohol. Recently another temperance plan has been established as part of the so-called Gosplan, a scheme of economic development set up by the communists.

According to this plan, over a period of several years the supplies of spirits and beer are to be progressively reduced, while wine is not restricted. Both city and country are rationed.

The progressive rationing may be regarded there as strict; but, in fact, it is liberal. In the last fiscal year the revenue from sale of alcoholic beverages was around a billion rubles. The grain used in that year in alcoholic beverages aggregated two million tons. In the meantime Russian export of grain has practically ceased.

Russian Trade in American Goods

AMTORG, the Russian trading corporation set up in this country by the Soviet Government, has recently issued a statement of Russian trade during the past five years. This report is supplementary to the official reports, since to a considerable extent American goods destined to Russia are exported to other countries and thence expedited into Russia.

The imports from this country into Russia during the past five years have aggregated four hundred million dollars. Cotton, of course, heads the list. Copper was another prominent raw material. Machinery stood high on the list. The Russian goods sent back to this country represented a value of but little over a quarter of the imports from this country.

Further expansion in Russian imports depends upon our receiving more goods from Russia—an unlikely event in the near future—possible shipment of gold and extension of American credits to Russian purchasers. If Russia could resume her place as exporter of grain we might expand our exports to that country on the basis of triangular trade.

Credits to a country run as Russia is now conducted do not appeal to American exporters, despite the fact that such credits as have been extended to the Russian organizations seem to have been fully honored.

The fact remains that we who have not recognized the present Russian Government have more trade with the country than other countries which extended recognition in hope of trade.

The New Road to Disarmament

An Interview With Premier Ramsay MacDonald

By Isaac F. Marcosson

"THE world has begun to think in terms of permanent peace instead of in terms of the next war." With these words, Ramsay MacDonald, Britain's Labor Premier, began conversation with me on the subject of disarmament, the world's most pressing problem and the bulwark, if achieved, of the Kellogg Pact and international amity. The time was scarcely a week after Ambassador Dawes' famous London yardstick speech, which pointed the way to a naval-reduction accord. The place was his study, on the second floor of 10 Downing Street, which Premier MacDonald uses for a private office in preference to the historical cabinet room. He sat at an antique desk piled high with papers. He had been on the job since nine and a cabinet meeting impended. The smoke of one of the most momentous British general elections had hardly lifted. I little thought, as I listened to MacDonald, Baldwin and Lloyd George link campaign promises with disarmament, that this gray-haired, keen-eyed veteran of Socialism's long battle in Britain—he looks more the evangelist than the statesman—would be John Bull's spokesman in the inevitable negotiations upon which the structure of universal peace depends. The Premier's desire to visit the United States personally and confer with President Hoover is characteristic of his direct man-to-man method. Disarmament developments had crowded thick and fast since the verdict at the polls placed Ramsay MacDonald in power for the second time. His dramatic meeting with Ambassador Dawes in Scotland, establishing a new Locarno, is only one episode in a chain of events opening a new era of diplomacy.

Mr. MacDonald and General Dawes Shaking Hands After Their First Conference

In Peaceful Mood

WHEN I left America early in April, Europe was still suffering from an acute attack of armamentitis. Until Ambassador Gibson's speech at Geneva in April, presenting President Hoover's show-down to bring about real reduction and lift the burden of the war-taxed peace, nearly all the foreign powers were making limitation gestures which fundamentally signified nothing. Political expediency could not be reconciled with armaments compatible with security. The obsession that there had to be preparation for the next war confuted an honest determination to disarm. In consequence, Europe still remained more or less an armed camp, with a larger trained military personnel and reserves than obtained when the World War broke. Naval programs called for billions of expenditure from peoples still oppressed with debt and doubt.

Now the whole mood was changed, thanks to President Hoover's initiative and the British response. It is in no small degree due to the live-wire intermediaryship of Ambassador Dawes. The stabilizer of reparations, in voicing the American President's high motives, is well on the way to be the agency for the stabilization of universal peace as well

America's intention has a strong ally in Premier MacDonald. His fresh elevation to authority gives him the opportunity to convert a generation-old theory into practice. To a greater degree, perhaps, than either Baldwin or Lloyd George, he can go the whole way unless he is hampered by partisan politics. In Britain's present mood this is well-nigh unthinkable.

The British-American action will sterilize the alibi of the other powers and force them under the disarmament umbrella. As Britain's initial Labor Premier, Ramsay MacDonald presided over the first real conference when the victor and the vanquished sat on terms of equality. This was the London Conference in 1924, when the Dawes Plan was ratified. Up to that time, peace was projected at the point of a bayonet. It is now transferred to the point of a pen.

Premier MacDonald is to preside over the coming London meeting to confirm the Young plan which will finally liquidate the indemnity and constitute a logical approach to a world conference to scrap naval rivalries and competitions. It means that if the negotiations now initiated reach the final objective, he will go down in history as the Premier of Peace.

It was a new MacDonald alongside whom I sat in that simple room in Downing Street on a sunlit morning toward the end of June, which happened to be the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Versailles Treaty. The moral and parallel were obvious. In 1919 the Allies and Central Powers still suffered from war shock. The alleged peace instrument formulated in Paris engendered new hatreds and animosities. It has taken a full decade for Europe to become purged of the nationalistic poison attendant on armament rivalry.

To Make War Obsolete

ON OUR last meeting he had opposition, fighting what seemed a hopeless battle against the overwhelming conservative influence. In the campaign he was tense and tired. Now I found him full of pep, with a long ambition realized, enthusiastic for the peace task to which he has dedicated himself.

The Premier talks swiftly, with a fascinating roll of his *r*'s. There is no mistaking his origin. His Scotch accent ripples like music through his speech.

"What part can the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples play in bringing about this much desired disarmament?" I asked first.

The Premier replied: "The Anglo-Saxon peoples have a far greater part than being economic leaders and counselors. Above all other things, they are today the two nations challenging the whole world to think with a different orientation as to international affairs. It is not enough that they bring the world to think in terms against war. The great task is to eliminate war not only from language but from thought and action as well. A start has been made. Let me repeat that the world is beginning to think in terms of permanent peace and not in terms of the next war. Disarmament, as I have frequently pointed out, can only spring from the impulse of public opinion, and this opinion, I am glad to say, is now shaping."

My next query was: "What is your idea of disarmament?"

His answer was: "An effective disarmament treaty must limit the personnel of all armed forces, including trained reserves. It must limit the number of conscripts to be called up year by year, and the period of instruction. It must limit the store of arms and munitions which industrial states may hold in readiness for war. It must limit the number of heavy guns, tanks and fighting aircraft. It must limit navies both in respect to their aggregate strengths and to the various categories of ships. It must

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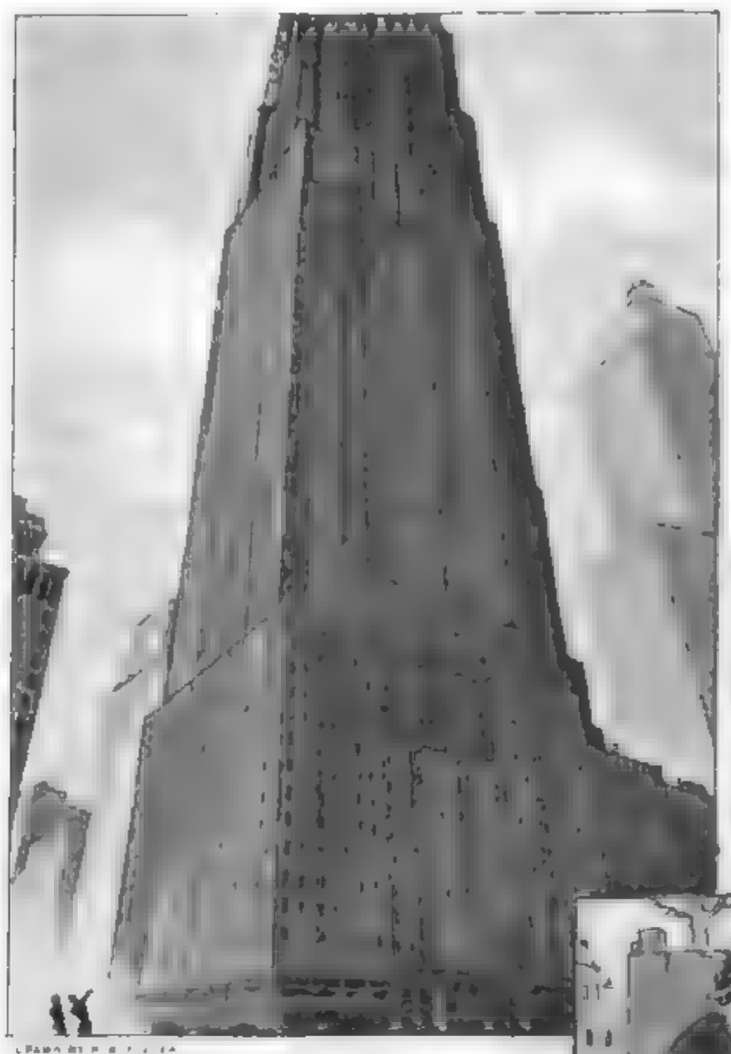
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Architect: "Yes, the Child of My Brain!"

Week-Enders I Know

THE OUTDOOR GIRL: Considers a week-end a total failure unless she indulges in at least six sets of tennis, thirty-six holes of golf, swims three miles, walks six, rides nine and dances twelve. Kills eight to ten hosts and hostesses a year. *Remedy:* Set her to digging post holes for your hurdle fence.

THE BRIDGE FIEND: Blind to the morning sun, the flowers, the winding rivers and everything else save a five-card suit in spades. *Remedy:* Invite three more, confine them under lock and key to the attic with two packs of cards and a dozen ham sandwiches, and go fishing. Release in time to catch the last train back to the city Sunday night.

"Mr. Jones!"

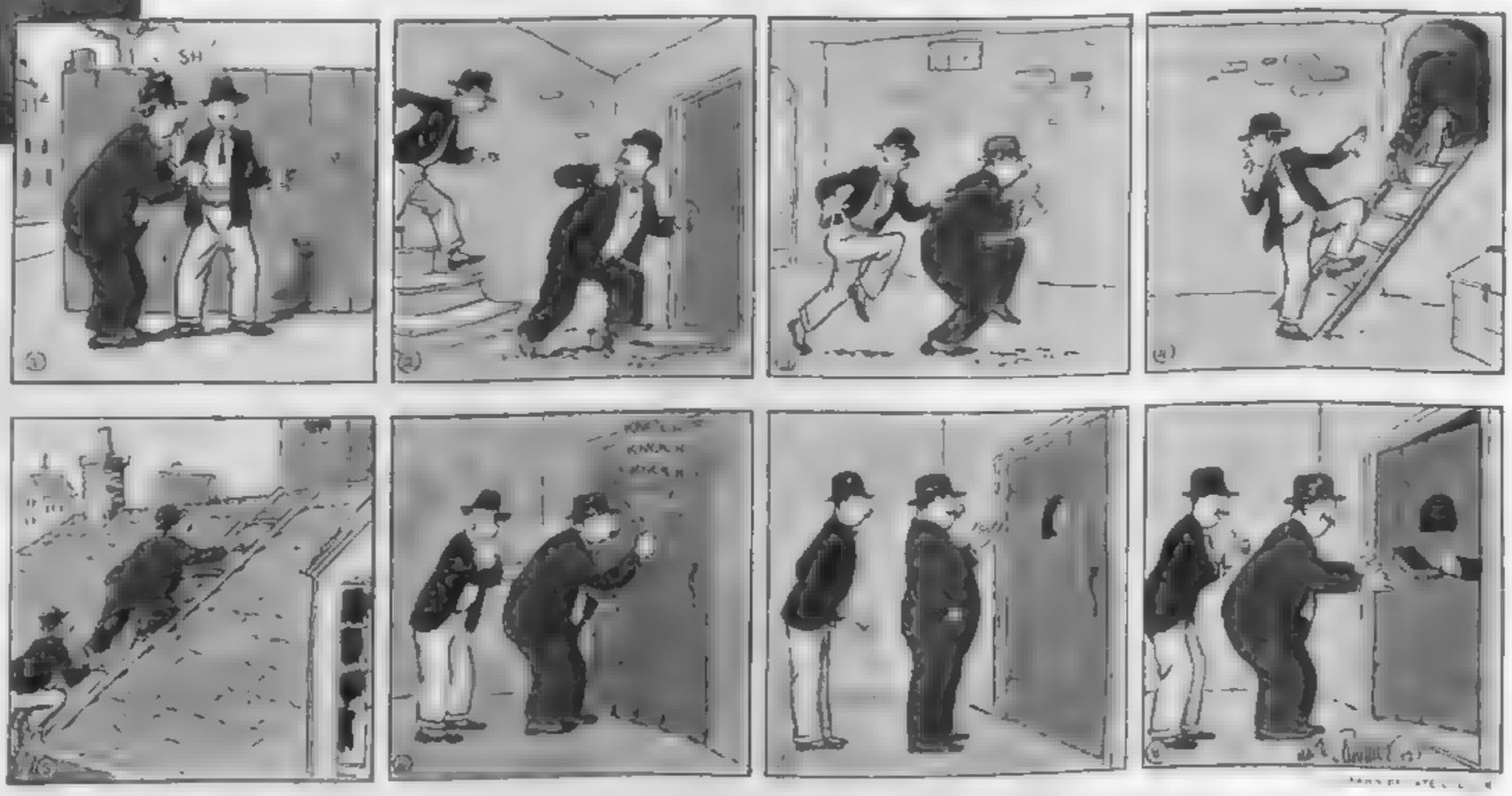
Lovelace's Alibi

BLAME me not, Sweet, if here and there
My wayward self inclines
To note that others, too, are fair,
To bow at lesser shrines.

What though with eye or tongue I praise
Iona's gentle wile,
Camilla's happy turn of phrase,
Or Celia's winning smile?

My constancy shall be thy boast
From now to Kingdom Come,
I could not love thee, Dear, the most,
Loved I not others, some.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*



Getting a Book in Boston, the Athens of America

Tragic Escape

FIRST SPINSTER: I had an awful dream last night. I thought I was being pursued by a man. It was terrible!

SECOND SPINSTER: I know—I've had the same dream myself—it is horrible. You just run and run, and no matter how hard you try, you simply can't stop.

THE HELPFUL SOUL: Insists on aiding in the cooking including a Welsh rabbit with too much vinegar weeding the garden—including your pet hollyhock seedlings—putting on the summer screens—on the wrong windows—and carrying out the dishes from the Sunday-night supper.

(Continued on Page 94)

Retiring Picnickers: "Crab! Crab! You Gotta Punk-Looking Place Anyway!"

Little Brother's Home Work

Your family welcomes hot soup with summer's cold meals!

Harping on one string soon tires the ear . . . Contrast and variety are just as necessary to charm the appetite . . . True, your family wants cold foods in summer, but a meal made up of nothing but cold dishes misses the touch of contrast to give life and sparkle . . . Among all your cooling salads, ices and frosty beverages, serve hot, bracing, invigorating soup—and see the difference it makes . . . It quickens the sense of taste . . . All the food seems to take on new zest and flavor . . . Everybody enjoys the meal more . . . And of course, it is more healthful, for the hot soup acts as a splendid tonic to the digestion . . . For this one-hot-dish of the summer meal, millions select Campbell's Vegetable Soup—it's so hearty and delicious . . .

Already cooked . . . 12 cents a can.

I'm rolling home to Campbell's
As hungry as a bear!
I hear my tummy calling
For the soup that's waiting there!

A choice for every day in the week

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable Beef

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

HONOR

By CHARLES WERTENBAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN THE springtime when it got warm at the university we used to sit out on the steps of our fraternity house from right after supper until almost dawn. We would hurry back from our boarding houses in time to watch the sun go out of sight behind the mountain, and the 7:15 train roar down the long straightaway on the other side of the athletic field and disappear in chase of the sun. During those last five or six weeks of the term none of our crowd loafed at the corner after supper and none of us did very much work. Our house had a long, white-pillared porch that was pleasant to sit upon, it was far enough away from the center of things to be almost in the country, and all fifteen of us who lived in it liked one another a good deal. Maybe that's why so few of us were Phi Beta Kappas and why so many of us were lazy.

After the sun had gone down and the train had gone by we would keep on sitting there, watching the colors the sun had left fade out of the sky, and listening to the crickets that were beginning to cut loose in the grass and hedges. Sometimes we would wheel the phonograph through the low French windows and match to see who should play it and sometimes Louis Madison would play the piano. At eight o'clock we would postpone application of the house rule against music, and at 8:30 we would generally do it again. Then at nine o'clock somebody would want to study, and we would have to amuse ourselves by talking.

The rest would drift inside one by one until there was nobody left on the porch but Louis and Rob Coleman and me; we were always the last to leave The nights are very pretty at the university in the springtime: The air is sweet and the sky is blue, and when there isn't any moon there are lots of stars; the earth has a damp, clean smell; and the crickets and the owls and the trains far away sound as though somebody had taught them how to blend their noises into a melody. At least it seemed that way to us in 1921; none of us wanted ever to have to leave. It may be different now that I am in a place where there isn't any spring, Louis is selling outboard motors in Connecticut, and Rob, who could never see any of it, but could only hear and smell, is a little older and perhaps more wise.

After Louis, who was more conscientious than he was lazy, had persuaded Rob to go in and study a little I would be left out on the porch by myself. At that time I thought I could spend the rest of my life there doing nothing, and so if I didn't feel like it I didn't study, and amused myself by thinking about the crowd that lived in the house and wondering what they wanted and whether they would get it. And the only one I was sure about was Rob.

Rob had been blind all his life. His mother had read to him and taught him the Braille system and how to use a typewriter, and he had picked up the arts of shaving with a straight razor and playing a guitar. I have never known anybody whose blindness was less of a handicap. He played cards, wrote his own letters on a portable, went to the theater—and sometimes, when he was tight enough, to the movies—knew the voice of every person he had ever met, and went anywhere in the university or the town by himself. Of course he knew the place by heart and he knew everybody in it and everybody knew him. The street cars would stop in the middle of the block if Rob whistled, and when he started to cross the street the traffic halted and waited until he reached the other side. His mother had died when he was seventeen, and his brother, who was finishing in law, had brought him to the university. Since then he had never left it. He had been there four years and was getting his B.A. degree this year; after that he was going to take an M.A. and a Ph.D., and then he wanted to teach. Louis, who needed a little extra money, read his books and notes to him, but I read him his private letters.

When Johnson's wagon came around at eleven o'clock everybody knocked off work for half an hour and ate sandwiches and drank pop. Then the others would begin going to bed, so that by one o'clock Louis and Rob and I were alone on the porch again. Rob would bring out his guitar and play it very softly, so that Doctor Burleigh, who lived across the road, wouldn't get mad, and once in a while we sang a little. Then at two o'clock Louis would go to bed and there wouldn't be anybody left but Rob and me.

Sometimes we would become confidential and tell each other about the things we wanted to do. That nearly always happens when two men who like each other get alone outdoors at night. I did most of the talking then because I didn't know what I wanted to do. Rob had his future all planned. The next year he was going to be an assistant instructor in philosophy; then he would be an instructor while he worked for his Ph.D. After that he would be an assistant professor and some day he might have Little Doc Legendre's chair. He wasn't sure he would get a job on the faculty—it depended on how he made out as instructor, he said—but I never doubted that he would.

Everybody liked Rob. He was president of the academic school, which made him a member of the honor committee, he belonged to every society in the university, and he was as popular with the faculty as he was with the students. Besides, he had plenty of sense, and everybody knew that the university was his only home and the only place he ever wanted to be, and that because of his blindness he couldn't put his roots down in any other place and grow as another man might. So why shouldn't they put him on the faculty and eventually give him Little Doc's chair?

Sometimes we talked about abstract things such as honor We were very interested in that subject; we both had to make decisions about it from time to time. I was vice president of the academic school and therefore frequently sat on the honor committee, which is made up of the presidents of the five departments and the vice president of the department to which the offender belongs. The faculty has nothing to do with the honor system at the university. Any breach of the code is reported to the committee. If the committee finds the student innocent nothing is ever heard about it; if he is guilty he is told to leave and his name is written in a little book which will be shown to any student who asks to see it. And the code is as rigid as a piece of cold steel.

I used to complain about that to Rob. "It's too hard," I said. "We don't take into account the reasons that might have made a man break the code."

"He either breaks it or he doesn't break it," Rob said. "He cheats or he doesn't cheat; he lies or he doesn't lie. I can't see any excuse for not being a gentleman."

"How about Bill Harper?" I said. Bill was my best argument. "The dances in the gym are pledged, which means that every man who goes on the floor gives his word that he hasn't had a drink since noon. Bill walked out on the floor in a blank. He never knew what he had done until somebody told him the next day. If he was in a blank, his mind wasn't working and he couldn't have given his word to anything. But we expelled him."

"It was hard on Bill, but it was the only thing we could do. Otherwise we could never tell when a man was responsible and when he wasn't. We had to sacrifice Bill to the honor system."

"Well," I said, "the dances ought not to be pledged. Going to a dance tight isn't a breach of honor; it's the pledge that makes it one."

It usually ended that way because Rob would agree with me. But I never could make him admit that there could be any extenuating circumstances in a question of honor. To him a breach of the code was unpardonable; he had no sympathy and no mercy. I think he loved the university so much that he would sacrifice any number of individuals to the one thing that made it different from nearly all other universities. And he kept on doing that to the last.

But sometimes when we sat out there on the porch together we wouldn't talk at all, and Rob would keep on playing his guitar in a wistful sort of way. When he did that I realized that, in spite of the friends he had, Rob was lonesome. I think he was missing the romantic side of life. He had kept away from girls most of his life, chiefly, I think, because he was afraid that in some way they would take advantage of his blindness; and when he talked about them he was so cynical that you could tell he didn't know

(Continued on Page 27)

Without Thinking, Without Caring, He Walked Two Steps Out on the Floor With His Arm Stretched Out Toward Where He Knew the Couple Must Be. His Hand Felt an Arm

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year

Did a part at solution of the origin of life lie in this bottle of mutton gravy? This question threw eighteenth century Europe into a furore when Father Needham, an English priest, announced that he had found thousands of microscopic animals in the liquid—though he had boiled and sealed it in an effort to keep it absolutely sterile. "*Life*" concluded Needham "can come from *dead* matter."

The bottle of mutton gravy that shook up all Europe

Father Needham's announcement stirred up a hornet's nest of controversy. Some said the mutton gravy experiment disproved the Biblical story of man's creation. Others demanded sarcastically who created the dead matter from which life first sprang.

Kings and princes throughout Europe lionized Needham and hailed him as a great discoverer. Scientific societies besieged him with invitations to lecture before them. Peasants, awed by fantastic microbe stories that grew more grotesque with every telling, asked fearfully whether a man could now be changed into a horse!

Meanwhile in Italy, Lazaro Spallanzani, priest and scientist, quietly repeated Needham's experiments. And he proved that Father Needham had made one "slight" error—he had not sealed his bottle tight enough! Needham's microbes had apparently come in from the air. Spallanzani checked and rechecked his experiments. his conclusions were always the same.

"Life comes only from life," he told the world calmly. "Even a microbe has its family tree."

Though Spallanzani's experiments were simple enough, their effects were far-reaching. He had actually performed one of the greatest duties of the scientific research worker: from his quiet laboratory he had directed the world away from a blind alley—and set it back again on the broad path to scientific achievement. It was Spallanzani who laid the foundation for the strong fortress of preventive medicine that was to be erected nearly a century later when Pasteur, the father of modern bacteriology, demonstrated the relationship between bacteria and disease.

Nowadays every research worker must be a Spallanzani. For the medical researcher is constantly exploring dark, uncharted byways. And, naturally, the blind alleys, the false leads, the tempting avenues of half-truth and pseudo-science, all have to be recognized and avoided if real progress is to be made.

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LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 24)

anything about them. It was a pity, too; Rob was such a big, good-looking fellow, with a nose he would have been conceited about if he could have seen it; and any woman could have married him without having him a burden on her hands, because at the university he did everything everybody else did, and it was hard to realize he was blind at all. But I didn't think there was any chance of his ever getting a girl unless sometime one would have sense enough to take the initiative and convince him that she wasn't going to play tricks with his heart. And that's just what one did.

III

FINALS at the university aren't very important any more; the big dances are during Easter Week. But that year was the year of the centennial celebration, and so everybody stayed over until the last day, and several thousand alumni came back for the party. There had been some talk about taking the pledge off the dances in honor of the centennial, but it was finally decided that it would be too risky with all the alumni there, the old gymnasium hardly big enough for a dance anyway, and the latticework decorations making it smaller than usual. And so the pledge stayed on.

But whether the dances were pledged or not didn't mean anything to Rob Coleman because Rob never went to dances. Monday night, the night before he was going to take his degree, he went to a party in Lit Cox's room on the lawn, played his guitar until everybody was feeling good, and then left about eleven o'clock, because he said he hadn't had much sleep lately and wanted to look good when Toby handed him his sheepskin the next day. Nobody offered to walk home with him, because everybody knew that Rob could get home by himself as well as anybody else.

He walked slowly up the lawn, under the arcade, enjoying the echoes of his footsteps down the long passage and the sounds of music and revelry that came from behind the little green doors. When he was up on the lawn he forgot that the university had spread out all around it and pretended that it was just a little college with a row of dormitories on either side of a broad green, as it had been a hundred years ago. He was feeling happy, yet a little sad. After tomorrow he wouldn't be an undergraduate any more, and that was one step toward old age. On the other hand, he was more contented here than he could have been anywhere else in the world; the people were more whole-hearted, and things moved at a nice, leisurely pace. If everything went well he could spend the rest of his life here. And yet he was just a little bit lonesome.

He walked past the rotunda and down the flight of steps to the walk that led down the hill. On the bottom step he stumbled against something soft and fell sprawling on the walk

A girl's voice said: "Why don't you look where you're going?"

He picked himself up, embarrassed and a little mad. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't see you all."

"You all?" said the girl. "There's only one of us." She stopped, then an instant later she said: "You're Rob Coleman, aren't you?"

"Right. But I swear I can't remember your voice."

"I never met you," she said, "but I've heard a lot about you since I've been here. Then when I saw ——" She stopped again, then said: "I'm sorry about what I said."

"About what?"

"About looking where you were going. I didn't know ——"

"That's all right; I'm not sensitive about it." He hesitated, wondering how to leave.

"Why don't you sit down?" she said.

He sat down on the bottom step beside her. "I don't want to be inquisitive," he said, "but what are you doing out here all by yourself?"

"To Me," She Said, "You're Not Blind. I'll Never Think of You as Being Blind"

"I was hot and tired of dancing, so I asked a nice man if he'd take me out for a breath of air. He said he'd take me up to see the lawn. When we got this far he turned out to be not so nice. So I sent him back."

"Dance gummy?" Rob said.

"It's a good dance, but I'm tired of college dances."

"Been down here a lot?"

"This is the first time. I'd been to nearly every other college, so I thought I'd better take this one in."

"It must be awful to be so blasé."

She didn't answer for a minute, then she said: "Can't I be natural with you?"

"Why not?" Rob said.

"You can't be natural with most college boys. You have to act as though you were in a musical comedy. But I thought maybe I could be natural with you."

"Sure, I'm blind," Rob said. "Go on and be natural."

"I didn't mean that," she said. "Anyway, I'm not blasé. I just don't like dances and things like that enough to keep on enjoying them. They were a lot of fun two years ago."

"You were about eighteen then, weren't you?"

"Nineteen. Since then I've had a coming-out party and been awfully social, but that wasn't so much fun either."

"Maybe you were born to be a great artist or something."

"I'm no good at anything like that. I'm not one of those crazy intellectual women, either, although I have got some sense."

"I believe you have," Rob said.

"I think I'm an ordinary sort of girl who ought to have got married young and spent her life taking care of a man and raising nice, good-looking children. But the trouble is that I'm not bad looking, and daddy has plenty of money, so everybody expects me to be a butterfly, whatever that is."

"I didn't know they had butterflies in Boston."

"How'd you know I came from Boston?"

"You talk like a man I know who comes from Boston. I don't like people who come from Boston."

She remained silent, and Rob had the feeling that she was looking at him. He wished he hadn't been so rude. Finally she said: "I'd better go back to the dance."

"I'll take you," he said.

"Thanks." She stood up. "Only I don't feel like it. The dance won't be over till three-thirty."

"Well," he said, "if you want to see the lawn you don't have to worry about my not being nice."

"You wouldn't mind?"

"I'd love it," he said, and then wondered why he had said that.

Afterward, when Rob told me about that night, he still wasn't quite sure what went on inside of him. Up to that time he had been antagonistic

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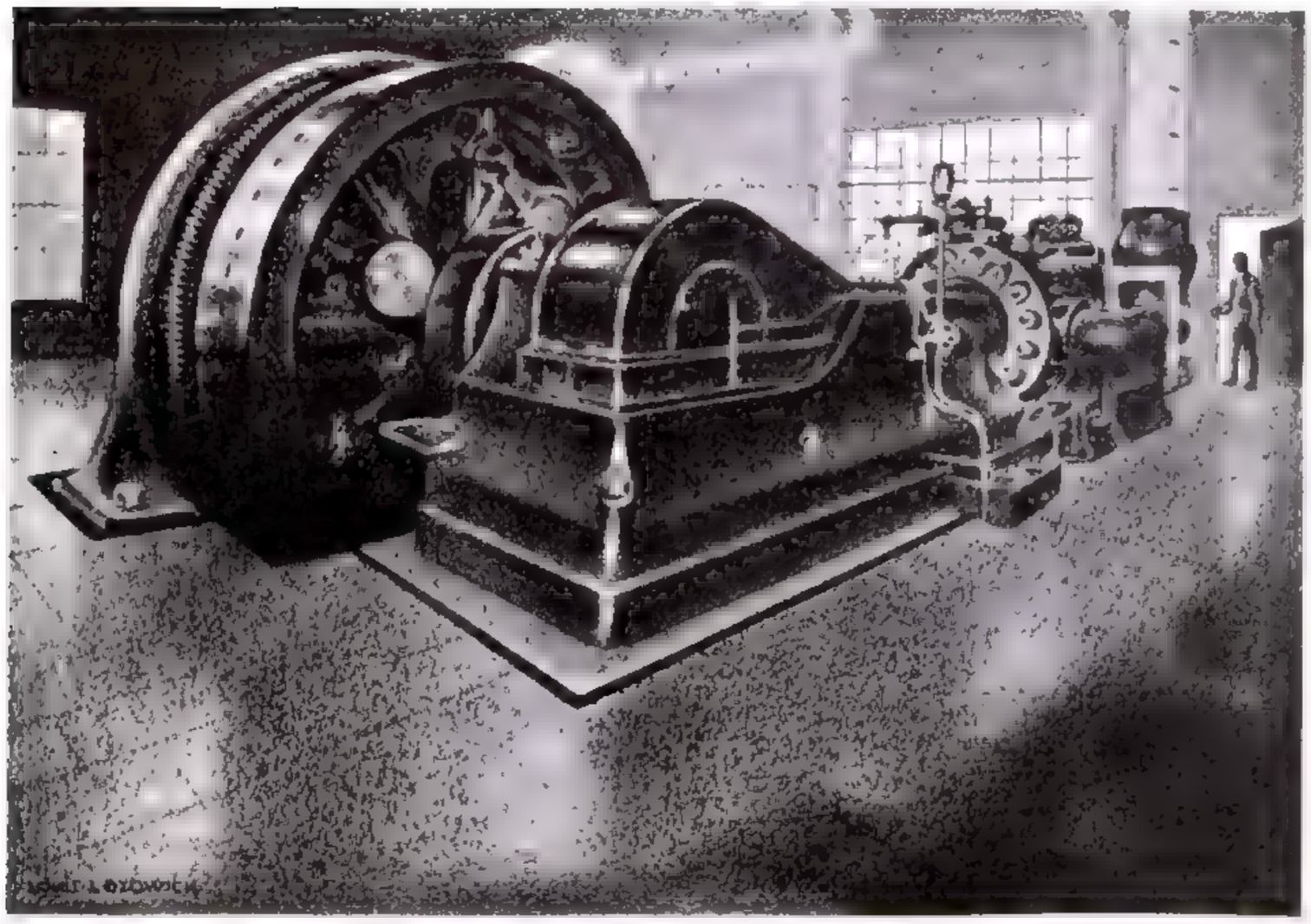

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I KISS YOUR HAND, MADAM

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

"Dollie Wasn't Well, So I Came." She Recognized Tom

SOMETIMES Dollie thought that Millicent had been right after all. Scornful magnificent Millicent, who had told her, when they were young and poor, that she was a fool to marry Tom.

"Marriage," said Millicent, combing out her hair in a slashing fashion, "is a mug's game. A woman gives all and gets the socks to darn in return. Also the drying up to do, with an inadequate drying cloth. Marriage is a permanent job with bad pay and no opportunity of leaving at the end of the month to better oneself."

Millicent had said that in the days before all girls said that. But then, Millicent was always a little ahead of her time. Always a little smarter and a little cleverer than anyone else.

"And as for marrying Tom," Millicent had said, "I can tell you exactly what that will degenerate into. He will come home night after night and sit beside the fire with a book. He will be as unaware of you as he is of the sofa. He would notice, probably, if either it or you were not there. But beyond that, his interest in you will be as an unpaid governess to his numerable children. Quiet men like Tom always have a multitude of young "

Astonishing Millicent. She said, out loud, things which in those days nice girls would hardly have put on paper. How Dollie had hated her flippancy on subjects to her rather sacred. She could still feel the hot flush they had given her. She was fond of Millicent, but it galled her a little that Millicent, who was a year younger, was so much cleverer. Even though Aunt Marian might have been heard to say a dozen times daily that no good could ever come of it. Aunt Marian brought them up, because there was no one else to do it. She had a house in Streatham with Nottingham lace curtains draped over the windows, and a very handsome-looking grand piano in the drawing-room which nobody could play. And she thought Dollie did very well for herself when she married Tom. Said as much a dozen times a day. Aunt Marian had not many topics of conversation.

The trouble was it all came about as Millicent had prophesied—and not after the way of Aunt Marian. There was Tom beside the fire, reading. She might have been the drawing-room sofa, for all he seemed to notice her; though no doubt he would have been surprised and annoyed to find her moved into another place. There were Lois and Joe, growing up, taking every minute of her time. She never had enough money to dress properly or to play tennis or amuse herself. Life was one long spring-cleaning.

Lois was sweet, and she would not have missed having Joe for anything, but still, she did sometimes bewail her youth—her lost youth, that had disappeared much too fast. For Millicent was still a girl.

Millicent had taken to writing books, short stories and snappy little articles for papers. They paid her large sums of money, but nothing compared with what they paid her when she wrote a play. It was the sort of play that had the same effect on Dollie that Millicent's conversation had always had. It made her vaguely uncomfortable. It was the sort of play that she classed in her own mind as one she couldn't possibly take Tom to see with any real enjoyment.

But Millicent had made a fortune out of it. She had a motor car and stockings made of silk all the way up, and she got her clothes from one of the most select dressmakers in London, and she got her hats from one of the smartest places in Paris. Millicent did not look a day older than when she had stood before the mirror in the house at Streatham, combing out her hair in her slashing fashion. Dollie did not see much of her. She was always so busy. But she often sent Dollie parcels of clothes and hats she did not require any more herself. Once Dollie had found a certain pleasure in wearing the pretty things. Now she was hoarding them up for Lois. Lois was growing so fast, and Dollie did want so desperately for her to have everything nice when she came out.

She never discussed her marriage with anyone. She was fond enough of old Tom. It was just that everything was rather dull and all-the-same-ish.

"I've struck a bad patch," she said to herself. "Maybe there will be good ones coming still. Life is like a patchwork quilt, full of bits of all sorts."

By and by she put down the eternal mending that occupied her, stretched, and picked up the paper. That was where she first saw the rumor about Millicent. Millicent, it was darkly hinted, was going to marry Lord Summerfield—inset in circle—although nothing definite could yet be learned from either party. Elbows on table, in the hot little sitting room that summer's day, Doll scanned the features of Lord Summerfield. He was lean and clean and pleasant-looking. The sort of man that, having seen him, one looks round for the dog. Lucky Millicent. She was always wonderful. Dollie sat and dreamed about her, and then, of a sudden, made up her mind to go and see her. She had been playing with the idea of going to see her for some time, because she wanted to ask her about Lois. Lois wanted to go on the stage. It was more than possible that Millicent's influence would do something for her. And of whom could one ask a favor, if not of one's own sister? Once Millicent was married to Lord Summerfield she would be so far out of reach one would never get in touch with her again.

Dollie went up to London. It was very hot there, and she knew she was not looking her best. Catching sight of herself in a shop window, she almost felt she would have done better to write and not to come. Millicent was so particular. As she rang

(Continued on Page 34)

Dollie Was Just in Time to See a Tall Man Bending Courteously Over Millicent and Kissing Her Hand

WAR LETTERS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

SOME thought Mr. Wilson's voice too emphatic. In answer to his note of protest on the sinking of the Lusitania, Germany replied that the Lusitania was an armed cruiser and transport. Wilson retorted that his Government could not admit any "abbreviation of the rights either of American shipmasters or of American citizens bound on lawful errands as passengers on merchant ships of belligerent nationality." He again demanded assurances in respect of the safeguarding of Americans' lives and ships. Mr. Bryan, desirous that America should arbitrate the point, and willing to warn Americans against traveling in ships owned by a belligerent, at this point resigned the Secretaryship of State. Spring-Rice commented to Grey, on June tenth:

I say nothing about the President's note to Germany, as I have not seen it and it will be published tomorrow. It appears that the very strongest pressure was put upon the President to induce him to recede from the view which he had taken from the first. He refused to change his policy. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, who had accepted the previous note sent to Germany, was unable to resist the argument that, if Germany offered the terms embodied in the peace treaties*—that is, examination and delay—these terms should be accepted. He insisted that the President should share his view, and when the President refused to change his ground, Mr. Bryan refused to sign the note.

Nothing is more certain than that the people of the United States are ready to accept any reasonable excuse for accepting Germany's contention, and all Germany has to do in order to preserve the peace is to afford some reasonable excuse. So far, they have done everything they could to provoke this Government. They have not yet entirely succeeded. I doubt if on the present record the United States will go to war—that is, unless some new and striking incident occurs. The effect of Mr. Bryan's resignation will be to give a visible head to the "long-haired men and short-haired women" who are agitating in this country for peace, prohibition, woman suffrage and the prohibition of the export of arms. The Germans, who till late were loud in abuse of Bryan, have accepted him as a heaven-born leader. Hearst, who has spent more venom upon Bryan than upon any other politician, now espouses his side warmly. We may expect to find him a very serious factor in the movement for prohibiting the export of ammunition to the Allies. This is, of course, the most serious question of all. We do not stand in quite as good a position with regard to this question as we did.

Mr. Lansing, previously Counsellor of the State Department, now became Secretary of State.

TO SIR EDWARD GREY

WASHINGTON,
JUNE 23, 1915.

I have just seen ——† and had a long talk with him. I need not tell you his views, because they exactly correspond with yours, and I think you can count upon his hearty coöperation. Always, of course, with the proviso that America comes first. There is no doubt—always with the same proviso—that his friend shares his sentiments. At the same time you must remember that the East and the West are very widely separated in thoughts and opinions. Washington represents the whole country, and everybody whom I have met who comes from the Northeast is struck by the immense difference of sentiment between, for instance, New England and Washington.

The prevailing sentiment is undoubtedly for peace. Not, perhaps, peace at any price, but peace at a very considerable price. Please remember what the sentiments of England were in July and how sudden the change was. American sentiments are much as England's were in the early part of July, and it will require more than the Lusitania to change them. I do not say this because I believe there is a lack of sympathy or understanding among the directing elements, but because I firmly believe that the great mass of the people have not yet begun to understand what the real situation is and how deeply they are involved in the struggle. Many of the leading spirits do understand this, and that the struggle involves all the principles to which this continent is dedicated. The majority, however, do not begin to understand. You must bear this in mind, and though it may cause acute pain and deep disappointment to think that you are so little understood here, yet I am sure it is our duty to face the facts and not lean on what may prove to be a broken reed. . . .

We must, to the greatest possible degree, depend on ourselves and not on foreigners. We cannot be sure of the attitude of this country. Everything points to a strong feeling in government circles that, although one course, and one alone, can lead to safety, the country has not yet made up its mind.

During this period of tension between the American Government and Germany, there were serious plots against all the organization of supply to the Allies. This culminated in an attack on the life of Mr. Morgan, the leading partner of the great banking firm through which most of the British money affairs were transacted. Spring-Rice was staying in Glencove, Mr. Morgan's house near New York. As he with his host and hostess sat at breakfast, the butler was heard shouting for Mr. Morgan to go upstairs at once. All three dashed up at once and searched the first-floor rooms for fire; Spring-Rice ran on to the upper story; then, as they came down again, the butler was seen backing up the stairs before a man having a revolver in each hand.

This is Spring-Rice's account of it.

BRITISH EMBASSY,
WASHINGTON,
JULY 5, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Lodge: It was an awful business at the Morgans', except that they behaved so well. I was with them when the butler came in with a most *fearful* voice, saying, "Mr. Morgan, go upstairs!" We all three, having no idea of assassins, thought something awful had happened in the house and rushed up—they to the first and I to the second story. The murderer went up after without our knowing it, and met them as they were coming back from their search. Mrs. Morgan said she would never forget the face of the man as he raised his pistols and said, "So you are Mr. Morgan." She sprang at him—being in front—and then Morgan pushed her aside and closed with the man and had him down, but not before he was shot twice—I didn't come till he was on the ground, and had no part in the fight except vainly trying to get the pistol out of the murderer's hand. I see that the thing to do is to close at once with the assassin and not let him put his arms out. Morgan was really a trump and so was she.

Bless you and Cabot.

Yours ever affectionately,
CECIL S. R.

Mr. Morgan's two wounds were slight, though one bullet passed through the skin of his stomach. The assailant gave the name of Holt, but was later identified as a German.

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*Those negotiated by Mr. Bryan with the representatives of several powers - but not with Germany or Austria.

†Probably Colonel House; and "his friend" is Wilson.

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Twin Coach
United
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Valley
Ward La France
White Bus
Willys-Knight
World
Yellow Cab
Yellow Coach

TENNIS

(Continued from Page 7)

could win from him I was given a junior membership in the Berkeley Tennis Club. The club is perhaps one of the most charmingly situated in all of California, well protected from wind by the hills behind it, and with gardens all around. There are twelve or fourteen good courts of asphalt—the surface that is generally used in California. The older members were always most kind in playing with me. Mr. William C. Fuller, who has long taken an interest in the younger members of the club, used to arrange games for me with the senior members.

Although I have not taken lessons in tennis I believe that a young player who wants to learn to play correctly should have instruction—that is, if there is not someone in his family who understands the game. If I were to teach anyone how to play I think I would first show my pupil how to balance on the balls of his feet—not to stand on his toes, but to stand with the weight taken off the heels and put forward on the balls of the feet. In watching any of the best players in action you can see that the weight of the body is practically always thrown forward. This enables the player to be constantly poised and ready for instant movements. This matter of balance in tennis is tremendously important.

To Chop or Not to Chop

The second point to consider is the position of the feet and the body position. Generally speaking, for forehand shots the left side of the body is toward the net, and for backhand shots the right side is the one nearer the net. For a forehand drive, for example, the left foot is nearest the net; and for a backhand drive, the right foot.

This sounds complicated in print, but it is really very simple. These two main points, of which, of course, everyone who plays tennis is aware, are really tremendously important and cannot be emphasized enough. The casual observer has no idea how much of tennis lies in the feet. Let a champion be without his balance and his footwork, and he is without his game.

Another thing that I would have my pupil do is to practice throwing a ball overhand. Few girls throw a ball in the same way that boys do. Curiously enough, it does not seem natural for them to do it. If one has learned to throw a ball like a boy one is much more likely to understand the underlying idea in the service and in the overhead smash.

My pupil and I would then go on the court and try hitting the ball over the net. It may happen that some of her attempts to hit the ball might show a natural understanding of how the stroke should be done. It is better to encourage a natural way of hitting the ball than to force a hard and fast rule upon the pupil.

One of the beauties of tennis is that it is such a wonderfully individualistic game. Practically all the best players use the same fundamentals in making their strokes, but the strokes of William Tilden belong to him alone, and no other player's form in the execution of the forehand drive is quite the same as that of René Lacoste. Individualism, based upon sound fundamentals, should be encouraged by the teacher of tennis. It is a mistake for a pupil to try to copy exactly the playing form of anyone. The main idea of the stroke should be sufficient.

It is necessary to become technical—which is always very boring—in telling of the strokes themselves. There are to be learned: The forehand drive, the backhand drive, the service, the lob, the chop. At the net there are as well the forehand volley, the backhand volley, and the overhead smash. I will leave out the chop, as I do not favor it as a stroke in tennis, just as I do not approve of any shot that carries a great amount of spin. Any ball that carries more than a moderate and necessary amount of spin slows itself down in the air because of its rotation. The more fancy a shot becomes, the less important it is, and all the spinning shots in tennis are not worth as much as a good hard drive.

The modern game is fast and speed is one of its most impressive characteristics. The fraction of a second that is gained by a swift-traveling ball, with just enough spin to bring it within bounds of the courts, may be the difference between a return or an error from one's opponent.

For the reader who has not played tennis this may seem an exaggeration. It is really quite surprising to discover upon the court what a vast difference the merest fraction of a second makes in the returning of the ball.

The drive is the most important stroke in the game. Without a reliable and dependable drive a player cannot hope to play a really good game. Unless, however, he develops the chop stroke to an unusual degree of proficiency; few present-day players have had great success in using the chop only—Wallace Johnson is one player, Miss Elizabeth Ryan another.

In learning a stroke there are four main points to consider: First, the grip; second, the standing position; third, the swing of the racket; and fourth, the body balance.

The grip has to do with the way in which the player grasps the racket. In executing almost all of the strokes the racket is held down at the end of the handle, so that the leather touches the palm of the hand. The comfortable grip is the one that will be successful. There are times when it is necessary to shift one's hold on the handle, say, for example, at the net in returning a short volley. The shifting of one's hold can be accomplished very easily if the head of the racket is rested lightly in the left hand for the moment.

The importance of the standing position has already been touched upon. The third point—the swing of the racket—is equally important. A free, easy swing is essential to good tennis. Without it, speed is practically impossible to attain. The fourth point—body balance—has also been spoken of. If a player is falling backwards on his heels or is caught flat-footed, the following stroke is almost certain to lack in effectiveness.

I will attempt to describe only the most important strokes very briefly, with their relation to the four fundamentals. There are seven main strokes in all, not counting the chop:

1. The Forehand Drive. The racket is held comfortably at the end, so that the leather rests against the lower part of the palm of the hand. The body is in a more or less sideways position to the net, and the left foot is advanced about the distance of a step from the other foot. It is best not to stand facing the net, as it is harder to direct the ball from this position.

Forehand and Backhand

The swing of the racket and balance of the body must be described together, as they depend so closely upon each other. The success of the forehand drive rests largely upon their successful coördination. First, the weight is placed evenly on the balls of both feet. You are standing sideways to the net; the head of the racket rests lightly in your left hand; as the ball approaches, the racket is brought back in a free, full swing, circular in motion. At the same time the weight of the body shifts to the right foot. Then, as the racket is brought forward to meet the ball, the weight shifts to the advanced left foot. At the time of impact of racket with ball the weight is coming forward in the same direction as the racket and the left leg acts as a pivot upon which the body turns. As the racket is brought forward its face is turned slightly over in a forward direction, so that its slanting surface will impart the spin necessary to bring the ball down into the opposite court. After the ball is hit, the racket finishes its swing naturally and easily. This is called the follow-through. By all means, let the racket swing as far as it wants to.

At the end of the stroke the weight is on the left foot and the right foot is free. During the entire time the eye has been kept upon the ball.

2. The Backhand Drive. The same fundamentals hold good for the backhand drive, except that the position is reversed and the right side of the body is toward the net, instead of the left, as it is in the forehand drive. The only real difference is that the racket is shifted in the hand, so that the thumb can be adjusted along one of the sides of the handle. The ball is, therefore, struck with the opposite side of the racket from that which was used in the forehand stroke. Some players change their grip in this way for the backhand, others do not. Mademoiselle Lenglen always did. I have found that in my play it is a very satisfactory grip, as one's thumb acts as a brace and is a great aid in meeting fast balls.

3. The Service. There are so many ways of serving that I feel that it is safe only to describe my own, as I am certain of the way in which it is done. My serve is not brilliant looking, but I have found it to be dependable, capable of variation in speed and spin, and not at all tiring in long matches. The last is quite important if one plans to take part in tournaments.

Miss Wills' Service

I hold my racket near the end of the handle, the index finger separated slightly from the others. The racket is held in such a way that the ball, when hit, meets a sideways surface of the racket and not a flat face. Because of this the ball, when struck, takes on the spin which is necessary to bring it down into the court. For the beginner, judging from those that I have seen and from my own experience, spin on the service is quite difficult to attain at first.

The best position for serving in singles is at the very center of the base line, as it is evident that the central position on the court is the commanding one. The left foot is advanced, being placed nearly parallel with the base line. The right foot is a step behind it. The left side of the body is toward the net. As the service is begun the weight of the body is on the left foot—the one nearest the line. The racket is held out, its head pointing toward the net. The swing—which is circular in motion—is begun. The racket is brought back and, as it describes the lower part of the swing, the weight of the body is in the act of shifting to the right foot. At the very back of the swing the weight is entirely on the right foot. Then, as the racket comes forward to meet the ball, the weight shifts from right foot to left and, at the finish of the stroke, the weight is entirely upon the left foot.

The rotation of weight is quite an interesting part of the serve and can be practiced wherever there is room to swing a racket. The left leg acts as a pivot and the sideways-standing position makes it possible to get the shoulder in the swing—which makes for speed. It is important, also, to have the swing of the racket a continuous one, unbroken by stop or hesitation. Most serves are fundamentally alike, but they all have external flourishes that are somewhat bewildering on analysis.

The service is a tremendously individualistic stroke, and no two players have serves that are alike. I never had the good fortune of seeing Maurice McLoughlin's thundering cannon ball, for he was playing before my time, but, from the stories one hears, it must have been a wonderful one and such a serve as one would expect from a player of such fiery brilliance, known as the Comet.

Services seem to reveal the personality of the player. William Johnston's perfectly timed serve, now hard, now softer, used to pulse regularly throughout his matches, an entirely dependable and reliable stroke, more trustworthy than spectacular, although, when necessary, capable of rising to tremendous speed. William Tilden, on the other hand, has a serve of a hundred moods, capable of infinite variation, and is never content with two serves in succession that are alike.

Some players use the service as a weapon of attack, others use it merely as a means to an end. Mrs. Mallory has always used her serve as a starter for the ensuing rally. While it is a comparatively easy service, as services go, it has earned its share of praise because of the success that it has had in fulfilling the duty that it was chosen to fulfill.

Miss Betty Nuthall, youthful English player, began her tennis with an underhand service. With great difficulty, last season, she changed to an overhead serve and upset her whole game. But this season—now that she has become accustomed to her new serve—her game is picking up again and she is on the way to becoming a most excellent player. One is rather inclined to think of her as a veteran, as she has been playing in tournaments for so long, but she was only eighteen on her birthday this May.

4. The Lob. A sometimes slighted stroke is the lob—that high-up-in-the-air and rapidly falling shot. Especially is the player who does mostly singles inclined to overlook this important stroke. It is absolutely necessary to the doubles games and highly useful in a singles. The occasion for its use, however, comes much less frequently in a singles game.

There are offensive and defensive lobs. An offensive lob is a lowish one, fast falling, that barely skims the opponent's racket when he is at the net. It is highly dangerous to make and can be done successfully only by the experienced player who has exactly the right feeling for it at his finger tips.

Letting the Left Hand Help

The very high lob, which is more of a defensive shot, is one that is made when the player is hard pressed and needs a breathing space in a rally. It gives him time to get back into position on the court. The high lob can be sent up advantageously in doubles when it is discovered that one's opponents particularly dislike high lobs. In this case it is really more offensive than defensive.

The lob is a delicate stroke to make under any circumstance. Height must be considered, as well as depth. There are a few players, most of them English, who have deadly accurate lobs that kick up the dust on the base line regularly.

In making a lob the ball is lifted up, and there is an upward follow-through with the racket.

5. The Forehand Volley. In the grip the index finger is separated slightly from the other fingers and the racket is held near the end of the handle. It will be found helpful if the head of the racket is balanced lightly on the left hand before the stroke is executed. When the ball comes, the grip is tightened on the handle and the wrist is held firm. The head of the racket is not allowed to fall too low. If the ball comes low you must bend your knees and get down to it without pointing the head of the racket downward, for, if the head of the racket is allowed to fall, the volley cannot be an entirely satisfactory shot.

In resting the head of the racket on the left hand it is easy to adjust your grip to a longer or shorter hold on the handle, as the approaching ball demands. It also helps to make your volleying more accurate. In

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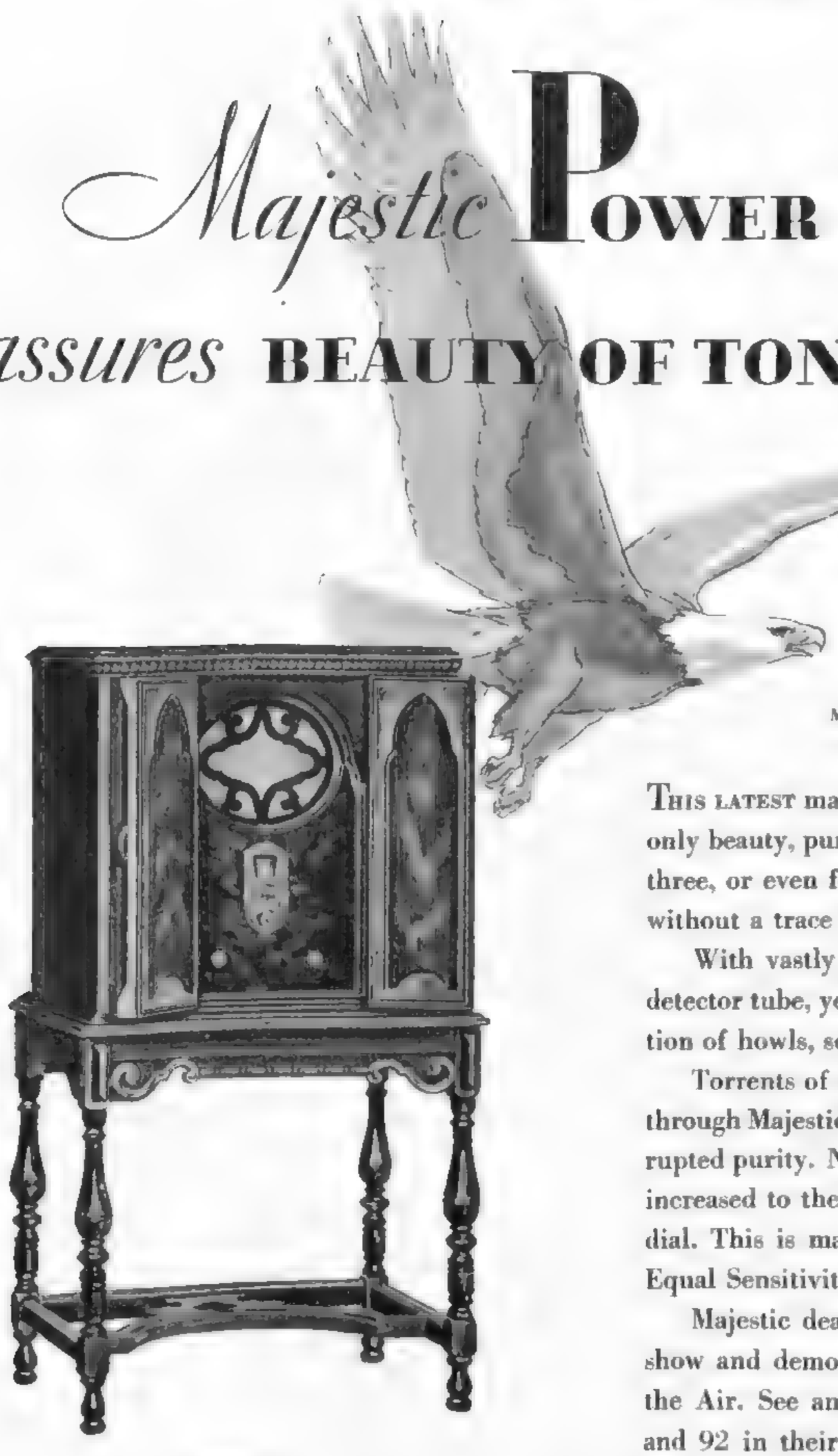

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taking up the standing position your left side is the one nearest the net.

The swing of the racket and the position of the body are the next points to consider. When one volleys a ball that comes waist high or higher on the forehand, the stroke is done with a downward sweep of the racket and the arm is slightly bent when the racket strikes the ball. As the stroke finishes, the arm straightens out. At the end of the stroke the weight is on the left foot.

The most advantageous position for volleying will be found to be close in at the net. Greater speed and sharper angles are then possible—for example, Vincent Richards' volleying game and those of Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra are noteworthy for their close-in play.

Another helpful thing to remember is, when the ball comes low, to assume a crouching position. Do not be afraid to bend your knees and to put your eye as nearly as possible on a level with the approaching ball. Also, tell yourself when you are at the net that you have plenty of time in which to make your volley. It always helps.

6. BACKHAND VOLLEY. The same principles hold good for this stroke as for the forehand volley, except that the grip on the racket is shifted and the thumb is extended up the handle of the racket as a brace. On the backhand the right side of the body is turned to the net, instead of the left, as in the forehand volley.

7. THE OVERHEAD SMASH. The most spectacular shot in tennis is the smash. It is quite thrilling to see Henri Cochet smash an overhead ball, and it appears deceivingly easy. There is the ball high above, the player poised ready below; then a flash of the racket in an arc through the sunlight and the ball flies through the air to the opponent's court, beyond his reach. This is the ideal overhead. But the player not so certain waits fearfully for a fast-dropping ball, makes a tremendous effort and—pop—his ball goes off the wood and over the backstop.

I think that the smash is one of the hardest shots to do in tennis, not only for the mediumly good player but for the one who has had a great deal of experience. Henri Cochet seems to be one of the few who can call his smash dependable. His compatriot, Jean Borotra, the jolly Basque, can smash most beautifully, but not with quite the precision of Cochet.

The Center-Court Feeling

Whenever possible the overhead should be a winning stroke. This is generally recognized in tennis. It should be hit with determination and with speed and should be an outright winner. It is all very easy to say what should be, as those on the veranda know, but to do it without a waver or slip and to have a falling ball meet a flashing racket in mid-air with the perfect coördination and training that it requires is something difficult to do.

Perhaps the description of the various strokes will seem somewhat technical to the reader who does not play tennis himself. On the other hand, tennis players who are really fond of the game never tire of hearing what some other player has to say. I know that I am continually interested in the game, in the strokes, technic, strategy, and in all the new ideas. It is interesting to hear William Tilden tell of his theories and to have him analyze other players' games. It is often amusing to hear the comments in the dressing room at a large tournament where all the players are gathered. One can compare the opinion of Miss Eileen Bennett about the light and surface of a court with what Miss Betty Nuthall has discovered.

In speaking of courts it is rather interesting to note that players have the same reaction to the Center Court at Wimbledon, Court Number I at Forest Hills, and the Center Court at the Stade Rolande Garosse, in regards to the feeling of distance and space. These three courts have more space around them than the usual court. Then, up from the backs and sides, the enormous grand stands rise. These seem further to dwarf the player and the actual playing surface of the court. The player's judgment and his feeling for the depth of his balls is almost always affected when he takes part in a match for the first time on one of these courts. The length of one's strokes is so much a matter of feel, where a player has attained a certain degree of proficiency. He gauges with his eye not only the length of the court itself but is guided as well by the distance of the backstop from the base line on the court upon which he is accustomed to play. After a few matches the player begins to become accustomed to the changed proportions.

In these deep valleys, on a sunny day the sun can become very hot. Not much breeze finds its way over the grand stands and into the court. For the player who enjoys the heat it is quite agreeable. It happens that, for me, the hotter the day the better, and the more I enjoy my game. For other players who like cooler weather, the shut-in grand-stand courts are most trying. One must be feeling very fit and strong to play on a warm day on a center court.

A Fine Doubles Player

Opponents in tennis! How many have I played against during the eight years that I have been taking part in tournaments? And the number that I have met is as nothing when compared to the adversaries, say, that Mrs. May Sutton Bundy has met across the net. She won at Wimbledon the year I was born. Mrs. Bundy had three thrilling matches with Mrs. Lambert Chambers at Wimbledon when they were both quite young girls. Mrs. Bundy won twice; Mrs. Chambers once. Those who were there say that it was wonderful tennis and played in championship form, in spite of the fact that stiff shirt waists and long skirts were then the fashion on the court. Both Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Mrs. Bundy have kept up their tennis, along with the many other interests in their busy lives, during all the time since they played for championship honors on the Center Court at the old Wimbledon. Within the past few years I have met them in singles and in doubles. Although they are not playing in their old-time form they are better than many of the young girls.

It is interesting to feel, when you are across the net, that your opponents were formerly great champions who knew the Center Court at Wimbledon and who have kept on playing because of their great love of the game and their enthusiasm. Mrs. Bundy has a fair-haired young daughter, named Dorothy, who watches all her mother's games from the sidelines and applauds delightedly at every good rally. Dorothy is, by the way, a young player of great promise and is an exceptionally attractive and intelligent little girl. She can analyze tennis that she sees as wisely as a veteran.

There is Mrs. George W. Wightman, who is among the well-known players of a few years past. It happens that I have not met her recently in a singles match, but have had the pleasure of playing doubles with her frequently. Her game is a wonderful one and so absolutely logical that you say, "Why can't everyone play doubles like this?" but few can. Calm, quiet, generous and sporting, and perfectly logical upon every occasion, she seems to be one of the few people who, in playing this difficult game of doubles, does always the correct thing at the correct time. We have been partners many times, at Wimbledon in 1924, in the Olympic Games in the same year, in many Wightman Cup Matches, and in several American championship meetings. I am quite willing to say that she has piloted her partner through all these matches and that, because of her excellent judgment, we have won every doubles match in which we have taken part. The honor goes to her.

Our first important win was at Wimbledon in the Wightman Cup Doubles. It was the first time that the Wightman Cup Matches had been held at Wimbledon, and then—not as now—there were only a handful of people interested enough to come out to see the games. All the other matches—six—had been won by England. Mrs. Wightman, captain of the team, as well as donor of the cup, became very determined that we would have one match to the credit of the team. She rose to the occasion and played doubles as has seldom been seen in the women's events at Wimbledon. Her overhead was working beautifully, as were her sharply angled volleys. From that time on, the English lady players have had a most profound respect for Mrs. Wightman's doubles game. We—rather, she—won the match and the only point for our team.

A few days later, Mrs. Wightman piloted our doubles combination through the Wimbledon championships. This was our second win. Our third followed a few weeks later in the women's doubles at the Olympic Games at Colombes.

Colombes was a surprising and amusing place. A few hundred yards across an open field from the tennis courts rose the high walls of the stadium where the other athletic events were taking place. From behind the grand stands we could hear tumultuous shouting at regular intervals. Illustrating the profound disregard for other sports that followers in one sport have, very few of the vast crowds who watched the events in the stadium came across the field to see the tennis. I found time to go once to the stadium and was completely bewildered by numerous races that seemed all being run simultaneously by hundreds of competitors, each with a different emblem on his chest. Pistols were being fired and it was impossible for me to identify the Americans who were taking part. The only one of my countrymen who were taking part in the Olympic Games that I saw was the famous coach, Walter Christie, who comes from the University of California, where I was, at the time, a student. I talked with him one day when I found him leaning over the fence watching the tennis. As far as I know, he was the only one concerned in the activities of the stadium who came across the field to see what was going on behind the green backstops of the tennis court.

The Prettiest on the Courts

In the field, at a distance, one could see from the courts competitors of different nationalities in the Olympic events practicing their particular sport or exercise. Some appeared to be wrestling and tumbling, others hanging at surprising angles from bars and ropes, but I never discovered what they were doing—such is the profound disregard of competitors in the Olympic Games.

Also strange to my eye were the very small ball boys, who consumed countless lemons under the grand stands whenever they could desert their ball chasing and, stranger to the ear, the woman who wailed through the stands selling "Oranges, bananas, glacés!"

The courts were excellent, and the competitors the best that there were in tennis, with the exception of William Tilden and Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, who did not compete.

Curiously enough, the doubles title that Mrs. Wightman and I won at the Olympic Games and the singles which I somehow or other acquired are still good. There has been another Olympic Games since, but no tennis was played and so our titles were not at stake. It is likely, however, that the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932 will have tennis as one of its events, as they are extremely eager in Southern California to bring tennis into prominence. It is believed that there is some difference of other in policy of the International Tennis Association and the Olympic Games Committee and that this will have to be settled before tennis can again take its place as an Olympic event.

Is it safe for a tennis player to pick out some one person as the "best-looking opponent met on the court"? In my opinion, Mlle. Diddie Vlasto is quite the prettiest and most lovely-looking opponent that I have ever played against. We played against each other in the finals of the Olympic Singles. She is now married and lives in Athens and does not take part in as much tennis as formerly. She is Greek, but was born in Marseilles, and it was because of this that she could represent France in the Olympic Games. She arrived on the day of the finals, late for the recatch, and very much perturbed because a gendarme would not let her car come in the gate intended for the players, and it had been necessary to make a long detour, which had taken more time than had been expected. The people in the grand stand had become restless and it was somewhat of a handicap for Mademoiselle Vlasto to begin her match under such circumstances. Shortly after, however, everything quieted down.

On the court I found her an opponent of the greatest grace and with unusual ease in motion. Her balls came with great speed on her forehand—a drive for which she is quite famous. Her backhand was less severe, but quite steady. She was an interesting opponent, as her game was varied and intelligent, and, for anyone looking on, she was a picture on the court, with her skin a lovely sunburned olive, her dark hair and eyes, and very beautifully chiseled face. With her perfectly proportioned figure, she might have been a wonderfully made statue of ancient Greece come to life. Yes, I am quite certain in saying that Mlle. Diddie Vlasto is the loveliest-looking tennis player that I have played against.

Each to Her Own Style

Another extremely good-looking and well-known player is Señorita de Alvarez, who is Spanish in type, with dark hair and greenish-brown eyes, and with an olive complexion. She has remarkable grace in motion. Miss Eileen Bennett of England is also charming to look at. She is taller than the Spanish player and extremely graceful. Little Fraulein Aussem of Germany is yet another type. She is quite small and more of a little girl in appearance, with round brown eyes and a cherub face. Her agility on the court and the distance that she covers in spite of her shortness are really astonishing.

These three players I have met at various times in matches. Each one has, of course, strokes that are quite characteristic of herself alone. Señorita de Alvarez has a long flashing drive, both forehand and backhand, which she takes almost every time on the half volley—that is, immediately after the ball has left the ground. This means that her game is an extremely rapid one, full of brilliant strokes. This method of taking the ball is one that is full of risk, as it is the most dangerous way of taking a ground stroke. Señorita de Alvarez's game is full of daring and hairbreadth shots. One expects it of her. She is, perhaps, the most dashing and interesting of the women players to watch in action.

Miss Eileen Bennett, who has been for the past few seasons among the very best of the English players, has a game that is not quite so severe as that of Señorita de Alvarez. Like the Spanish player, she conducts her matches mainly from the back court, now and then going to the net when an opening presents itself. Miss Bennett has a long, well-topped drive, which she varies intelligently as to placing and depth. Her backhand shot is capable of quite a sharp angle to the backhand of her opponent; her service is dependable and is a hard one to return.

For several years Miss Bennett has been playing doubles with Henri Cochet in the tournaments in the south of France and has learned to play an excellent doubles

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"ARE WE AIR-MINDED? . . ."

You might never have heard of Medford, if the people of Medford had not seen a vision in the sky above the mountains of Oregon, west of Lake Klamath. . . . That was the day they realized a new map of the world is being drawn in invisible lines across the heavens! . . . That was the day they determined that Medford should be known in the skies as a harbor . . . open to the commerce of the world!

Medford established the first municipal airport in the State of Oregon in 1922. By 1926 it was a regular port of call for the Pacific Air Transport. In 1928 a fleet of twenty-six ships arrived, including three great tri-motored Ford planes. Medford began to feel cramped!

When a vote was taken on a bond issue of $120,000 for a Class A airport, it was the largest ever polled at a special election in Medford, *and the bond issue carried by a majority of* 2248 *to* 182!

This awareness of the small towns and cities of the west to the great significance of commercial aviation is worthy of serious consideration. For the town that ignores the possibilities of reaching the world through the sky is deaf to the call of real opportunity.

In the course of the next few months you will see new names come into prominence, names that are little known today. You will hear of Waynoka as an air-rail junction . . . of Clovis as a terminal of importance . . . of others north, east, south and west. . . .

From an economic viewpoint, this year will be one of the most important in the development of the new transportation. Great transportation lines will be inaugurated, tying city to city, ocean to ocean, continent to continent, by routes that will be measured not in miles, but in terms of time. *Already it is possible for an airplane to take off in St. Louis and reach any part of the United States within twenty-four hours. Already planes have kept aloft for more than a week of continuous flying.*

As the development of the automobile depended upon the extension of good roads, so the general usefulness of the airplane depends now upon the establishment of adequate landing fields, lighted routes, and town-markers visible from the sky.

It is noteworthy that over 5000 cities and towns with population from 1000 to 50,000 have placed aerial guides upon their roofs, both to identify themselves and to assist in the navigation of the air. Some face the sky conspicuously. Some vaguely. *But an overwhelming majority of American towns and cities are virtually blank spaces from the sky!*

With cities like Oakland, Miami, Cleveland and a score of others actually operating and profiting by air-terminals, just as they do by railroad stations and shipping wharves, it seems extraordinary that there are still so many neglecting their opportunities.

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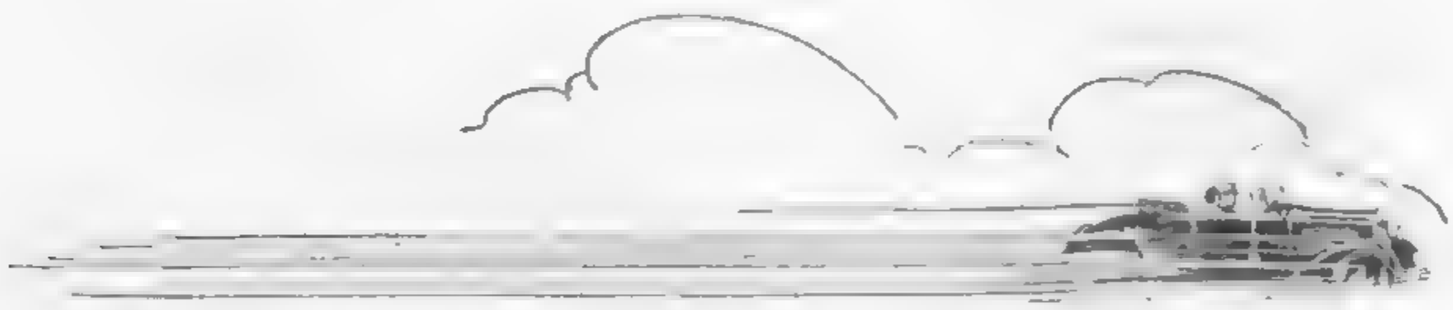

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Beyond all doubt, the motoring public finds something in De Soto Six that sets it completely apart from others in its field.

It was not surprising that a car so handsome, so comfortable and responsive—and so safe and easy to drive—should find a ready market. But it is significant that even such a car as this, in the first year of its existence, should set a new sales record for the entire industry.

The answer must lie in a widespread public conviction that the genius and resources of Chrysler Motors confer upon De Soto Six certain excellent qualities that are unmatched by any car of comparable price.

This unprecedented public acceptance is your assurance that no matter what model you may choose for your own, you will possess a car whose distinction and quality will afford you lasting pride and satisfaction such as no other car in its price field can offer.

A demonstration by any De Soto dealer will enable you to confirm for yourself the popular judgment that has made De Soto Six a record-breaker in its first year.

(Continued from Page 34)

game. They won the championship honors in the mixed event in Paris both this year and last.

Cochet is formidable at the net, and Miss Bennett can take her share of the volleying in a very satisfactory fashion.

Miss Eileen Bennett and Miss Betty Nuthall are two of the younger English girl players who promise to be for many seasons at the top of women's tennis in England. Miss Bennett is the older of the two by several years and has the greater number of wins to her credit over the younger player, having won five times out of the last six encounters in very interesting matches.

Little Fraulein Aussem is, perhaps, one of the steadiest players in women's tennis. Her ability in retrieving balls astonishes both onlooker and opponent. Her balls have not the speed of Miss Bennett's or of Miss Nuthall's and, yet, she is a worthy opponent of any of these players. Were her strokes to increase in severity and her game to become as fast as it is steady, she would be a remarkable player indeed.

The Greatest Player of All

The greatest player that I have met upon the court is Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen. One might well call her The Great Player, because in all the tennis world, when one thinks of all players, both men and women, Mademoiselle Lenglen stands out as the most interesting. Her movement upon the court, her grace in action, her stroking, footwork, tactics and strategy, and her command of difficult situations in match play, were all as nearly perfect as one could hope for. There is a general impression that, while Mademoiselle Lenglen was a player without flaw as regards her game, she was temperamental on the court. This idea was picked up and repeated whenever tennis was discussed. I do not know what Mademoiselle Lenglen's disposition was off the court, but I am certain that no player had greater control over his emotions than did Mademoiselle Lenglen when she was engaged in a match.

She had a wonderfully strong determination. She had confidence born of her absolute faith in her ability to make the shots that she wanted to make. Her greatest ability was her power of concentration, which seldom wavered from the game at hand. Proof of this was that she could make stroke after stroke without error and finish a match against a mediumly good player with perhaps five or six errors in the whole encounter. For a player of Mademoiselle Lenglen's ability it is often more difficult to concentrate against a mediumly good player than against a very good player, because there is the certainty of a win without the interest of competition. But to Mademoiselle Lenglen every ball was worthy of complete attention—not the first ball or the last ball in a rally but every ball. This is concentration.

In playing against Mademoiselle Lenglen, which I did at Cannes in February, 1926, I was much impressed with this side of her tennis. The score of the first set, as I remember it, was 6–8, or perhaps it was 6–4; and the second set, 8–6. She won because she was the better player. We had a beautiful court, a sunny day, a slightly restless audience, which became quieter as the match went on. I believe that there were two bad calls in our match, but one was for her, one for me. There are almost always a few bad calls in a tournament match. It cannot be avoided. We both received large bouquets of flowers at the end.

It may have been that I would have met Mademoiselle Lenglen in a match again in Paris in May—that is, if I had been fortunate enough to reach the finals and had not fallen victim to appendicitis, which came inopportunely in the middle of the tournament.

Singles are the most interesting part of tennis, in my opinion, although doubles can be highly entertaining. The singles and the doubles games are entirely different to play and a player good in the one is not necessarily good in the other. Mrs. George W. Wightman, Miss Elizabeth Ryan and Mrs. Kathleen McKane Godfree are among the very best doubles players. They are good both in women's doubles and in mixed. Miss Kea Bouman from Holland is also a sound doubles player, and Madame Lafaurie, a young French girl, has quite a brilliant playing form, as she showed in the French championships in May.

In mixed doubles, Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra, and Jack Hawkes of Australia excel. Vincent Richards used always to be extremely good. Henri Cochet, who moves with lightninglike rapidity and whose volleying is nothing short of remarkable, is one of the most difficult players to meet in a mixed. He anticipates most wonderfully and poaches with success on his partner's balls. Jean Borotra, who is always highly entertaining to watch, is an opponent in mixed doubles whose whereabouts are most difficult to keep track of. He is here, there, crossing back and forth, turning, leaping in front of his partner to take a ball, then rushing back onto his own side to return another ball that has been sent to his empty court. It confuses his opponent and is a valuable asset in his mixed-doubles play. He is so light-hearted and amusing that one can be certain of having an entertaining game, whether one is playing against him or looking on.

In speaking of foreign players it is always interesting to compare them with our American players. In comparing women's play in America and abroad it appears that at the present time, though we have many who are young and promising, few of them have quite reached the level of play that one sees in the foreign tournaments. Steadiness seems to be the most impressive thing about the play in France and England. The women players' fastest strokes are perhaps no faster or better made than the Americans', but they excel them in steadiness. One who competes for the first time abroad is astonished to see such accurate play—and so much of it! One is never permitted to forget it, no matter how long one plays in foreign tournaments.

On the other hand, the American men players have long been foremost in world tennis. It is hard for us to realize that the Davis Cup, which has so long been in America, has had a new home for the last few seasons. The location of the Davis Cup tells which country is supreme for the moment in tennis. French sports lovers are extremely proud that the Davis Cup has been in France for two years. The winning of the cup has done remarkable things to the interest in tennis. Even to the casual onlooker there is evident a change in tennis in France. There are more courts and more players. Even since 1926 have there been changes—for example, the French championships. This year the events were staged under much better conditions than in 1926, due to the fact that the French Tennis Federation has had more funds with which to run the tournament than it had several seasons ago. More people are coming to the games than formerly. The new Stade Rolande Garosse at Auteuil is as handsome a tennis stadium as can be found, with much of the modern note in decoration and design. While the courts in France have always been good, the courts at the Stade Rolande Garosse are the best dirt courts that have been seen; everyone who plays on them says so. They are not clay courts, but are of a pinkish sand that lies very smooth and flat. Their composition is a secret. There was, as well, in this last French championship event excellent system as regards umpires, linesmen and ball boys. Even the gardens about the court had an added attractiveness this year. The beds of flowers under the trees and on the lawns were all blooming with pink and blue hydrangeas transported in full flower from the nursery. It was delightful to see the great green chestnut trees in blossom and the people moving about among the colorful beds of flowers.

Temporary Professionalism

The variableness of tennis, with its quick changes, its openings for the brilliant and spectacular, seems to be well suited to French temperament. With the exception of William Tilden, who is as brilliant and dashing a player as has ever been seen, we have at the moment no five other players in America who present as dramatic figures upon the court as the five best French players—with the single exception of young John Van Ryn, who has all the potential qualities of becoming an exceedingly brilliant star. The American players, though they have just as soundly executed strokes, are more sober in action and have not the dramatic style of play that the French have at their finger tips. However, this difference is quite a logical one and one that might be expected because of the fundamental differences in the French and American temperament. It is not surprising to find it illustrated in sport. It is to be regretted that Vincent Richards is no longer an amateur, for he had great brilliance in action. Though he did not have the graceful flourishes, say, of Brugnon or Borotra, he had a sweeping and overcoming directness that always made him very interesting to watch.

It is to be noted that Paul Feret, the French player who was a member of Suzanne Lenglen's exhibition tour and who became, because of this, a professional, has been reinstated by the French Federation this year. Thus, a precedent has been established about the reinstatement of professional tennis players. Mademoiselle Lenglen, it appears, could become an amateur player again if she desires. It is not likely, however, that the American Lawn Tennis Association will make it possible for Vincent Richards to be reinstated, as the interpretation of the amateur rule is stricter in the United States than in France. It seems unfortunate, because Vincent Richards was, logically, the coming great player of America and the one who might have made the retaining of the Davis Cup possible.

At the moment, it appears that the French men players are supreme, but the tide in tennis turns first this way, then that. First, years ago, England led the field; then Australia; then came the Americans; and now the French. The Germans are building up some promising players.

Always, when one speaks of tennis, the question comes up in the conversation "Can women play tennis as well as men?" Men players have been and always will be better players than women, for a number of reasons. Men are taller, stronger, have greater endurance than women; they can run faster and cover court more quickly because of the way that they are built. Women take more time in getting into action; they start more slowly; their brains work just as quickly, but, because of their build, it is harder to get started running. Anyone who has studied anatomy knows this to be true.

The best man player of a country can always defeat the best woman player, provided that they are both, speaking comparatively, of the same playing standard in their respective fields. It is a mistake for the average club player to think, however, that he is invincible against any woman player. There are hundreds of men players that a good woman player can defeat. The rule holds good only when women and men players meet who are in relatively the same class in their own fields. If Mademoiselle Lenglen, with her superb game, her inimitable strategy, and her remarkable speed of foot, had had tremendous physical strength, which she lacked, and had had, at the same time, enormous speed in her balls, which, upon close observation, one finds that she lacked also, she would have been able to hold her own against all comers, men as well as women. One can let one's imagination take flight and think that there may come, sometime, a woman player who can defeat everyone. It is not an impossibility. But the exception would not upset the rule that men players, generally, do defeat women players when they are of equal talent in their own fields.

PASSENGERS ARE WARNED

(Continued from Page 4)

"I'm Eli Boughton. You had the rooms over me in Paton."

Leffingwell grinned from ear to ear. "But not for long! Knew I'd seen you somewhere. Have a cigar?"

Boughton was not much given to cigars, but he accepted promptly. "You're not alone, by any chance?"

"Not by a jugful. Come along and I'll introduce you to the rest of me."

A moment later Boughton was being presented to Mrs. Leffingwell and Miss Hammill. "You've heard of Ellis Boughton, my dear. Football, polo, and all that. Well, here he is. He was part of what was left of my class after I got kicked out. This is Miss Hammill, Eli, and oh, yes— Mr. Meacham, isn't it?"

Mr. Meacham held out his hand. "We were just going to have a friendly rubber, Mr. Boughton. Won't you cut in?"

"Couldn't think of it," said Boughton, with his eyes on Miss Hammill. "But I'll watch you for a while if you don't mind." He felt that the girl was measuring him as he had been measuring her, though in a far less friendly spirit.

"Please take my place," begged Mrs. Leffingwell. "I've got an honest-to-goodness headache and you'll be doing me a favor. Please do."

"If I'd known I was going to break up your game ——" began Boughton, but Leffingwell interrupted.

"She's telling the truth, old man. I can't say how I know when, but I always do."

"Thank you, Jim," murmured his wife with an enigmatic quirk to the corners of her mouth.

Boughton yielded. Miss Hammill cut Meacham for a partner and turned to Leffingwell. "What shall we play for?"

"As the only lady, it's entirely up to you. Anything you say."

She had won the deal and was shuffling one of the new packs with an expertness which spoke volumes.

"A quarter?" she suggested stonily, though she colored a bit under the combined gaze of the three men.

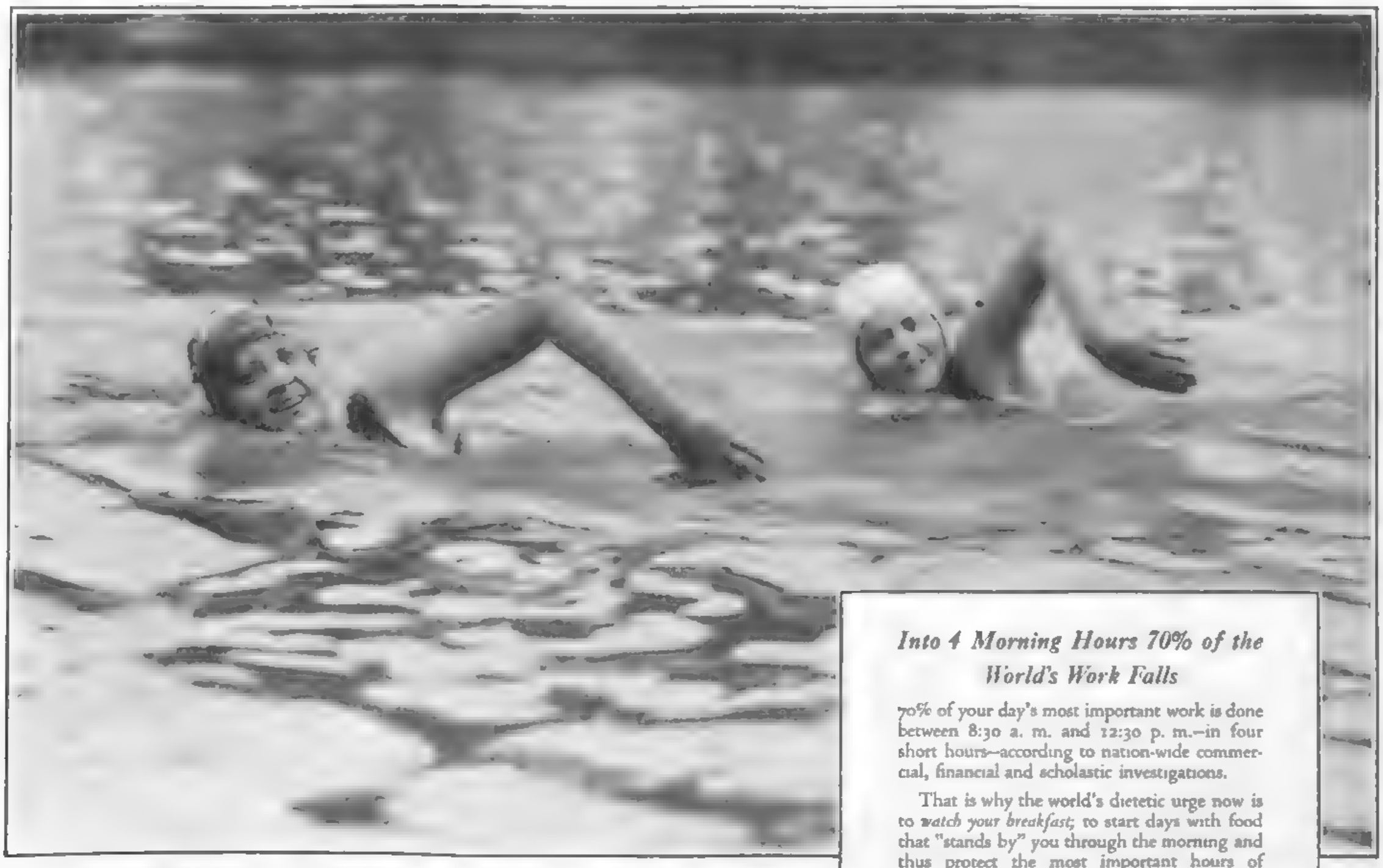
The proposed stake was a severe jolt to both Leffingwell and Boughton, and they showed it but said nothing. Mr. Meacham's reaction was more entertaining. A look of surprise gave his face the effect of a blank wall; then it suddenly warmed to the pink glow of unexpected satisfaction.

"I meant a quarter of a cent, of course," murmured Miss Hammill, her eyes on her partner, and Meacham's expression reverted so abruptly to unpapered plaster that the other men laughed.

"I'm afraid it will be a bit slow for you," said Leffingwell considerately.

"Not at all," replied Meacham with a whimsical smile. "The money doesn't mean a thing to me, of course, but the higher stake would have been exciting—according to my doctor, a bit too exciting. A quarter of a cent is a lot healthier and almost as much fun."

(Continued on Page 40)



Sylvia and Catherine Ellis in good swimming form. They race each day in the Wisconsin lake country Summer and Winter finds Quaker Oats a valued part of their diet, which keeps them fit.

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in four short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your working day.

The Importance of Breakfast

The value of proper morning nourishment—of finding the cereal that provides the needed food elements in a tempting form. The convenience of quick cooking

OUT of the mass of tables and diets, of calories and proteins, that has puzzled every woman, one dietetic need stands forth.

Breakfast—often a neglected meal—*is the most important in your family's day.*

On this, dieticians are in complete agreement. Here is the scientific basis for their advice to eat a proper breakfast every day:

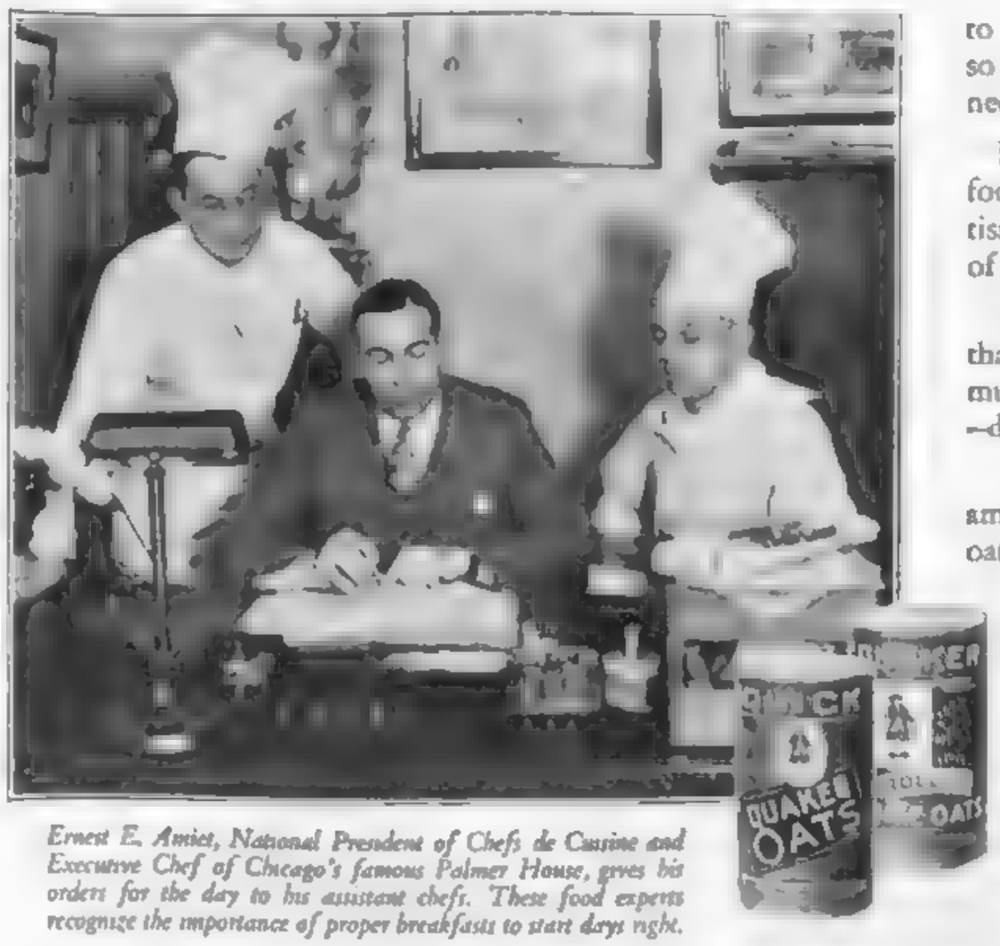
The importance of the 4 morning hours

The world works eight hours a day, let us say. Yet research has proved that, of the total work done, 70% is accomplished before lunchtime. In offices—in schools—in industries and homes—the majority of the day's work falls in 4 short hours.

Breakfast follows the all-night fast. The system, depleted by the never-ending "building-up" processes of nature, needs refueling. Scanty breakfasts fail to give the nourishment one needs at this time.

Why Quaker Oats is advised

Thus Quaker Oats is urged for your morning's nourishment. And thus Quick Quaker came to be developed. It cooks in 2½ to 3 minutes, so that no family need be denied its rich and necessary nourishment.



Ernest E. Amiet, National President of Chefs de Cuisine and Executive Chef of Chicago's famous Palmer House, gives his orders for the day to his assistant chefs. These food experts recognize the importance of proper breakfasts to start days right.

Protein is the great "stamina element" of food. It builds muscle, it re-supplies lost tissue. It largely influences the mental activity of grownups and children.

Quaker Oats contains 16% of protein—more than any other cereal known. That's twice as much as cornmeal—half again as much as wheat—double that of rice. Think of that!

Carbohydrates, minerals, roughage—are amply provided in a balanced ration. For the oat is the best balanced cereal that grows.

Give breakfast the importance it justifies in your home. Give your family the advantage of your knowledge. Now, with Quick Quaker, serve this delicious cereal the year 'round. A nutritionally balanced dish which, for flavor and nourishment combined, is equaled by none other.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

They played for an hour with changing luck, invariably cutting for partners and deal at the close of a rubber, and otherwise respecting all the conventions of the game. Meacham alone was inclined to overbid his hand and, like most plungers, seemed to be erratic in his play, balancing brilliancy against an occasional serious setback. Colonel Rivers approached, watched languidly for a moment, and started to move on.

"Wait a minute and you can cut in," said Meacham.

"Are you playing for money?" asked the colonel.

"A quarter," said Meacham absently.

"Whew! That's all right for you, senator, but it's too rich for my thin blood."

"A quarter of a cent," murmured Meacham.

"That's different," said the colonel, settling down in a near-by chair. "I don't mind taking my chance in a game I know, or even golf, but I won't live long enough to learn to play bridge right."

He was a dark-haired little man, round without being fat, slow in all his movements, but with quick black eyes. Glancing at him, Boughton had an idea he was one of those individuals who could repay talk fourfold should the whim strike him to divulge some of the real matter back of his slightly bulged forehead. He scattered commonplaces as one shakes dust from a good coat; the coat loses nothing, it remains and gains. At the end of the rubber Meacham paid three dollars, resigned his place to his friend and wandered off. The colonel cut Boughton for a partner and won the deal.

"It's a funny thing about the senator," he said as he shuffled the cards. "Never really happy unless he's playing for big stakes, and yet he could probably buy the four of us out without feeling it. It's the fellows that have the money who are always eager for more."

"From what state is he senator?" asked Miss Hammill indifferently.

The colonel laughed. "From no state, Miss Hammill. He's one of those things—a senator within a state. He's supposed to help make the laws for South Carolina, where he fell into a bed of money when his father died. His dad cleaned up big when the tobacco combine went through. Will you cut again?"

Boughton rather liked Colonel Rivers without quite knowing why. Perhaps it was merely interest and not attraction. He felt instinctively that here was a man who never hurried and yet would know what to do with his spare time under any circumstances. He was set off to all the better advantage in his quality of foil to his friend, the volatile, sandy-haired, shock-headed Meacham. After only two rubbers the colonel arose.

"I'm sorry I can't play any more, but I'm worried about the senator. He's one of the kind that lets itself get picked up by a card sharper while he's reading one of those 'passengers are warned' signs."

"What signs do you mean?" asked Miss Hammill, frowning.

"You haven't even seen them?" cried the colonel, his eyes twinkling. "Come along to the smoking room and I'll show you, though I know the formula by heart. 'Passengers are warned that professional card sharpers ——'"

His voice faded away as he and Miss Hammill passed out of the lounge on their way to the smoking room. Boughton riffled the pack of cards he still held and dealt himself a hand of patience. He was frowning, thinking that he had been playing bridge for two hours with Miss Hammill without succeeding in approaching her in any sense of the word. It seemed silly, but he actually felt as if he had known her better before he met her. He compared himself with the stocky colonel and was absurdly piqued that she should have chosen him for a companion, however casual the occasion.

"Funny thing about those signs," said Leffingwell, suppressing a yawn.

"What signs?"

"You know—the card-sharper warnings. Wonder why they keep putting them up after all these years. You'd think that by this time everybody would know enough to fight shy of chance acquaintances and high stakes."

"Leffie, have you ever studied psychology—I mean, since you left college?"

"That was a nasty one," said Leffingwell, grinning. "I haven't consciously studied anything, but I must have absorbed a lot or the old man would have fired me long ago."

"I know. You've made a pretty fine start and I've heard you talked about as one of the coming men."

"Let up on the string!"

"No, I mean it. That's what started me thinking. I'd like to make an experiment."

"On what?"

"On you or on myself. Both of us have read the card-sharper sign innumerable times—frequently on this boat—but I'll bet you twenty dollars you can't write it out." He pushed the score pad and a pencil across the table. "Only twenty words at the outside—a dollar a word."

"Are you serious?"

"To the extent of twenty dollars."

Leffingwell took up the pencil and started to write without the slightest hesitation: "Passengers are warned that professional card sharpers ——" There he stopped and frowned. A blank look gradually spread over his face. He laid down the pencil, took out his wallet and paid the bet, muttering as he did so, "I'll be switched if I can think of another word."

Boughton smiled. "You've written what you heard Colonel Rivers recite as he went out, and no more. That's the amount of impression reading the sign has made on you. How long have you known Miss Hammill?"

"A couple of days."

"Was she introduced, or did she bring references?"

"No to Number One, and of course not to Number Two. What's the idea?"

"But you and I would have played with her for a quarter a point if she hadn't changed her mind."

"Changed her mind!" exclaimed Leffingwell. "Are you crazy? Are you trying to tell me you think Miss Hammill ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Boughton. "I'm not trying to tell you anything about anybody but yourself. I'm merely making a modest effort to show you that what you say and what you do are as different as cat and dog. In spite of your remark a minute ago about chance acquaintances and high stakes, you would have played bridge for twenty-five cents a point with two strangers you had never seen or heard of three days ago."

Leffingwell frowned and spoke only after a thoughtful pause:

"That sounds like a ton of horse sense, but as a matter of fact it's nothing but so much bunk. What we depend on in business as well as in social contacts is never the introduction itself or a typewritten reference. It's the credentials that people carry in their faces, their manners and their clothes. I size Meacham up for what he is—a young man with too much money and a weak heart. I see in Miss Hammill what God meant a man to see the minute he laid eyes on her—a well-bred girl with an extraordinary amount of poise and the loveliest real hair I've ever seen."

"I agree heartily," said Boughton with a quizzical smile, "especially as regards Miss Hammill. I'll continue and say I believe Colonel Rivers to be exactly what he appears—a gentleman of sufficient means who finds pleasure and perhaps occasional profit in his rôle of mentor to a young man of great wealth. But when we have admitted all that, the fact remains that you were willing to ——"

"Cut it—oh, cut it!" interrupted Leffingwell impatiently. "Of course I was, and so were you. Not willing, exactly, but consenting. Every man has a right to his pride, even if it costs him a few dollars, so why make such a heap of bones about it?"

Mrs. Leffingwell appeared, dressed for a turn on deck. "What were you two so excited about?" she asked as the men arose.

"Not excited, I can assure you," said Boughton. "We were merely engaged in a psychological experiment."

"Don't make me laugh," she murmured with a kindly but mocking glance at her husband.

"It's this way, Kit," said Leffingwell, still on the defensive; "Eli was trying to poison the whole trip for me."

"With psychology?" she asked sympathetically.

"No. With putting ideas into my head and then saying he didn't. He's got me wondering whether Miss Hammill is a crook."

"Calm yourself, darling. I can assure you she isn't."

"Have you any proofs?" demanded Leffingwell. "Have you seen her passport and letter of credit? Have you looked her up in the Social Register? Are you sure her photograph and thumb print aren't filed in some rogues' gallery?"

"I protest!" exclaimed Boughton, laughing. "Miss Hammill wasn't even the subject of conversation; she was merely Exhibit Number One in a test case to prove that Leffie here ——"

"Come out of this," said Leffingwell, steering his wife by the elbow toward the deck. He looked back over his shoulder at Boughton. "Meet us at cocktail time and I'll stand you a drink on condition you never say it again."

That evening held one bright spot for Boughton. It happened that he and Miss Hammill had cut out of the bridge game simultaneously, and after striving in vain to switch her attention from the play to himself he had had an inspiration—what had seemed at the moment nothing more than a forlorn hope. He remembered that there must be music in the social hall and asked her if she would like to slip in a dance between rubbers.

She accepted, and presently he knew why. She danced divinely, with a flowing freedom of motion which liberated her without for an instant reducing her to that estate of common property shared by so many good dancers. The dance itself and not the partner was the thing; the rhythm and not the contact. In his arms she became adorable but, paradoxically, no nearer.

They scarcely spoke even when they found seats at a small table during an intermission. A blond youth, having watched her on the floor and seeing her sitting in silence, approached at that crucial moment when the music has only threatened to resume and an escort has as yet had no excuse to lead out his companion. The strange man asked Miss Hammill for a dance. She looked up to make sure she did not know him, and said unhurriedly, "I'm not dancing, thank you." But almost immediately afterward she was out again with Boughton.

He was entranced not only by the swift, sure touch with which she had disposed of a situation, but also, and even more so, by the fact that she made no allusion to the incident. He would have liked to extol her rapid judgment of values, her capability in defending herself against unwarranted encroachment and the smoothness with which she had guided the steam roller of conventional negation to its appointed end, but her own silence chained his tongue. He chafed under the conviction that the bars were by no means down as far as he himself was concerned.

"Do you prefer I shouldn't talk while we're dancing?" he asked needlessly.

"Much."

"And afterward?" he continued, trying to speak lightly.

"After this we'll go back to the bridge game."

As she said them, the words did not appear to be a snub, but no amount of warmth in expression could have made them sound like an invitation. He relapsed into silence, surprised to find that far from feeling annoyance, he was pleased to remain within her ken on any terms. It gave him an almost forgotten thrill to come across a person who combined attraction with difficulty of access. Quite aside from the stirring of his emotions, he was still sufficiently clear-headed to rejoice in her as one may rejoice in a passage set in clean-cut type, but difficult of translation.

He felt instinctively that they spoke the same language, but nevertheless, her substance was to continue veiled throughout that evening and for some time to come. They returned to the lounge, and none too soon, for young Mr. Meacham and his satellite colonel were beginning to show signs of being bored. They welcomed the return of Miss Hammill, not as a reappearing sun, moon or star, but as the leader of a relief column.

"Nice men," murmured Mrs. Leffingwell as the two withdrew, "but not particularly peppish. I don't mean I'm hankering for conversational bridge, but they play one of those pensive games with absent-minded interludes that let you know how obliging they think they are."

"Now, Kit," admonished Leffingwell, "no bitterness, please." He added roguishly, "Let's play families, shall we?"

"I would be flattered," said Boughton promptly and in so matter-of-fact a tone that Miss Hammill was spared even the necessity of a deprecating smile.

He enjoyed being her partner as he had enjoyed dancing with her, and for much the same reason. She was sure of herself in the game without being arrogant, and her attitude toward it was refreshingly like the approach of a healthy but discriminating young woman to good food. She could draw a line between pleasure and greed as swiftly and unerringly as she had decided against the blond youth.

Such being the case, he could be pardoned a tremor of irritation when she was the first of the four to declare for bed. She could so easily have said she had had enough of cards and thus have given him a chance to suggest a turn on deck. Failing that, and if she did not care for fresh air, which seemed highly improbable, she might have left it to Mrs. Leffingwell to break up the party and have hung around for a bit of talk.

These were the thoughts that ran through Boughton's brain as he stood gazing at the girl's rapidly disappearing figure. Watching her back, one knew that having said she was going to bed that was exactly where she was headed. It occurred to him that possibly her reserve amounted to avoidance of himself, but immediately he realized he had no grounds for assuming the personal implication. In the first place, it would be absurd for anyone to avoid him, and in the second, until she began distributing her favors elsewhere, what right had he to expect the frosting from the cake? Up to the present only crumbs were being distributed, and he was getting his exact share.

Failing the chance to speak with her, he would have liked to talk about her, but the Leffingwells were already rising. They debated going out for a breath of air, but upon investigation the night proved to be blustery, and as Mrs. Leffingwell had had her hair done only that afternoon, a walk was out of the question. So Boughton proceeded alone, his hands in his trousers pockets and his buttoned dinner jacket alternately filling out like a pair of sails and collapsing with a flat smack against his starched shirt.

He hated wind, but he could not go to bed in so wide-awake a mood. He was thinking of the passage of time. In the old days at the end of a voyage everybody on a ship knew everybody else on board so well that it had been like holding a life membership in a strictly limited club. Even today on some of the slower and smaller boats you couldn't help talking to people you had been bumping into daily for the best part of two weeks.

But on the huge flyers, the liners that make the trip in six days' elapsed time, one could escape speaking to a soul as easily as one avoids being picked up in a big hotel. At the best, one was apt to become a digit

(Continued on Page 44)

BROADER FIELDS

LOOK DOWN from the hills of the Palouse. . . . As far as you can see . . . farther . . . the sun-browned valley rolls in velvet billows toward Spokane. As far as you can hear . . . only a whispering quiet . . . the sigh of fullness through the fields . . . waiting there for harvest. Wheat . . . as wheat has stood for five thousand years. These might be the fields of Babylon . . . until the machines come.

POWER HAS pushed back the fence rows of American life. . . . Not only on the farm, but in factory and home, the use of machinery has changed our outlook. We are a nation released from incessant toil for the production of necessities. . . . The result is *time gained*. Time to learn . . . to read and to travel. Less time in *getting* to our destination and more time for business or social contact. Less time in *getting* the news of the world . . . and more time to think about it. More time to learn how other people live . . . and to decide how *we* want to live. . . . And power has brought us *more money* with which to build. Machinery has helped translate our *national resources* into *national wealth*. The machinery of manufacturing . . . mass production . . . has distributed a large part of that wealth to a great mass market which is willing to spend it in return for better living. . . . Picture a nation of people with time to learn how to live, with money to spend and with a *multiplicity of privilege* such as has never before existed in the entire history of civilization . . . and you have the American market. *A nation on the make.*

APPLY POWER to selling and you have advertising . . . a force which takes a very definite and fundamental place in the cycle of American business. . . . Employed with intelligence and well-defined purpose, advertising opens up to the worthy product the multiplicity of outlets which is the first requisite of mass production. . . . Continued with courage and a steadfast adherence to its primary objective, advertising will push back the fence rows of business and lead, steadily and surely, into broader fields.

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INCORPORATED
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"What a difference our SECOND CAR has made to our girls!"

THE MOTHER of three little girls lives on the edge of an Eastern town. Before her marriage she was the leader of a troop of girl scouts. Then for a while the babies claimed all her time, and when she found herself enjoying freedom again, the troop had disintegrated.

"We are too far out to walk to town comfortably, and my husband has to use his car every day," she writes. "Last year on my birthday he bought me a car for my very own.

"I started in right away to assemble another scout troop. Some of the girls live out of town, and I pick them up on the way to the centre. With my own three daughters, I sometimes have a load of ten. It's given me a fine fresh interest, and what a lot it has meant to our girls!"

Two-car ownership is not expensive. In less than ten years the number of families with two or more cars has grown from 300,000 to 3,000,000. The General Motors line provides every combination of cars that any family may require; and the used cars General Motors dealers sell offer *unused transportation* at lowest possible cost.

To buyers of new and used cars alike, General Motors extends the convenience of the GMAC Payment Plan.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • MARQUETTE
OAKLAND • VIKING • BUICK • LASALLE • CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES
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Brown-Lipe-Chapin *Differentials* • Delco-Remy *Starting, Lighting and Ignition Equipment; Klaxon Horns; Lovejoy Shock Absorbers; Guide Lamps; and Batteries* • Harrison Radiators • Inland Steering Wheels • Jaxon Wheels, Rims and Tire Carriers • Durex Bearings • Jacox Steering Gears • A C Spark Plugs, Oil Filters, Air Cleaners • New Departure Ball Bearings • Hyatt Roller Bearings • Ternstedt Automobile Hardware.

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan.

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening. 8:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

GENERAL

MOTORS

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

("Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free.")

MORE AND MORE I am convinced that the public is less interested in the players than in the play—and that "The Play's the thing," a truth that was written 329 years ago. Good actors can't make a poor play good, yet it sometimes happens that a good play gets by with mediocre playing talent. Sometimes a "play" is thrown together to exploit a star. The play in such instances is subordinate. But I have noticed that such productions live but a short time, while *the good play* endures indefinitely in the memory of the entertainment-loving public. Hence I am constantly striving for the good play—the good idea—the good plot—the tangible thought which the public demands. Am I right?

—C.L.

For example, "***Show Boat***" and "***Broadway,***" outstanding Universal productions, are such powerful and intensely dramatic subjects that interest in them could not have been submerged even if they had been cast with ordinary talent. On the contrary, however, they are combinations of good plays and good players. The casts were carefully chosen and this unity of excellence explains their great drawing power.

Conrad Veidt in "The Last Performance"

Again in "***College Love***" the fact is demonstrated. The story is a stirring one of youth and romance at college. It is capital entertainment and it is cast with the same fine young players who made Carl Laemmle, Jr's, "***The Collegians***" so popular. It is the good play with the good players. It is an all talking and singing picture and everybody, old and young, will be delighted with the life, ginger, comedy, drama and contests in the field. See it and write me about it.

Barbara Kent in Glorious Daughters

"The Play's the thing" in every one of our productions for the Fall and Winter of 1929-1930. PAUL WHITEMAN, with his incomparable jazz orchestra, will appear in a brilliant novelty picture which I am convinced will be a sensation. EDDIE LEONARD, one of the greatest of the minstrel men, in "***Melody Lane,***" a stage romance, will unquestionably be received with favor. LAURA LA PLANTE, JOHN BOLES, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, MARY NOLAN, MYRNA KENNEDY, GLENN TRYON, BARBARA KENT, KATHRYN CRAWFORD, REGINALD DENNY, HOOT GIBSON and KEN MAYNARD have new and exceptional stories and they play them well.

Ken Maynard in "The Lost Canyon"

I am looking for that letter from YOU. I want your criticisms and suggestions. You and I constitute a community of mutual interest and I need your help. Let's get together by mail.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The House of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

in a small clique, bounded not by the natural divisions of similar tastes but by the influence of an accidental juxtaposition—the colorless individuals who happened to sit next to you at table or on deck.

Besides, every voyage has its tag ends before and after people are taking an interest. What remained could be estimated by the fact that there were only four auction pools on the run. On one of these fast boats four days could be taken to represent the time you were properly at sea, and two of his were already gone! The days themselves had become truncated. Young as he was, he could remember when a man who did not appear for breakfast was looked upon with suspicion. Now scarcely anybody, man or woman, troubled the peace of the dining saloon before one o'clock in the afternoon.

Perhaps Miss Hammill was different, but he doubted it. The wind drove him in, and on his way through the smoking room he saw the blond youth sitting with Meacham and Colonel Rivers over a bottle of wine at a corner table. The trio were not talking; as a matter of fact they seemed pensive if not actually gloomy, as if each of the three points to the triangle stood mentally with its back to the backs of the other two.

Boughton's powers of observation and analysis were immediately aroused. Men did not sit like that unless they knew each other pretty well; consequently the blond youth was no newly made acquaintance. He had thought of him up to the present as an active or prospective *gigolo*. But now his estimate was revised simply because of the caliber of the young man's companions.

Thinking himself unnoticed and content to escape, Boughton was making for the opposite gangway when Colonel Rivers' slightly slurred speech reached him, apparently without effort:

"Hello, Boughton. Off to bed?"

Boughton stopped and turned, puzzled, but not confused. He was wondering at what instant the colonel had caught sight of him without appearing to look, and where and when he had learned the trick of projecting his voice without raising it, sending it easily through a clatter of other sounds like a bullet to its mark.

"It's about time, isn't it?" said Boughton, taking a step or two back.

"Oh, no. What's time anyway? This is Mr. Bertrand. I don't think you've met him." Mr. Bertrand smiled, but did not move, and Boughton merely nodded, keeping his hands in his pockets. "Join us in a drink, won't you?" continued the colonel pleasantly. "We stocked up with another bottle at closing time."

"No, thanks," said Boughton. "If I should start in on champagne now I wouldn't sleep all night."

"That suits us," said Meacham, speaking for the first time. "We could indulge in our first game of real bridge."

"Not for me!" said Boughton, laughing. "I think I've ticked off twenty rubbers today already. See you all tomorrow."

On the following morning he was out by eleven, expecting to find a more or less deserted deck. He was not far wrong. The lee side was dotted with people lying in widely spaced chairs like so many embalmed mummies, but when he turned the corner into the wind he caught sight of a single figure, moving along at a brisk pace. He timed his step to effect a meeting midway of the long deck and felt a sudden elation at the discovery that the lone promenader was no other than Miss Hammill. Her cheeks were aglow and her eyes shone with a light that seemed to cease rather than die when he spoke, though it had been merely to cry "Good morning!"

It was natural that Boughton's face should fall at the unflattering effect of his greeting, but far from accepting the unconscious rebuff, he was only the more determined to come to close quarters. His jaw was set firmly as he turned to fall in step with her.

"You don't really mind if I walk with you, do you?" he asked.

"Not at all; but what a strange way to put it; almost ——"

"Almost what?" he demanded, filling her pause.

"I was going to say almost unwarranted."

"That's just what it wasn't," declared Boughton. "The instant before I spoke your eyes were shining like two cabochon amethysts, and the instant after —— Well, I don't have to tell you the light went out."

She laughed—a pleasant sound heretofore unheard. "I'm sorry. I can only assure you that the eclipse was subconscious and had nothing to do with who you are. I mean anybody else would have brought it on, because I happened at the moment to be taking a holiday from people."

"I can understand that," said Boughton, already mollified. "You're out here at this hour simply because you thought everybody you knew would still be in bed."

Miss Hammill laughed again. "Mrs. Leffingwell warned me that you were an analyst with a psychologic illusion."

"Did Leffie's wife really say that?" asked Boughton, genuinely taken aback.

"She did."

"Unaided?"

"All by herself."

"Then I'm not even a good analyst. Here I've been taking her for a bit of fluff when I ought to have been eating the words from her mouth!" He continued gloomily, "I give up women anyway. I've been trying to read you ever since I picked up your card in the steamship ticket office, and I'm still at the first blank flyleaf."

He waited to hear what she would have to say to that and was already preparing his next speech, when he awoke with a jolt to the realization that she was going to say nothing. He glanced at her in dismay. Had he offended her? Had he gone too far before he had half started? He reassured himself on both points. Her face was placidly interested, but not in the least perturbed.

There are times when to say nothing is to play a master stroke, and this was one of them. Boughton was sure that he knew now how it felt to be hanged without dying. Never before had he been left dangling in air with all his mental tentacles waving around madly without hope of finding a purchase. He had been made ridiculous by his own fault alone. He had said she was unreadable and she had merely continued to be so. His cheeks were beginning to flush a deep red through their tan when her eyes turned quickly to his face and away again. She took pity on him.

"It was nice of you not to read the card," she said with a noncommittal smile, "especially since that would have brought you as far as the title page."

He gave her a glowing look of appreciation. "If you are going to say things like that, don't you think—couldn't we—well, couldn't we be friends?"

She deliberated for the space of a second and then gave her astonishing answer: "No."

The stark word was qualified only by its expression. It had been spoken softly, but none the less with finality. It brought him physically and mentally to an abrupt halt, and she stopped with him. Again she seemed to be taking pity on him when she raised her eyes to his puzzled gaze and let him look straight into them long enough to realize that they were unrevealing, but not unkindly.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked desperately. "Do you think I'm a leper or a crook or a cad or an evil influence to the young? What have I ever done to you that you should drop your private pile driver on my bowed head?"

She could not help but laugh. "You have reason to know that you are an extremely attractive person. I didn't mean for a moment that we need be enemies, but there's a broad No Man's Land between that and being friends."

"You mean," said Boughton, frowning, "that I can play bridge with you, walk with you, talk to you, just as long as I don't meddle with your thoughts. Is that it?"

"You're not only attractive, you're clever," she replied; "but I must run now."

Boughton was decidedly not at his best throughout that day and the next, which to all intents and purposes would be the last. He saw Miss Hammill as frequently as he could have desired, but the extraordinary limitations set by her cool barring of the personal seemed to have dried up all the sources of conversation as far as he was concerned and left him tongue-tied.

He felt a natural resentment because this dumb and rudderless individual was not himself, and he had a right to be known and taken as he really was—a right which never before had been placed in the slightest jeopardy. More bitterly still did he resent the wrong done him in robbing him of his peace of mind to no apparent purpose. What was the girl after? Was this by chance nothing more than a clever trap to seize his interest?

He may be pardoned the ignoble suspicion, in the face of his escape from every other conceivable snare known to the persistent brains of a long succession of matrons and maids, grass widows, widows and frankly cruising privateers of the indefatigable sex. That evening at the bridge table he slanted his eyes to Miss Hammill's profile and studied it and the rest of her piecemeal. He examined her so intently that Mrs. Leffingwell, happening merely to glance at his face, gasped her impulsive astonishment.

"Stop that!" she commanded outrageously.

Boughton turned on her a gaze so blank and indifferent that she caught her breath again. Hearing, he had not heard; looking directly at her piquant person, grown for an instant supremely natural, he apparently saw nothing but a foggy spot in the air which made him frown. He was still thinking of Miss Hammill, accepting once for all the conviction that, whatever her other faults, hypocrisy was not one of them, and again he was forced to admit that as long as she was not distributing intimacies to others he had no grounds for complaint.

"What on earth came over you, Kit?" asked Leffingwell. "Was Eli pressing your foot?"

"Of course not!" she said with nervous sharpness, embarrassed by her own outburst and now at a loss how to explain it.

Boughton came unexpectedly to her aid: "It was on account of the way I was looking at Miss Hammill."

Unfortunately that statement did anything but clear up the situation for Leffingwell, and he was one who disliked to be puzzled.

"Why the devil shouldn't you look at anything as lovely as Miss Hammill?"

"It was the way I was doing it," persisted Boughton, returning his eyes to Miss Hammill, the innocent and injured bystander. Surely she had a right to resent this sudden and unjustifiable splash of limelight, and he rejoiced inwardly to see that of the four she alone remained genuinely unperturbed. That was one comforting thing about her—she certainly could stay in character.

Leffie tossed down his cards in disgust just as Colonel Rivers and Meacham approached, trailed by the blond youth, Mr. Bertrand.

"Here, you fellows," hailed Leffingwell with relief. "Cut in, won't you? I'm through."

The colonel and Meacham declined the honor with polite excuses, but Mr. Bertrand, having been presented to the ladies with the ingenious freemasonry of shipboard, declared that he would be delighted to play. Almost before anyone knew how it had happened, he was intrenched at the card table while his friends wandered on, accompanied by the moody Leffingwell.

It was long past midnight before Mrs. Leffingwell decided she had punished her husband enough, though she could not have said exactly why he should be punished at all. She asked Boughton to go in search of him, and he complied a little ungraciously.

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

Why couldn't she have asked that bounder, Bertrand, whose behavior this evening had been so impeccable as to make him more odious than ever?

Having searched the smoking room, the social hall, the palm court and the library in vain, and having taken one fruitless turn around the promenade deck, Boughton returned to the lounge, only to find it deserted. Wasn't that just like a fluff-headed woman—sending him off on a wild-goose chase and then not having the decency to wait? Undoubtedly she had by this time joined Leffingwell in their cabin and in all probability Bertrand had carried off Miss Hammill to the tail end of the last night's ball.

He could have followed and cut in under circumstances which would remind Bertrand of his previous rebuff, but he felt too deeply injured to make a success of such an excursion. The evening had managed to make a complete mess of itself and incidentally to throw him into a nasty temper. Thinking that possibly the stuffy air of the unventilated rooms had something to do with it, he went out and climbed to the hurricane deck. A man, his hands in his pockets, was standing plastered to a ventilator by the wind, his eyes staring ahead into darkness.

"Leffie, for the love of corned-beef hash," shouted Boughton, "what the devil are you doing up here?" Leffingwell turned on him a white face, but did not answer. "Do you know your wife has had me combing the ship for you?" continued Boughton, exasperated that the male half of a marriage should also be engaged in making a mountain out of a molehill. "Run along down to your kiss-and-make-up, that's a good boy."

Leffingwell seemed to come to a decision. He caught Boughton by the arm and led him behind the deckhouse, out of the wind.

"Eli," he said quietly, "they got me. They got me to the tune of three thousand dollars."

"What are you talking about? Are you crazy? Who got you?"

"A couple of card sharpers."

"Nonsense. You must be dreaming. In the first place, I haven't seen any around, and in the second, they haven't had time. You're simply off your thinker."

Leffingwell displayed a wintry smile. "You've been so all-fired wise it's a comfort to hear you make a fool of yourself. Senator Meacham and Colonel Rivers got me for three thousand dollars in about twenty minutes' elapsed time."

"Whew!" whistled Boughton, his eyes staring blankly while his mind raced back over the mild companionships of the entire voyage. "But how? What I can't understand ——"

"I know it sounds incredible," said Leffingwell dully. "I've been standing up here for an hour trying to persuade myself it's really me, and that I could have been such a fool, and I suppose every man that ever got stuck has felt the same way. It all happened as naturally as fish after soup. We went into the palm court to get away from the crowd, and just sat there talking."

"What about?"

"Well, I might as well tell you the whole truth while I'm at it. We were talking about card sharpers and agreeing that it was merely a question of using a little sense in your choice of acquaintances. After a bit Meacham suggested a hand or two of cutthroat to kill time, but Rivers balked, saying he really hated bridge in any form. He showed us a game that didn't require any thinking."

"What was it?"

"He said he didn't know the name. You each put in some small stake, say a dollar, then you shuffled and dealt one card to the player on the left. He could look at it and either bet the amount of the whole pot that his card would beat the next off the deck, or he could pass."

"Why, Leffie," gasped Boughton, "that's Red Dog, the most murderous game ever conceived by the mind of man. Leffie, boy, don't tell me you never heard of Red Dog!"

"Nobody said anything about Red Dog, and never having played it, I couldn't have twigged anyway. You know the way the thing doubles up; it was like a sort of confusing whirlwind. I'll swear, Eli, I didn't even realize the game had started before I found myself making a bet of over seven hundred—all the cash I had on the ship, and it wasn't long till I owed the table a round three thousand; and while I was scribbling an I O U Meacham won the entire pot with an eight spot over a deuce."

Boughton came suddenly to life. "What cash you put in was gone, but I hope you had the sense to tell them to go to hell for the rest."

"I tried to, but you ought to have heard them reason with me. They both showed large wads of money to prove their own good faith. They said if they'd lost they would certainly have paid, and the cursed thing about all this business is, how do I know that they wouldn't?"

"That's it," admitted Boughton. "That's the eternal nigger in the woodpile that ties the hands of the steamship companies. They don't dare kick a Colonel Rivers or a Senator Meacham off the boat or throw them in irons, because there's always the possibility that the victim might sue them for defamation of character and get a hundred thousand in damages."

"The reasonableness of that fellow Rivers," continued Leffingwell, like one talking in a trance, "the smooth softness of his voice as he pled with me for my own good! He begged me to think of my reputation and my future. He pointed out that nobody was obliged to play for money and that my case wasn't any different from that of a schoolmarm who might find herself embarrassed to pay a loss of ten dollars. But just one remark settled me."

"What?"

"He said that on a show-down the only evidence Meacham would have to produce to damn me in every club in New York would be a certified statement of his bank account. Do you get my reaction? How do I know it isn't true!"

"You don't, but I do."

"How?"

"By the law of averages. As you've come to realize yourself in the last half hour, the chances are a thousand to one that Rivers and Meacham, probably Bertrand also, are a gang of crooks. Well, how did you settle?"

"Since we were all such perfect gentlemen, of course they couldn't refuse my check."

"Of course not. Did you number it?"

"Yes."

"You remember the number?"

"Certainly. Seventy-nine."

"That's great," said Boughton cheerfully; "not half so bad as it might be."

"What do you mean?"

"Come along to the wireless station and I'll show you."

A moment later he was writing out a message for Leffingwell to file when he had put in the address of his bank and signed on the dotted line. "Stop payment," read Leffingwell, "on my check No. 79 for three thousand. This order not to be rescinded by any subsequent message, however strongly worded."

"That will reach New York," said Boughton calculatingly, "about eight days before their message signed with your name to the effect that you made a horrible mistake and that the check is to be honored at all costs."

The cable dispatched, Leffingwell drew a deep breath of relief which, nevertheless, ended in a profound sigh. Out on deck again he gave voice to his woe: "I'll have to tell Kit, of course; but Eli, how will I ever dare to face it out with old Sabertooth?"

"That's easy," said Boughton. "Soft pedal about the cash, but bear heavily on what you did about the check. I'll swear he'll feel proud of you. In the meantime, here's a hundred to carry you to Paris, and when we get there I'll stake you to the money you actually lost for as long as you need it."

"You're a trump, old man," said Leffingwell feelingly. "I won't need it once I get in touch with the banks, but I'll never ——"

"Cut it!" interrupted Boughton. "I'm going to bed."

He disappeared through one of the after hatchways, and as he turned into the long passage leading toward his cabin he was astounded to catch a glimpse of Miss Hammill halfway down the next flight. She was leaning on the rail, talking to Meacham, who stood a couple of steps above her.

Boughton did not give himself time to think. He felt in his pockets for paper, found the remnant of a bridge score, and scribbled: "You are talking to a card sharper who has just rooked Leffie of three thousand." Purposely he omitted Meacham's name and his own signature. He rushed to the nearest communicating passage, found the night watchman, and pressed a five-dollar bill, along with the note, into his hand.

"You'll find a young lady talking to a man halfway down the after gangway. Give her that paper, say nothing, but watch what happens, and report to me in Cabin 18 on B Deck. Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Step lively."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

The man was gone. Five minutes later he knocked on Boughton's door and entered. "I gave the miss the letter, sir."

"Did she read it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what happened?"

"Nothing, sir. She read it, crumpled it up and went on talking to the person. Any further message, sir?"

"No, nothing more."

"Thank you, sir."

Boughton heard the door close softly, but it was a long time before he moved. He stood staring fixedly at the paneled wall, his brain awhirl as it snatched at one racing hypothesis and then another. But they came too fast for him and he gave it up. He would solve nothing, believe nothing. He would neither admit Miss Hammill's complete innocence nor surrender to a preposterous doubt. He would remain static until he acquired a positive direction. He glanced at the bed; if necessary, he would become comatose.

Much to his own surprise he kept his word with himself and slept rather well, awaking only at the steward's knock. Rubbing himself to a glow after a cold bath and glancing out of the port on a scintillating day and a green-clad shore, he burst into song and laughter—song for the way he felt and laughter for the absurdity of his suspicions of the night before.

In the confusion of landing and passing the customs he missed the Leffingwells altogether and saw nothing of Rivers or Bertrand, but just as he was about to take possession of his corner window seat he caught a glimpse of Miss Hammill walking toward the boat train escorted by Meacham.

Immediately his blood was up. Descending hurriedly, he went to their encounter, and the girl looked up to find him barring her way. Their eyes met and for the fraction of a second it seemed as if he had passed her guard and had won through to that hidden region where only friends may meet. Ignoring Meacham completely and abandoning all morning amenities, he shot straight for the mark:

"Did you get my message?"

Instantly fell the veil he had grown to know so well, impalpable and impenetrable, evident and yet unseen. She was abruptly distant, cool to his warmth, self-possessed in the face of his distraction. In that moment he realized with crushing force that a woman at birth is older than the oldest man. Her lip curled, but not to a smile.

"Yes, I got a message," she replied evenly, and then frowned as she continued: "I can only say that Mr. Meacham's estimate of Mr. Leffingwell is considerably lower than your opinion of Mr. Meacham."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Chamberlain. The second will appear next week.

Every day, in thousands of motor car showrooms throughout America, automobile salesmen point out the "Fittings by Ternstedt" to emphasize the quality of the cars they sell. By this means they assure the prospect of the superior and the authentic artistry of the door handles, door pulls, window regulator handles, dome and corner lights, robe rails, radiator emblems and other fittings, through which Ternstedt contributes so importantly to the beauty of most motor cars built today. So widely and so clearly recognized is the leadership of Ternstedt in its field, that discriminating motor car buyers are equally as desirous of having "Fittings by Ternstedt" in their automobiles, as of having silver, by the great master silversmiths, in their homes.

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DETROIT, U. S. A.

THE IMPOSSIBLE

(Continued from Page 15)

"John isn't there now," said Peter. "I just spoke to him over on Monroe Street."

They watched the young man go out hastily and Beebe shrugged his shoulders. "It's his angle; let him chase it. . . . Say, judge, but the super's been tearing into Wade. You could hear him roar way down here."

"For why?" asked Peter.

"Because he hasn't turned up anything in this ingot case. I bet a cookie if Wade doesn't make good he's due for a demotion."

"Tough," said Peter sententiously. "Well, guess I'll mog along. No heart game tonight."

He left the station and turned down the next street, which carried him past John Greenway's headquarters. Ted Plank was just coming out of the door at a gallop, but stopped as he saw Peter.

"Walk along," he said hurriedly.

"What's up?" asked Peter.

"I did that barkeep a favor once," said Ted. "He's paid up. Now I know where Detective Wade's dentist idea came from. John Greenway gave it to him ready-made."

"Why?"

"Keeping his own hands clean, I spose. I'm goin' to have a look. Want to come?"

"Sure," said Peter.

They walked up to James Street and presently stopped before a two-story brick building on whose upper window was lettering which announced it to be the office of Dr. Walter Barrow, Dentist. The lower floor was occupied by a notion store.

"Fifth building from the corner. Come around back," said Ted.

They made their way to the alley and counted five buildings before they opened a gate and passed into a small, littered back yard. Ted went across to a shadowed spot where some scraggly bushes struggled to make their way in the world, and cautiously lighted a match.

"Look," he said.

There at their feet was a hole—a rectangular hole freshly uncovered—a couple of feet deep, which, obviously, had recently contained a box or other object with smooth sides. But it contained nothing now.

"There," said Ted excitedly, "is where she was."

"Could 'a' been," said Peter.

"Same size as the ingot."

"Proves what?" asked Peter.

"That this Doc Barrow's mixed up in it."

"I know him, kind of," said Peter. "Wouldn't hardly believe it. Goes with a girl I know. What would he steal a chunk of gold for?"

"What would anybody steal anything for?" countered Ted.

There came a sudden crash, a shattering of glass and rending of wood from the front, and Ted was through the gate and running in an instant. Peter followed more leisurely at his heels. They found a uniformed patrolman standing before Doctor Barrow's door, which had been smashed in with police thoroughness and disregard of damage.

"What's up, Clancy?" asked Ted.

"You git out of here," Clancy said, and then saw Peter. "Evenin', judge." His voice changed to friendship and deference. "Didn't see ye. Wade's upstairs."

"Take me with you," begged Ted.

"Come along," Peter said, and they climbed to the upper story and entered through another wrecked door into Doctor Barrow's waiting room. Lieutenant Wade could be heard moving about in the adjoining office. He was not pleased to see them but put on as pleasant a face as he could manage when he saw Peter.

"Seems like you turn up everywhere, judge," he said.

"Just walking around," Peter said.

"And you can walk around and take a look at this," said Wade. He held in his hand a little pasteboard box full of particles of yellow metal. "Gold filin's," he said. "Now, where'd this doc get a box of pieces rasped off'm an ingot, eh?"

"Funny," said Peter.

Wade chuckled. "Not so bad, eh? Guess I got all there is here, and plenty to make the pinch. Pretty quick work."

"Pretty quick," said Peter.

"For cat's sake, lieutenant," said Ted anxiously, "make the pinch in time for the morning papers."

"You bet I will, kid," said the detective.

II

"PETER," said Sicily Burt, with whom the young judge had been carrying on a more or less eccentric courtship for a couple of years, "it's hard to get used to your being a judge and able to send people to prison and everything "

"A police justice ain't much of a judge," said Peter.

"You mustn't say 'ain't,'" said Sicily. "Say 'isn't.' And, Peter, when you're not using your fork, put it on your plate. Don't hold it in your hand."

Peter smiled indulgently. "Sure," he said.

"Grammar and table manners make a heap sight of difference," said Sicily. "Peter, do you think Walt Barrow stole that gold?"

"It looks bad," said Peter.

"I don't believe it. Marjie Green never would have got engaged to a man that would steal."

"You might tell that to the prosecuting attorney," said Peter."

"If I was on a jury," said Sicily, "I'd believe the girl a man was engaged to before I would a lot of policemen, and Marjie knows he didn't do it, because I went to see her this afternoon. You're a judge, Peter, and you ought to do something about it."

"Marjie couldn't furnish him an alibi, could she? She didn't happen to be with him when the thing was stolen?"

"No."

"How does she account for the gold filings in his office?"

"She says they didn't belong to him at all "

"Or the hole in the back yard?"

"Anybody can dig a hole in a back yard if he wants to," said Sicily. "But anyhow, what would Walter want to do it for? Lots of people have him for their dentist and he's making money, and Marjie's got quite a little money too. It's just foolish."

"I was kind of surprised myself," said Peter, "but it looks bad. And I'm afraid the hearing will come before me."

"What's a hearing?"

"It's a kind of a grand-jury proceeding. It's to find out if there's enough evidence against a person to hold him for trial in the recorder's court."

"And you can say whether there is or not? Well, you can just say there isn't and let him go."

"It isn't as easy as that," said Peter.

"You'd better, or I shan't ever speak to you again."

Peter made a wry face. "It isn't so easy being a judge," he said. "And you could be put in jail for trying to influence the court."

"You just better try it," said Sicily.

"It's funny," said Peter.

"What's funny?"

"That somebody broke into the express office last night. Lightning hadn't ought to strike in the same place twice."

"You should say 'ought not to,'" said Sicily. "It's half-past ten and you must go now."

So Peter went, having finished his refreshments, but he did not go home. Before he went to bed he had quite a lot of dropping in to do. Just casual dropping in at a couple of police stations and a fire house and a Polish wedding. His itinerary carried him past the Union Station and included a chat with the patrolman on that beat—a rather protracted conversation. After which he did manage to get into bed and slept with his usual thoroughness and placidity.

Next day he was informed by an assistant prosecutor that on Thursday the hearing of the charge of murder against Dr. Walter Barrow would be held in his court. It would be his first hearing of importance. The court room would be crowded with spectators and with reporters, and the whole state would be eager to read of the affair in their morning and evening papers. But the thought of so much weight upon his shoulders did not worry Peter; he was not much given to worry. The fact that it was an acquaintance who was to come before him, and a friend of Sicily's, troubled him somewhat more, but only in that he resolved that his attitude must be judicial and that he must conduct himself as an impartial judge.

The court room already was crowded when he took his place upon the bench. Presently a deputy appeared with the prisoner in charge. The prosecuting attorney sauntered in and nodded to Peter and to Doctor Barrow's attorney. The space inside the rail was full of reporters and witnesses and loafing attorneys come to see the spectacle.

The gavel fell, the court officer's voice droned and those concerned settled down to the business in hand. The first witness called was James Winter, the official in charge of the express office at the depot. He testified to the facts of the crime—the arrival of the ingot, its trundling into the receiving room by Jenkins, the finding of the man with skull crushed and the ingot gone.

"Now, Mr. Winter," asked the prosecutor, "who was in that room at the time?"

"Apparently the place was deserted for a few minutes," said Winter.

"Isn't that unusual in so busy a spot?"

"It would seem so," Winter said cautiously. "There are a dozen men employed there in various capacities, and it seems unbelievable that none of them should have been present."

"It was a place to which outsiders came?"

"Yes. Expressmen and the like—people coming after express packages."

"How long would you say the room was left alone?"

"It could not have been more than a minute or so."

"Ah. And in that minute or so a man was murdered and an ingot of gold taken away?"

"Yes, sir."

"How big is the room?"

"About fifty by seventy feet."

"Filled, doubtless, with piles of express?"

"Yes, sir."

"So that a stranger might possibly have been lurking behind some of this accumulation?"

"Why, that is possible."

"Who, Mr. Winter, knew this gold was to arrive by this particular train?"

"I did."

"Who else?"

"Probably officials at the office."

"Anybody who works at the depot?"

"Only myself."

"How could the fact of its shipment have been discovered by the criminal?"

"I cannot see how that would be possible."

"Now, in order to get away with the gold, what would be necessary?"

"Someone must have known about it. He must have entered at the right moment, have struck Jenkins down and wheeled the truck on which the ingot rested out of the doors upon the loading platform and onto some wagon or truck."

Peter leaned forward. "Were there any expressmen or truckmen waiting outside with their conveyances?" he asked.

"There usually is a line of wagons."

"Was there on this particular day?"

"I think there were some."

"Ah," said Peter. "What sort of man was Jenkins—cautious or careless?"

"I would call him cautious."

"So," said Peter, "when he was in charge of an ingot of gold worth many thousand dollars, he would not be likely to permit a stranger to approach him?"

"I should say not."

"But he would allow someone he knew to come close to him unchallenged?"

"Naturally."

"What would you say as to the possibility of outside persons learning of the shipment of the ingot?"

"I would say it was impossible."

"But," asked Peter, "would you not say it was impossible for anyone to enter the place, strike down an employe and get away with so weighty an object without being seen?"

"I would say it was absolutely impossible "

"Yet," said Peter, "it was done."

"It was," said Mr. Winter.

"Could any outsider have found errands for the several employes which would have taken them from the place at that time?"

"No."

The prosecutor lifted his brows. "I suppose, Your Honor, there is some purpose in this line of questioning?"

Peter's eyes lighted with a smile. "You may put it down to something more than curiosity," he said. "Mr. Winter, was the office broken into a couple of nights ago?"

"It was."

"What was taken?"

"Nothing, curiously enough—nothing we have been able to trace."

"How many hand trucks were in use on the day of the crime?" Peter asked.

"Eight," said Mr. Winter.

"How many are there today?"

"Why, seven, I suppose. One truck must be missing."

"Haven't you counted them?"

"No."

Peter smiled again at the ruffled prosecutor. "Have any of your witnesses counted them?" he asked, and then allowed his eye to rove over the room. "I will ask if any witness present has counted the trucks "

Patrolman Meney arose. "I did, Your Honor."

"When?"

"Three days ago, Your Honor."

"And how many were there?"

"Eight, Your Honor."

"Ah," said Peter. "So, Mr. Winter, it would seem the ingot was not wheeled away on a truck? Now, could a man have carried it away?"

"A very strong man, possibly. It would weigh in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty pounds."

Peter nodded to the prosecutor, who signified he had no more questions to put, but Doctor Barrow's counsel was on his feet.

"Would you say," he asked, "that Doctor Barrow could carry such a weight?"

Doctor Barrow, a young man under thirty, frail and slender, was regarded appraisingly by all eyes. An expert in such matters would have estimated his weight at a hundred and twenty pounds.

"I cannot say," said Mr. Winter.

"Was any weapon found with which the blow might have been struck?"

"None."

"It was a heavy instrument wielded by a powerful arm? To crush Jenkins' skull with a single blow?"

To this question the prosecutor objected.

Lieutenant of Detectives Wade was the witness for the state.

"Did you," asked the prosecutor, "armed with a search warrant, enter the offices of Doctor Barrow on September fifth?"

"I did."

"What did you find there?"

"About half a pound of gold filings."

"What do you mean by filings?"

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 48)

"Little pieces of gold rasped off a bigger piece with a file or some other tool."

"Had you already visited the yard behind the doctor's offices?"

"Yes."

"What did you find there?"

"A hole" and he proceeded to give the dimensions of the little excavation.

"How do these dimensions compare with the size of the stolen ingot?"

"The hole was just big enough to hold it."

"What called your attention to Doctor Barrow in this connection?"

"We git information different ways and follow up clews," said Wade. "I got to thinkin' over who might use gold, and dentists come to my mind. So I kep' an eye out for dentists."

"Have you traced the whereabouts of the defendant on the day of the crime?"

"He was seen within a block of the Union Station fifteen minutes before the ingot was stolen."

"What other fact within your own knowledge connects Doctor Barrow with this crime?"

"I dug up witnesses that'll testify ——"

"Yes," said the prosecutor; "but of your own knowledge?"

"That's all."

Again Peter bent forward and asked a question: "Can you tell me just what day the idea came to you that a dentist might be implicated in this matter?"

"Why, it was—lemme see—it was Monday, I guess."

"Did you have an interview with the superintendent on Monday afternoon, Lieutenant?"

Wade scowled. "I did."

"What was the substance of that interview?"

"He wanted to know what was being done about this case."

"Is that all?"

"Practically."

"Did he reprimand you for your handling of the Miggins case and of the Travers robbery?"

"He mentioned 'em."

"Did he threaten you with reduction unless you got results in this matter?"

"He might have."

The prosecutor arose, frowning. "I am at a loss, Your Honor, to see the purpose of these questions. They seem to be directed toward an impeachment of the witness, and that, it seems to me, does not fall within the duties of the justice who is presiding over this hearing."

"The duties of the justice," said Peter, "if I understand them, are to see to it that an impartial hearing is given the accused, and to aid in such ways as are possible to see that no injustice is done. Proceed with the hearing."

"I have no further questions."

"Then," said Peter, with no trace of irony, "I should like to satisfy my mind on a couple of points. For instance, lieutenant, who suggested the dentist idea to you?"

"It just come to me."

"Did it come to you before or after your interview that evening with John Greenway?"

"That didn't have anything to do with it."

"No? And did you investigate the second affair at the express company's office in the depot?"

"I did."

"What have you learned?"

"Nothing. There wasn't anything stolen. Somebody broke in, but they didn't take anything. Looked like boys' mischief."

The witness stepped down, but before the prosecutor could call another, Peter intervened.

"Have you any of the express company's employes here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Will you put one of them on the stand, please?"

"You seem," said the prosecutor ironically, "to have taken charge of the conduct of this hearing."

"I not only seem," said Peter, "I have. Call the witness, please."

"Samuel Plant," said the prosecutor, and a middle-aged and poorly dressed man took the stand.

"You are employed by the express company as a clerk in the Union Station?"

"I am."

"Where were you at the moment of the crime?"

"Upstairs in the bookkeeper's office."

"Who sent you there?" asked Peter.

"Mr. Winter," said Plant.

"Where is Mr. Winter's own office?"

"It is a space partitioned off the westerly end of the receiving room."

"On the same floor?"

"Yes."

"Would you say it was possible for a stranger to enter the receiving room, strike down a man and walk away with an ingot of gold without being seen? Could a man have taken it out to a truck and driven away?"

"I would have said it was impossible."

There was a certain tension in the room now. Spectators sat upon the edges of their seats, reporters bent forward tensely. These young men, used to the atmosphere of court rooms, were beginning to see their way. At first their impression had been that Peter was being overofficious. Now they were perceiving or hoping that there were method and intention in his irregularity. But what was he up to? What was going to break?

"Mr. Prosecutor," said Peter softly, "two competent witnesses have testified to the impossibility of committing this crime in the manner suggested by the prosecution."

"Yet it was done," said the prosecutor.

"If," said Peter, "it is proved impossible to remove an object from a room, then the obvious conclusion is that the object was not removed. What can't be done can't be done."

"In that case," said the prosecutor, with elaborate sarcasm, "the ingot must still be there."

"Unless," said Peter, "it has been since removed at a more suitable time to escape observation. This, Mr. Prosecutor, occurred to me several days ago. It seemed incredible that a stranger could have known of the arrival of this ingot, could have entered the place at a moment when every employe was absent, could have struck down Jenkins and coolly walked out of the place with his booty. There are too many coincidences. Too many fortuitous circumstances had to be present. No plan could have arranged so much."

"This is most unusual. I protest, Your Honor."

Peter proceeded, unmoved: "From the facts I reasoned that one man knew of the arrival of the ingot and the hour of its arrival. One man could have arranged the temporary absence of all employes. This man could have approached Jenkins without arousing suspicion, and he could have secreted the ingot where its presence would not be suspected within the brief time at his disposal. This was clear from the start."

"To you," said the prosecutor.

"To me," agreed Peter, "and to at least one other person."

"And who might that have been?"

"The individual,"..said Peter, "who broke into the place a couple of nights ago and carried off the ingot. Will Detective Sergeant Pease take the stand?"

A tall, finely built young man came forward.

"Sergeant Pease," asked Peter, "when were you detailed to this case?"

"On Saturday."

"By whom?"

"The superintendent."

"Was anyone else present?"

"You were, Your Honor."

"What were your instructions?"

"To keep my mouth shut," said Pease, "to make a search of the express company's premises and to keep a watch to see that nothing was removed."

"Did you do so?"

"I did."

"What did you find?"

"I found a large ingot of gold."

"Where?"

"Under an old packing box in Mr. Winter's office. It was there Saturday and Sunday and Monday. It was there until the night when the office was broken into a second time."

"What became of it then?"

"It was carried away in a car by four men."

"Did you follow them, sergeant?"

"I did, with my partner."

"Where?"

"To a vacant lot on Tenth Street, on the edge of town."

"And there?"

"They buried it, Your Honor."

"Did you recognize the men, sergeant?"

"I did."

"Where is the ingot now?"

"In the superintendent's office at headquarters."

"Who were the men, sergeant?"

"John Greenway, his bartender, Joseph Schmidt, George Greenway and Lieutenant Wade."

"Thank you," said Peter, and then turned without the vestige of a smile to the prosecutor. "So you see," he said, "we are dealing with a series of crimes, not a single crime. We have now evidence upon which to indict James Winter for the murder of Jenkins and the theft of the ingot. He alone had the knowledge and the opportunity and the authority to arrange matters to make the theft possible. He simply cleared the room of employes, struck down Jenkins and trundled the ingot into his office, where he covered it with an old box which had been there long enough to be accepted as normal."

Busy pencils were flying. James Winter sat white and motionless; Lieutenant Wade got half out of his chair and then sat down again as if deprived of the use of his legs.

"But," said Peter, "there might be accomplices, so the superintendent directed Sergeant Pease to wait and watch. It seems somebody else reasoned as I did. Therefore, as soon as he felt it would be safe, John Greenway, with Wade and his other companions, broke into the place to take secure and easy advantage of Winter's crime and to obtain its booty for themselves."

"But the evidence against Doctor Barrow?" protested the astounded prosecutor.

"Manufactured by Wade and Greenway. You see, I get around quite a little in the evening, Mr. Prosecutor, and I see a number of things. For quite a while I've been interested in Wade's intimacy with Greenway and the Greenway gang. It just happened to come in handy."

The prosecutor was handsome. "Will you accept my congratulations, Your Honor? I must admit the irregularity of the proceeding has been more than made up for by its brilliancy and by its success."

"I thank you," said Peter. "Doctor Barrow is discharged. The officers will remove James Winter and Lieutenant Wade to the county jail, where the Greenways are awaiting them. Court adjourned."

Peter descended from the bench to be surrounded by admiring spectators, but he did not pause for congratulations. He made his way into his chamber, where shortly came half a dozen reporters clamoring for more particulars. The last of these to go was the judge's old friend, young Beebe, of the News.

"Peter," he said, "I hand it to you. Lots of folks might have done the thing, but I don't know anybody who could have stage-managed it as you did. Judge, you're a politician. This 'll give you a reputation that nothing can lick."

"I kind of figured," said Peter placidly, "that it wouldn't do any harm."

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WAR LETTERS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

(Continued from Page 30)

TO SIR EDWARD GREY

Now that the German crisis is over—although the Lusitania case is not yet settled—it is the turn of the Allies. The American note will probably be in your hands when you get this letter. There is not much good in making any forecast of it, although it may be interesting to you to know that the feeling in Government circles here seems to be that the United States must defend their rights and they must make a good showing before Congress meets, but that the correspondence should not take a hostile character, but should be in the nature of a juridical discussion. It is hoped that the Allies will be able to make some concession before Congress meets. This may, no doubt, seem very difficult and our rights may seem to us very convincing, especially on the grounds of self-defense. But I think we should always remember that the question of belligerent rights is not the only one to be considered. We are using this country as a base of supply and we have just floated a loan. We are, therefore, receiving certain things and must be prepared to give certain things in order to continue to receive what we are receiving now. That is, we may have to sacrifice some of our rights by way of barter. Our position is not one of perfect independence. It would be an unneutral action for the United States to change its policy in deference to pressure from one of the belligerents. But they might change their policy in order to secure some material interest for themselves. The danger of the present situation is that Congress might insist on withdrawing some of the privileges which we have in this country, unless we make certain concessions. From this point of view, it is very desirable that we should be occasionally prepared to make concessions which are not strictly warranted in point of right, but may be warranted in point of interest.

I hope that the British press and especially Punch will refrain from criticizing the President. First of all, these criticisms are quite unjust, and secondly, they are very impolitic.

He continued this line of argument in a letter to Grey on October 24, 1915.

I should like to impress upon you that it is extremely important to be able to yield on certain questions where vital interests are not at stake. Don't forget that George III lost the United States through the lawyers and by pressing a legal point. I think there are certain moments when you must intervene from the political and general point of view against the lawyers, even at the cost of a legal surrender on a material, though not a vital, point. For the vital points for us are that this country should serve as a base of supplies and should not intervene by force—that is, by convoy—to break the blockade. To obtain those ends we should be prepared to sacrifice a great deal. I do not mean that we should acquiesce without protest in a pressure from this country by which moral were sacrificed to material interests. We should clearly point out to the United States Government what it means in present circumstances to sacrifice moral to material interests and what the effect will be for the reputation of the United States in the world and upon their own relations with us. But we should not build upon the supposition that such an appeal would be always and everywhere successful. To come down to a practical point, I think we may have to consent to a surrender on certain points connected with the export of German goods to this country; we shall either have to make a diplomatic surrender reserving the question of right or we shall have to consent to some form of arbitral court to sit in Washington. You have here a very capable representative in Sir Richard Crawford, who is very much respected and liked, and who knows a very great deal about the country. I think you can trust to him. I think you ought to trust him more, perhaps, than your Department is inclined to do.

With regard to the blockade, it is too early to say what are the vital points and what are the less material ones. It may be to our interest to allow certain supplies to go into Germany because they must be paid for by Germany. And also because the United States Government may insist upon the right to export certain articles on certain conditions. As, however, the German Government has now acquired for the government itself the right of ownership in all the main lines of goods, it would seem that, according to accepted principles of international law, no important branch of trade with Germany can be considered innocent. But the United States Government may make proposals for certain relaxations in our restrictive measures which we may be able to grant. Those relaxations should be made before Congress meets, as otherwise there may be a very bitter feeling which will be reflected in legislation. The vital point must be insisted on, and existing treaties give us the means of settlement without a conflict.

As to the German situation here, I gather that the German authorities have been warned by prominent Germans here that they must put a stop to some of the treasonable activities of the German colony. The Government has been warned that they must not proceed too far against Germany and that if they behave in moderation the Germans here will not proceed to extremities. In the case of the Arabic, both Germany and the United States knew that the submarine which sunk it had itself been sunk and that the supposed apology and reprimand was a farce. The United States Government has not expelled the Austrian consul general or the German military attaché, although they know perfectly well that they are far more guilty than Dumba, whom Bernstorff willingly sacrificed.

The weapon which the Government would naturally use against the Germans is American nationalism and allegiance to the local Government. This is what the Government is now appealing to, but it is doubtful whether the appeal will be successful or whether a national sentiment can be aroused in time before the elections. A policy of nationalism means aloofness from Europe and perfect impartiality. It would be dangerous to renew the controversy with Germany or to pursue a policy which would look like vindictiveness. The Government must proceed *pari passu* against both belligerents. When the country is convinced that one of the belligerents is friendly and the other hostile to America, the President's policy will doubtless change. But the country is not convinced yet and the President's policy will continue one of scrupulous neutrality. Needless to say that Germany is taking every advantage of the fact that the sea power of the Allies presses hard both on Germany and the United States, and that the injury to their interests might easily become the basis for common action. Here is the main danger for us.

CECIL SPRING-RICE.

AUG. 20, 1915.

My dear Grey: Please excuse me if I say a word about the Netches Note. I heard today that the Secretary of State spoke privately with great regret as to the terms used by the Foreign Office with regard to reprisals. The view of the United States Government is, as you know, and as I have frequently informed you, that two wrongs do not make a right and that the business of our Government is with the United States Government and the relations of our two countries, and not with the relations between the United States and Germany.

The view we have taken here, and which has as a whole been accepted by public opinion as well-founded, is that we entered on this war in defense of the law of nations and of the principles of law and justice. That one of the belligerents has violated those principles is no reason why we who entered the war as their defenders should abandon the principle for which we entered the war.

Our controversy with the United States Government is not and cannot be a controversy as to the existence and validity of the question of law. We differ from the United States, not as to the law but as to whether the altered circumstances do or do not justify a change in the application of the law. The controversy between Germany and the United States is as to whether any law at all exists except the law of force. More than any two nations in the world, the United States and Great Britain have a common inheritance not only in respect for the law but in the very terms of the law itself. Our courts are again and again on record for the principle of the gradual evolution of law according to the circumstances which vary from time to time, though the principles of law remain the same. The existence and history of the United States Supreme Court is a most striking monument existing in the world of this principle and the United States people are more proud of their Supreme Court than of any other institution.

It would be a great pity if, for some temporary advantage in argument or from the natural effect of temporary passion, we should throw away the immense advantage which we have hitherto possessed throughout this struggle, and more especially and particularly in our discussions with this Government.

You will not, I hope, think me impertinent if I remind you what your signature means to the world at large and that I hope and pray that meaning may never be impaired.

The matter was settled in the particular instance by release of the cargo of the Netchez, the vessel whose seizure had been protested; and the incident contrasts oddly with accusations that the British Ambassador could never see any justification for America's protests. Indeed, upon a general view of the correspondence, it will be seen that Spring-Rice was in his official capacity continually making himself the apologist of President Wilson's action, not basing his defense on high moral grounds but simply on the facts of the case and of human nature.

Roosevelt was from the first an advocate of the Allied cause, and from the sinking of the Lusitania onward he vehemently urged America's intervention by arms. Spring-Rice constantly quoted to Grey Roosevelt's opinion and in April, 1915, when there was a rumor that Roosevelt might visit Europe, the ambassador at once informed the Foreign Secretary. A telegram came promptly:

Hope that Roosevelt will find time for another walk with me if he comes.

This invitation at such a time from the Foreign Secretary, who had spent a day in 1910 with this other naturalist counting over the various bird songs in the New Forest, touched Roosevelt greatly.

But Spring-Rice and Grey between them gave more practical proof of the value they set on Roosevelt's help and counsel. They gave him the life of a man. A young American was convicted of attempting to get into the wireless service on board the British fleet for the purpose of betraying secret signals to the enemy. His parents in America appealed to Roosevelt, who wrote to Spring-Rice. It was arranged that a plea of insanity should be accepted and that he should be returned to custody in America.

In acknowledgment for what was said of his services, Roosevelt wrote to Spring-Rice on October 25, 1915:

Abraham Lincoln, when told that a given course of action would not achieve results, responded that at least he was keeping his own conscience clear. I am afraid that is all I am doing. But it is possible that there are people who agree with me, and I do think that, as regards preparedness and hyphenated Americanism, I have goaded

(Continued on Page 58)

THE *third* WHITE OWL *is your velvet*

WHITE OWL is a truly fine cigar; mild, cool, sweet-tasting; foil-wrapped to keep it fresh . . . In addition, its price is only 3 for 20 cents, instead of 10 cents each . . . Thousands and thousands of former 10 cent smokers now get even greater enjoyment from White Owl . . . It adds to smoking pleasure to know you save a third, besides.

WHITE OWL

BOUGHT BY THE BILLION

3 for 20¢

(Continued from Page 56

the Administration into the reverse action from what it took years ago.

He named, as an example of what he was doing, an article in The Metropolitan.

A fortnight later came a message from Grey that precisely this article was being quoted to convey the impression that England was neglecting the duties incumbent on her as an ally of France. Spring-Rice had to convey to his friend, Grey's distress and disappointment, and there is no denying that, both in the letter which he wrote to Grey and in that which he wrote to Roosevelt, there were passages unfair in tone. He was on edge against the attitude of America as a whole, and he now unfairly identified his friend with the commonalty.

There is a satisfaction in recording misunderstandings between good men which are ended by the goodness that is among them, and in this case, Roosevelt, knowing himself to be wronged, wrote a full defense to Grey, and then turned upon his intimate and—with well-padded gloves—pommeled him strenuously.

Nov. 24, 1915.

. . . . In your letter you say that no American statesman—meaning myself—"can be expected to refrain from the national habit of speaking ill of our—your—country, however great the crisis." I had supposed that you had read my article in The Metropolitan and can only ask that you do now read it. In that article I certainly speak far more ill of the United States and of Germany than of England; and I do so in the effort to make us fit ourselves to meet a great crisis, and with the further effort to get this nation to stand so as to help your people in this great crisis. I condemn us for failure to act on behalf of Belgium. I say nothing in praise of America whatever. I speak in the heartiest praise of the British Navy and of her army at the front. I particularly explain that England has done far better than we would have done. I had no idea that what I said would be quoted in England. My whole article was an arraignment of our people for failure to perform their duty in this crisis and for failure to prepare for their own defense in future crises. . . .

The typing ends "very sincerely yours"; this he crossed out, wrote, "always yours, Theodore Roosevelt." There followed in the big, sprawling hand: "Good luck—Bad Springy! Love to Lady Springy." A day later came a practical proof of Roosevelt's desire to make amends—a proposal that he should write a further letter to a Frenchman, for instance, Monsieur Hanotaux, to praise the great work of France, the tremendous effort of Russia.

I shall then point out how very much England is doing; all that her navy has done, her great army now in France, an army that will steadily increase in size and efficiency, her financing of the Allies, her present great output of guns and munitions. I shall say that the war, on such a stupendous scale, caught her unprepared, for Democracies are generally unprepared—the U. S. is utterly unprepared—that a few years ago there was a great party in France that wished France to be unprepared, but that these same Frenchmen are now just as staunch as the others; and in the same way, England is now, at the end of sixteen months, doing her part with constantly increasing efficiency; that within the Nations, and among the Nations, it would be criminal not to keep the eyes of all purely on the present and future; and in the present and for the future England, like France and Russia, is doing everything; and the three nations, and Italy, must stand shoulder to shoulder with entire trust and confidence. This letter you would show to Jusserand and Bakhmetieff* before it was sent, and consult with them so as to get it exactly straight.

*The Russian Ambassador.

TO SIR EDWARD GREY

JAN. 13, 1916.

The situation here, so far as politics are concerned, has not improved in favour of the Allies. The Spirit of Congress is somewhat menacing. Congress was opened in stormy meetings in which violent attacks were made upon our commercial policy. Senator Lodge's intervention in the Senate, in which he said that his heart was more moved by the thought of a drowned baby than an unsold bale of cotton, was very effective and changed for a time the tone of the debate. But the general tone of the debate was not favourable to us. The same could be said of the House of Representatives. Violent language was used against the measures in restriction of trade. Lodge's son-in-law, Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts, did what was very rare in Congress—that is, made a speech in favour of England. He was reminded by a subsequent speaker that he did not enjoy the privilege enjoyed by the majority of the House of having a considerable number of German-Americans in his constituency. The German-American exercises a very unmistakable influence, and this influence is not diminishing. No doubt, the German Government has counted upon this temper in Congress and is directing its policy with a view to influencing opinion among the members. With this object in view, Bernstorff has apparently been instructed to offer satisfaction on the various questions at issue, and to the surprise of everybody, Germany intervened after the sinking of the Persia with a wholly unexpected apology and a guaranty for the future. It is expected that an arrangement on the Lusitania question will shortly be announced, and then, as they say here, the sheet of Germany will be cleared and the account against England reopened. There can be little doubt that at one time the Administration thought that the relations with Germany were very menacing. It was thought possible that a breach of diplomatic relations or even war might result. The temper of the nation was, however, clearly in favour of peace, and this feeling was even more strongly pronounced in Congress. The President returned from his honeymoon immediately after the Persia* incident with a message of peace in his hand. This was at once accepted by the German Ambassador and all preparations are now being made for a new diplomatic victory. We cannot grudge the Administration the pleasure or the profit of such a victory. But we cannot hope to derive much advantage ourselves. For the promises as to submarine warfare refer solely to the Mediterranean and to neutral ships. American interests are solely considered. On the very day when Bernstorff offered his latest guaranties, the principal German agent in New York was issuing warnings to passengers on the Baltic that that vessel would be destroyed.

*The Persia was sunk in the Mediterranean on December 30, 1915, without warning. Germany declared that her submarines had orders against such actions. It was not possible to prove whether the agency was Austrian or Turkish.

You may think it astonishing that there is such indifference as to what we feel to be the real nature of the struggle. This astonishment is shared by many people here. But I do not think that there is any sign of a radical change or that this country is likely to be aroused at least for some time to take more than a passive interest, while deriving as much advantage as possible from the great events of which it remains a spectator. Meanwhile the prosperity of the country increases, and it seems to be in a fair way of gaining the whole world whatever other thing it may lose.

The President is on a tour. He is making speeches on behalf of defense and making an appeal to American patriotism. For this purpose he has to paint the devil on the wall. John Bull is the devil most in vogue here. Today a sudden announcement is made that Germany must yield on the Lusitania question within a week. Germany has already agreed to pay an indemnity, and the only question at issue is the form of words. The President has been compared to a Byzantine theologian by some of his more prejudiced critics. In any case, he may be trusted to find a formula by which all difficulties will be averted. For a diplomatic victory Germany exacts her price. This price is said, in the German press, to be the prohibition of the carrying of guns on merchant ships and the use of the American flag for concealment, and also strong action against England, or perhaps strong words. It is absolutely certain that strong words will be used and some concessions exacted from us. We can hardly hope that the tension will not increase.

You were naturally rather surprised at the latest proposal of the Secretary of State.* I think the real reason was the desire to avoid any cause for complication in the future with Germany. If Germany gives a pledge not to sink without notice, and keeps it, and if Americans are prohibited from traveling on belligerent ships, there will be good reason to believe that further incidents will be avoided. Of course, the United States Government will not give any sort of guaranty of the German promise, and they are perfectly honest in refusing to give a guaranty which no American government could be certain to fulfill. I think our best plan is to give the matter long and careful consideration and to recognize the right of the United States to do what it likes on its own territory. By a change of the rules of war during the war, it establishes a precedent of immense importance. It may cut both ways. It would justify an embargo, and it would also justify exceptional measures in restriction of trade based on new conditions of warfare. With regard to the embargo, there are reasons which I have explained why it is not likely to be passed by Congress. With regard to the second matter, it is of immense importance to us that the United States should put itself on record in writing for so novel a principle, which is so clearly to the advantage of one belligerent and the disadvantage of the other. The argument for precedent falls absolutely to the ground.

*In a circular letter to the European embassies Mr Lansing proposed that the right of carrying arms for defense should be withdrawn from merchantmen, as consistent with the claim that a submarine was bound to give warning before torpedoing noncombatant vessels, since if a submarine came to the surface one shot might sink her. The inference was plain to recognize warfare by submarines on merchantmen as legal.

About this time Spring-Rice wrote a memorandum, which, on second thoughts, he did not send; but it describes vividly the difficulties which arose from President Wilson's method of conducting his Administration.

I want you to understand the rather difficult position in which your representative here is placed. The direction of public affairs lies wholly in the hands of the President. He makes public utterances, it is true, but their character is somewhat cryptic, and his language, while very elevated and convincing, does not immediately lead to any definite practical conclusions. In this respect he has been likened to Mr. Gladstone. For diplomatists, or at any rate, for an English diplomatist, he is quite unapproachable. On the very rare occasions on which I have had the honour to be in his presence he has addressed neither to me nor, as far as I know, to my colleagues any observation whatever of more than general interest. General politics are not, it is said, placed before the Cabinet. He is supposed to have adopted the plan followed by the Emperor of Russia in past years, who refused to deal with his Cabinet as a whole, but only transacted business with the individual Ministers on the subjects in which they were immediately concerned. Mr. Lansing, who is very able and very charming, is careful to avoid any expression of opinion whatever on matters of general politics, although he occasionally makes an observation which he is careful to point out comes from himself only and is not to be considered as binding his government. Except in his written communications, which deal almost entirely with isolated questions as to which no previous consultation has taken place, he has not approached me on any subject of practical importance. His written communications generally come without any previous warning and, as a rule, without a word of verbal explanation. It is, as you see, very much the system which prevailed in Russia, with the exception of the important fact that in the United States personal intercourse with the ruler and directing spirit is altogether excluded.

These are the circumstances which prevail as regards all my colleagues, at least among the representatives of the Allies. I have no information as to what takes place elsewhere and I have no reason to suppose that it is otherwise. But you will see how difficult it is to pierce the mystery in which the policy of this Administration is sedulously concealed, and I must ask you to excuse the consequence of these conditions and to be contented with merely hearsay information as to what may be passing in the mind of the Government.

FEB. 26, 1916.

The last month has seen some very abrupt changes. Germany was ready to agree to a settlement of the Lusitania case, which was a matter absolutely essential to the prestige of this Government. In negotiating the settlement, the Government discovered that Germany was contemplating a new and more severe form of submarine warfare, which the Government believed would be extended across the Atlantic. It transpired also that Germany

(Continued on Page 61)

AGAIN AC TRIUMPHS!

Dependability Sets Another World's Record

On May 26th, 1929, all existing endurance flight records were shattered by Robbins and Kelly in their Wright-motored Ryan Monoplane "Fort Worth" equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

This Fort Worth flight surpassed every previous record for single, dual, or tri-motored planes, all records for lighter-than-air craft, and all records for crews, regardless of size.

The mark set was 172 hours, 32 minutes, 1 second—more than seven days and nights in the air.

No other engine was ever run continuously in the air for such a length of time—no one set of spark plugs under actual operating conditions has ever withstood such an endurance test.

Because the built-in quality of AC Spark Plugs is so firmly implanted in the minds of aviators, there was no question of special plugs when the "Fort Worth" flight was made. On the contrary, the spark plugs used were taken from an AC Jobber's stock. They were the standard AC Type "N" plugs, the same that Lindbergh used on his famous flight to Paris.

Every successful non-stop flight across the Atlantic from America to Europe has been made by planes equipped with AC Spark Plugs. Why? Because AC is a better spark plug—better because of its patented one-piece, gas-tight construction, and its electrically welded side wire electrode.

When you buy spark plugs—and you should change them every 10,000 miles—see that you get AC's, *the standard of the world.*

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AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

The tipples, gas holder and other metal structures of the Hamilton Coke & Iron Company's plant at Hamilton, Ohio, are all made of ARMCO Ingot Iron sheets and plates. This metal was selected for its resistance to rust and corrosion, its uniformity, workability and weldability.

* * *

Since 1914 the roof of this water tower has been exposed to corrosive fumes and gases, without even a coat of paint to protect the ARMCO Ingot Iron. It belongs to the Logan Gas Co., at Bangs, Ohio. Still in fine condition.

PURE IRON CUTS UPKEEP COST . . .

THERE are fewer repairs around plants and in homes where ARMCO Ingot Iron is used.

For this iron is so pure that it resists rust and corrosion far longer than ordinary low-cost metals. The foreign elements that hasten rust are practically eliminated in ARMCO Ingot Iron.

Its use becomes an even greater economy when you consider that a large part of the cost of sheet-metal work is for labor.

So, when you build or repair, make the job a permanent one. Look for the Armco Triangle on every sheet or plate—the famous trade-mark that identifies the purest iron made.

ARMCO

Many docks and wharves are built of ARMCO Ingot Iron because of its proved resistance to corrosive salt air and water. The designers of the Manchester Terminal Corporation's huge wharf at Houston specified ARMCO Ingot Iron for exposed sheet-metal work.

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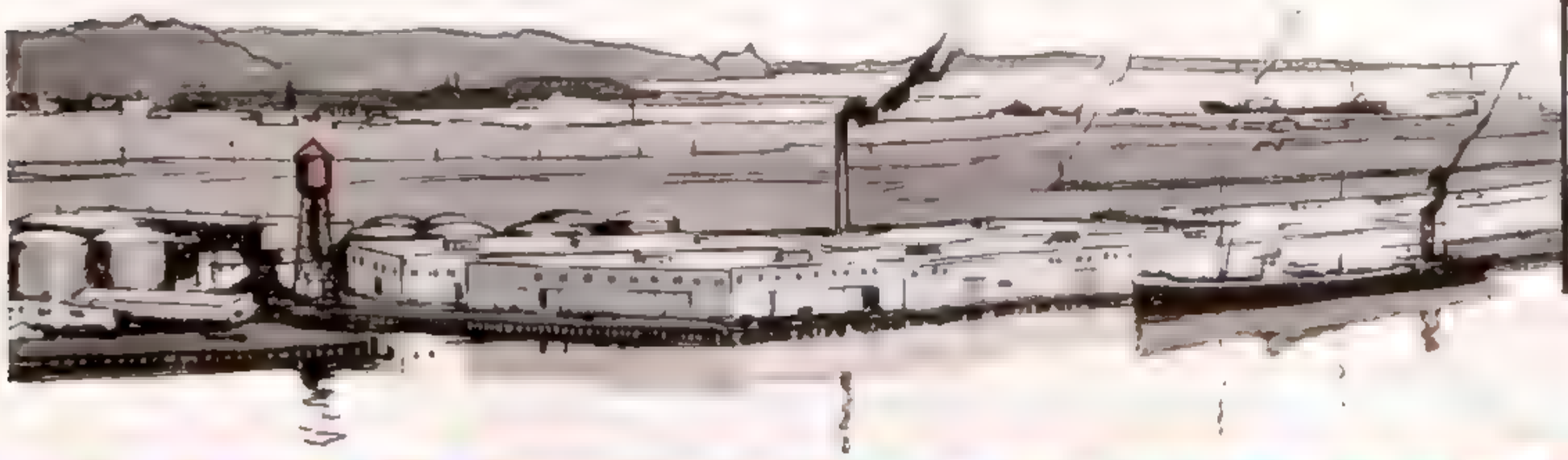


ARMCO Ingot Iron is now being used by various manufacturers of standard buildings. This one is used as a super-heater storage building by a prominent midwestern railroad.

ARMCO INGOT IRON RESISTS RUST

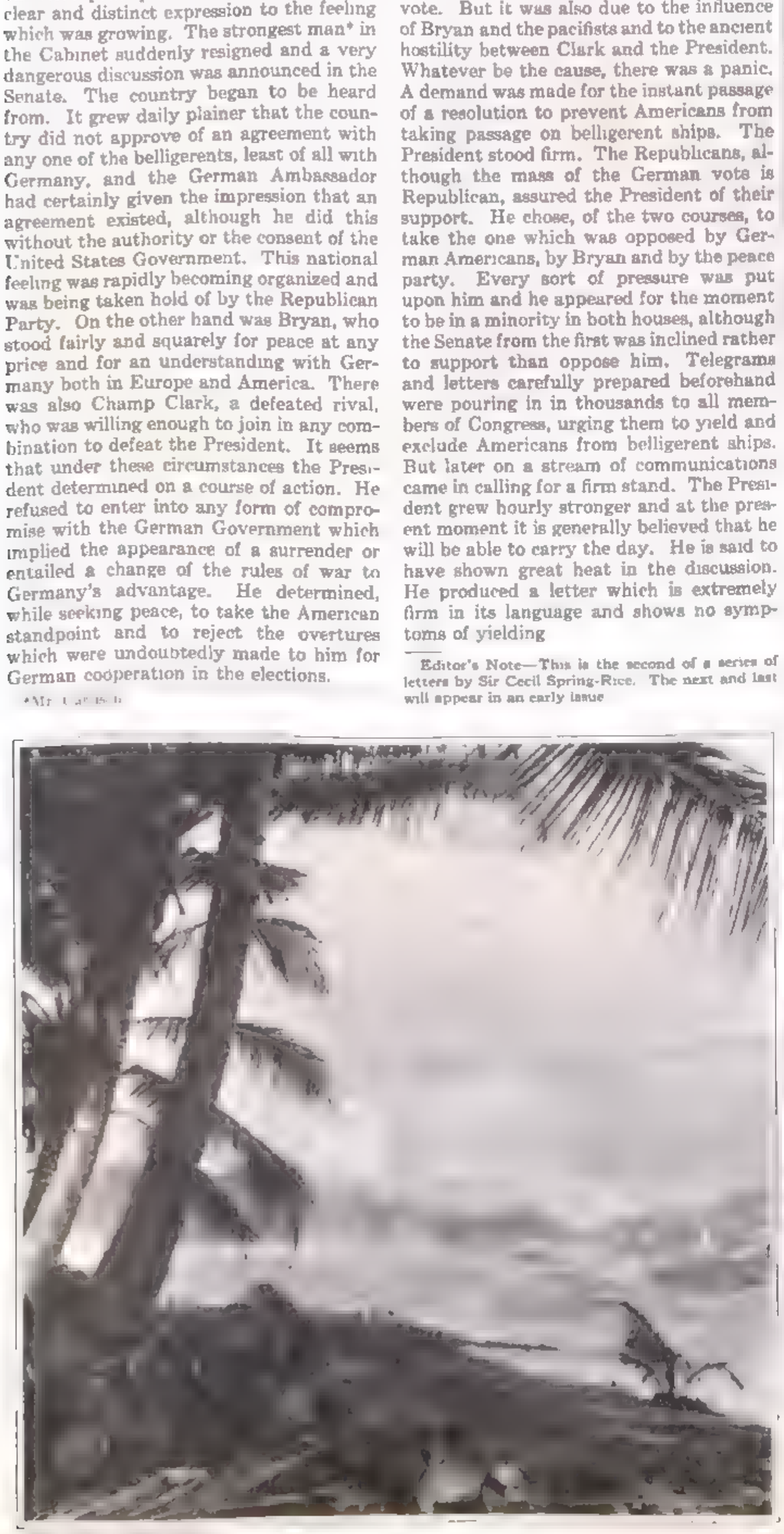
(Continued from Page 58)

expected pledges to be given as to the action of the United States Government in order to facilitate and in a manner legalize this warfare. With a view to humanity, the Government seems to have thought that it would have been possible to obtain by mutual consent an arrangement by which submarine warfare could be brought within the lines of international law. As the negotiations developed, it became more and more apparent that the supposed concessions of Germany amounted to very little and that what they had in view was a continuance of the old system with a certain outward appearance of legality and with securities which were a mere sham. In the meantime, feeling in the country was growing. The impression was certainly given to the press that an understanding was being arrived at with Germany which implied a surrender on the part of the United States on vital principles. Root's speech gave clear and distinct expression to the feeling which was growing. The strongest man* in the Cabinet suddenly resigned and a very dangerous discussion was announced in the Senate. The country began to be heard from. It grew daily plainer that the country did not approve of an agreement with any one of the belligerents, least of all with Germany, and the German Ambassador had certainly given the impression that an agreement existed, although he did this without the authority or the consent of the United States Government. This national feeling was rapidly becoming organized and was being taken hold of by the Republican Party. On the other hand was Bryan, who stood fairly and squarely for peace at any price and for an understanding with Germany both in Europe and America. There was also Champ Clark, a defeated rival, who was willing enough to join in any combination to defeat the President. It seems that under these circumstances the President determined on a course of action. He refused to enter into any form of compromise with the German Government which implied the appearance of a surrender or entailed a change of the rules of war to Germany's advantage. He determined, while seeking peace, to take the American standpoint and to reject the overtures which were undoubtedly made to him for German cooperation in the elections.

*Mr. Garrison

The decision came suddenly. Just as it was expected that the Lusitania agreement would be announced, the Secretary of State declared that he would not accept the offered terms unless he knew what Germany meant by her announcement of a renewed submarine warfare. There was indeed reason to suppose that a succession of atrocities would occur which would seem to be carried out under American auspices and with her consent. As soon as the decision of the President became known the German Ambassador gave out that a crisis was imminent, that Germany would proceed to sink ships with or without Americans on board, that if the United States Government dismissed him in consequence, war would probably result. There was the same sort of panic in Congress which you may remember there was in the French Chamber at the time of Delcassé's downfall. This was no doubt organized by the Germans and was partly due to the fear of the German vote. But it was also due to the influence of Bryan and the pacifists and to the ancient hostility between Clark and the President. Whatever be the cause, there was a panic. A demand was made for the instant passage of a resolution to prevent Americans from taking passage on belligerent ships. The President stood firm. The Republicans, although the mass of the German vote is Republican, assured the President of their support. He chose, of the two courses, to take the one which was opposed by German Americans, by Bryan and by the peace party. Every sort of pressure was put upon him and he appeared for the moment to be in a minority in both houses, although the Senate from the first was inclined rather to support than oppose him. Telegrams and letters carefully prepared beforehand were pouring in in thousands to all members of Congress, urging them to yield and exclude Americans from belligerent ships. But later on a stream of communications came in calling for a firm stand. The President grew hourly stronger and at the present moment it is generally believed that he will be able to carry the day. He is said to have shown great heat in the discussion. He produced a letter which is extremely firm in its language and shows no symptoms of yielding

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of letters by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice. The next and last will appear in an early issue



A Porto Rican Scene

Graf is here shown with his new friends, Lt. Mayer, U. S. N. and daughter. Notice how proudly he views the world from his Hendryx home. The Aria, No. 2050 D. B., Stand No. 68.

Graf . . . the first little bird to cross the Atlantic on man-made wings

WHEN the giant Graf Zeppelin swooped down to earth at Lakehurst, after its first historic trip across the stormy Atlantic, its smallest and happiest passenger raised a song of thankfulness.

This was "Graf", a gay little adventurer in feathers, the pet of the Commander, Dr. Hugo Eckener. Far away in the shadow of the Alps, Dr. Eckener's wife had raised this little golden canary to make the journey with her husband. With loving hands she had prepared him to carry a message of high faith and cheerfulness to unknown friends in America.

All through the storms and hazards of that trans-Atlantic flight, "Graf" sang bravely and lustily, bringing fresh courage to his human fellow-passengers.

The Serenata

This graceful cage, in robin's egg blue and gold, will bring beauty and color into any room. Inside feed cups and drawer base are special features. Suitable for canaries or small birds. Ask for Cage No. 25, Stand No. 50. Moderately priced. Made in brass at extra charge.

When the Zeppelin returned to Europe, Dr. Eckener presented "Graf" to the daughter of Lieutenant R. G. Mayer, at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station. So this little winged hero of the air has now become an American citizen. "He sings for us all the time", says Lieutenant Mayer, "and particularly likes to accompany the radio."

Do you have a canary?

If you do not have a bird, the story of "Graf" may suggest the pleasure and companionship you may get from a little feathered pet; and if you already have one, share your discovery in contentment with your friends by giving them a bird in one of the charming new Hendryx bird homes. There are designs to fit into every type of decorative scheme, while a canary can sing himself into any heart, young or old.

Go to your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house furnishings or department store, and ask to see the new Hendryx bird homes. You will be charmed with their beauty and convenience. They are always priced moderately.

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1900

FREE: The Feathered Philosopher

A charming story of a little canary and what he taught people about life, cheerfulness, happiness and love. This 24-page booklet, illustrated in color, will be sent free upon request to you, or to any of your friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 82 Audubon Street, New Haven, Conn.

PACKARD

Only men of cultured background, sterling character and ripe experience merit ambassadorships from our nation to the world powers

Packard dealers are ambassadors of good will to the court of public opinion. They are chosen with utmost care by the Packard management. Character and courtesy, responsibility and integrity are among the first requirements.

And so Packard service—sales service to new customers and maintenance service to owners—is of high and dependable quality. Uniform, too, for Packard has developed a standardized practice for the guidance of dealers which insures a high character of service operations throughout the entire Union, and at fair and established rates.

Packard dealers subscribe whole-heartedly to the factory policy of "principle before profit." They interpret that policy in just and honorable dealings with their customers in new car, in used car, and in service transactions *equally*. This Packard owners everywhere know and appreciate.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

KOSHER RESTAURANTS

(Continued from Page 11)

nothing on Louis of the twentieth-century kosher restaurant, and I doubt whether he made half as good a thing out of it as Louis does.

This type of waiter, however, is a survivor from the wreckage of the old so-called kosher restaurants which flourished twenty-odd years ago on Canal Street and Walker Street, where luncheon was not so much to be eaten as to be put behind one so that the real business of the restaurant, which was pinochle and stuss, could be started without unnecessary delay. No attempt was made to comply with the dietary laws, but in these low-ceilinged resorts, amid clouds of rank cigar smoke, many a wordy dispute was held over the construction of other laws applying to auction pinochle, stuss and even a game called tarrok. These disputes were usually settled by the proprietor, whose principal qualification for running such a restaurant was his ability to make close decisions and to enforce them physically afterward.

There are still restaurants with the kosher sign on their windows which look as though they might harbor a pretty shady clientele. The ceilings are low and the cigar smoke which swirls about the tables is rank enough to make an old foc'sle hand feel dizzy, but it is doubtful whether, in the present virtuous phase of New York police administration, much gambling goes on there. Then again, the standard of comfort demanded by the customers of kosher restaurants is no lower than that of other restaurants, and with the introduction of enameled brick and of Pullman-car paneling into the decorative scheme of popular-price restaurants began the downfall of the old-fashioned, low-ceilinged resort. With it has gone also the old-fashioned, burly proprietor, and in his place we have Mr. Czarnikauer, who runs not so much to muscle as to fat.

Clear Days

Then, again, there is Mrs. Czarnikauer, whose refining influence as cashier of her husband's restaurant has not only banished gambling but introduced a better grade of cigar smoke; for it is she who presides over the cigar stand, and you may depend upon it that, if salesmanship will do it, the patrons of Czarnikauer's restaurant are going to smoke just as expensive cigars as they can afford. However, they will not smoke them on Friday night after three stars have appeared in the heavens, emulating the label of Hennessy or Martell, and will refrain from smoking them until Saturday, when this same Hennessy constellation has again appeared above the horizon. I am using the name "Czarnikauer" as that of the prototype for all kosher restaurants of the better class, and every one of them bears on its walls a glazed sign reading:

PATRONS OF THIS RESTAURANT WILL KINDLY REFRAIN FROM SMOKING ON FRIDAY NIGHT AND SATURDAY

This prohibition is founded upon the ancient law that fire shall neither be kindled nor extinguished on the Sabbath, and thus not only will Mr. Czarnikauer's restaurant be free from smoke for twenty-four hours every week but his patrons will also have sworn off smoking for that same period. Curiously enough, no matter how much one of the orthodox may be addicted to smoking during week days, this Sabbath prohibition doesn't seem to inconvenience him unduly. When I was a lad in England, a number of my elderly relations never smoked on the Sabbath, although they made furnaces of themselves during the week. However, I do remember that after the conclusion of the Sabbath, none of them ever wasted any time over lighting up, and I can also remember that among the more hardened smokers, instead of a Sabbath calm prevailing on Saturday, there was an invariable Sabbath irritability. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the patrons of Mr. Czarnikauer's restaurant find more fault with the food on Friday night and Saturday than they do from Saturday night to Friday afternoon inclusive.

Prohibition has affected the kosher restaurants only slightly, if at all; since, in the majority of them, intoxicants were never served. Perhaps the reason for it was that the fathers of old hedged about the drinking of intoxicants with so many religious ceremonials that an orthodox man of affairs couldn't devote the necessary time to even two glasses of wine without neglecting his business. Joseph ben Ephraim Karo, who lived from 1488 to 1575, made the first compendium of dietary laws under the title Schulchan Aruch, which means literally A Table Prepared, and in my edition of it, the laws concerning the benediction to be pronounced over wine fill no less than sixteen closely printed paragraphs

Without Benefit of Clergy

Nevertheless, the Reverend Joseph Karo was no bigot. By Section 2 of these laws, on Page 104 of my edition, he provides that when wine has been mixed with five parts of water it shall be considered as merely water. Now, port and sherry contain 20 per cent alcohol, and thus it appears that under this ruling a beverage is not deemed to be intoxicating unless it contains more than 3.33 per cent alcohol. However, the Reverend Karo must have had a prevision of the Volstead Law, for he proceeds to say, later in the section: "If it be the custom in certain places to mix wine with water in proportion of one to five, and to drink it in lieu of wine, it shall be considered as wine, and before taking thereof, the necessary benedictions must be said."

An offshoot of the kosher restaurant is the kosher delicatessen and lunchroom, of which there must be many hundreds in Greater New York. If you take a glance into the plate-glass window you will see such a display of food, tastefully decorated with strips of varicolored paper, as Rabelais might have catalogued for one of Gargantua's heartier meals. The place of honor is usually given to several large roast turkeys, any one of which possesses what Irvin Cobb calls the chest development of a burlesque artist. These will be interspersed with spiced beef, smoked tongue, plump kippered white fish, and festoons of frankfurters. Depending from above, you will see such sausages as were never made in Bologna during the palmiest days of Giovanni Bentivoglio. The smallest of them will be as large as a mummified boa constrictor, and all of them will have been so thoroughly smoked and spiced as to make them practically indestructible, not to say indigestible.

Inside, you will find the arrangement of tables similar to that of the enameled-brick, dairy restaurant, but the walls will display the Pullman-car decorators' art, as it was before the days of fire and collision proof steel cars, when the lavish use of inlaid mother of pearl, stained glass, satinwood and mahogany had completely eclipsed what Harry Graham once described as:

A style which Ruskin much enjoyed
And christened Early German Lloyd.

In a lunchroom of this type, the dietary laws are not strictly adhered to, so that butter is served and the coffee contains cream, or at least an approximation of cream. Nevertheless, it is excellent coffee; far better than the liquid they serve in some restaurants of lower Park Avenue, where the impression seems to prevail that the native American likes his coffee as the Latin European does—burnt to a cinder before grinding, and heavily adulterated with chicory afterward.

Most of the dishes which appear on the table-d'hôte bill of a kosher restaurant are served à la carte in the kosher delicatessen and lunchroom; although the lack of clerical supervision makes a difference. The soup has not the same authority, and then again, most of the kosher delicatessen and lunchrooms suffer from the circumstance that the proprietor doesn't eat there, for the sound reason that the proprietor is usually a corporation and the lunchroom is therefore in charge of a manager who may or may not eat on the premises. Even if he does eat there and doesn't like the cooking, the stockholders and the board of directors should worry; whereas, in the case of Mr. Czarnikauer, were he to waste under the watchful eye of Mrs. Czarnikauer behind the cashier's desk, a prompt and drastic investigation of the soup kettle would follow.

In addition to these several types of kosher restaurants, there has sprung up during the past few years still another group of kosher eating houses which cater to the needs of the Oriental who hails from Saloniki, parts of Turkey and the Levant. Spanish saffron enters largely into the flavor of this particular cuisine, as it does into the *risotto* of Italy, French *bouillabaise* and Turkish *pilau*, and there is a great deal of broiling similar to the Syrian *kishbab*, which is a mixed grill of mutton and tomatoes arranged alternately on a skewer.

A Gravy Question

Here you will find the thick sweet coffee of Constantinople and rich pastries shortened with olive oil and filled with mysterious mixtures of pounded almonds and jam. You will also hear spoken the Ladino dialect, which is the present language of the Levantine, whose ancestors were expelled from Spain about the time that Columbus discovered America. It is largely a pure Castilian with the admixture of a few words of Hebrew, Arabic, Turkish, modern Greek and Italian, and not only has the Salonikan preserved this Spanish tongue almost intact for nearly five centuries but he has also preserved elements of the Spanish cuisine, in the use of the pimiento, olive oil and saffron.

Occasionally you will see in these restaurants a newly arrived Oriental still wearing a fez and his wife still adorned with some of the jewelry and embroidered fabrics of the Near East, but for the most part there is nothing to distinguish the customers of any one type of kosher restaurant from those of another.

They all eat heartily and unaffectedly, using the current table manners of the neighborhood in which they are dining. Those table manners are based upon the axiom that the four-tined fork was an advance upon the two-tined fork, but not with relation to gravy, so that there was some justification for one of the two partners who took me to luncheon at Czarnikauer's some time ago. He was attacking his gravy by the aid of that capillary attraction with which Nature has endowed both sponges and rye bread, and he was doing it most successfully when Mr. Fishbein, his partner, interfered.

"For heaven's sake, Blintz," Fishbein said, "get a vacuum cleaner or something. Where was you raised anyhow?"

Blintz stopped using the bread method and had recourse to his knife, whereat Fishbein again interrupted.

"Blintz, is this a way to behave—eating gravy with a knife?" he cried. "I am asking you!"

"Well, what should I do with it?" Blintz protested. "Leave it lay?"

The Rye-Bread and Pickle District

Hence the importance of rye bread on the lower East Side. It is at once a plate, a spoon and a hearty nourishing food, and it bulks very large in the East Side landscape. It seems to be on sale everywhere in loaves shaped like a millstone and of pretty nearly the same size and weight. Nor does it appear to be handled so much as food, but as such building material—as stone, wood or iron beams. It is cast about promiscuously in great heaps, at the base of shop windows and in cellarways, and occasionally it stands piled up on the curb while an old man or a young girl keeps watch over it with a large knife. This is used to cut it in halves and quarters, for very few loaves are sold entire. Like bread in rustic France and Italy, it will keep for days, and remains comparatively fresh until eaten, so that there is nothing to prevent even a small family buying a whole loaf except the difficulty of lugging it home. It would almost appear that a block and tackle would be necessary to raise it to the upper floor of an East Side tenement.

Next to rye bread, the pickle which is lavished so generously on the customers of kosher restaurants seems to be in greatest demand. There is one store on Hester Street, facing the little park, which probably contains enough pickles to have exhausted the entire cucumber crop of the Eastern seaboard. Olives, green salted tomatoes, sauerkraut and bell peppers are also dispensed there, and their odor must long since have dried up the salivary glands of the population for blocks around. If Wall Street be the financial district and the West Thirties the garment district, then the East Side between the Bowery and Ridge Street and from East Broadway to Houston Street ought of right to be called the rye-bread and pickle district, if not the sausage district.

There is even one store on Rivington Street where caviar, red and black, is displayed in tubs, as though it were margarine or lard. It is sold by the pound at a price so reasonable that if ten cents' worth were confined in an enameled can with the arms of the Romanoff family emblazoned on it, no one would object to paying five dollars for it on upper Broadway.

But this is not telling of kosher restaurants. Somewhere in the early part of this article I was talking about entrées and their names when I sidetracked myself. It's too late to go back now, for while Thackeray said somewhere, "How good are descriptions of eating and drinking," they're better if you don't keep them up too long. Better even than the best description of eating, however, is the act of eating itself, and as soon as may be, I hope to see you in Czarnikauer's Kosher Restaurant. I shall be whispering to Louis and he will bawl out to the assembled company:

"A nice plate *gedämfte Rinderbrust*, plenty of gravy, for Mr. Glass!"

You will then find out how strong I am with the dumb-waiter attendant, who will embellish the order with an extra "Mr. Glass"—thus: "A nice plate *gedämfte Rinderbrust* for Mr. Glass! Plenty of gravy for Mr. Glass!"

But what is this we hear from the bowels of the culinary department? It is the assistant chef relaying the order to the chef, and he says roughly—like this: "*Ein Rinderbrust!*"

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The Wheeling Steel Corporation, in giving COP-R-LOY to the world, has drawn upon far-reaching resources—in experience, dating back to earliest colonial days—in the most efficient of modern equipment—in the ownership and control of every factor entering into the production of steel "from mine to market."

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The Wheeling Steel Corporation, producers of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, supply it in a number of forms to manufacturers, railroads, public service corporations and distributors of steel products. Also they supply to the plumbing, steam-fitting and petroleum industries COP-R-LOY black and galvanized Pipe; to metal workers, black and galvanized Sheets, Terne Plate, etc.; to manufacturers of cans, containers, and others requiring light gauge, durable steel, Black Plate and Tin Plate, and even Decorated Plate ready for forming and stamping. Important among COP-R-LOY products ready for the user are Wheeling Hinge Joint Fence made of COP-R-LOY, for the farm.

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FATHER IS ANGRY

(Continued from Page 9)

"Hello, is this Mr. Gilbert Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Miss Gladys Jenkins."

"Yes."

"Down at Scipio."

"Yes."

"You remember, I called you up yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just called again to make sure that you are sending us a man to fix the tractor."

"Hasn't he got there yet?"

"Who?"

"The man I sent."

"We haven't seen anybody."

"Well, I sent you a man this morning. He'll be there any time now. He's one of our engineers—a very high-class man."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Mr. Henderson. I was a little worried. Because you have no idea of the state father is in. Honestly, Mr. Henderson, you ought to see him. He is fit to be chained up and a muzzle put on him."

"I hope there has been no more hard luck?"

"No, it's just that this whole business gets on his nerves. It sort of gnaws on him. Every day the wheat gets riper and riper. And of course it may rain any time. All the while the combine and the tractor are sinking slowly deeper and deeper into the bottom of Goose Creek. And you take a nervous, high-strung man like father, and it is bound to worry him a bit."

"Yes, I can imagine it might."

"He was down at the creek early this morning with the Steel Elephant tractor salesman, and when he came back he said that the combine had sunk about a foot during the night, and the tractor about six inches—all of which didn't seem to cheer him up any."

"No, I can see that it wouldn't. But what's this about a salesman from the Steel Elephant Tractor Company? Your father isn't thinking of buying one of those machines, is he?"

"Well, he was thinking of it. You see, this Steel Elephant man called up last night and said he had a demonstration machine down at Scipio, and he offered to pull the combine out of the mud if father would refuse to accept the Earthworm and buy the Steel Elephant."

"Why, the big bum! And what did your father say?"

"He said he would buy the Steel Elephant if it pulled out his combine. So early this morning father went down to the creek, and this man brought his tractor out from town. First he dragged Mr. Smith's truck up onto the road, and then he tackled the combine."

"He didn't pull it out, did he?"

"He hasn't yet. In fact, when father left, the Steel Elephant was stuck in the mud too."

"It would be. That Steel Elephant has pretty fair power, but it can't get traction when it's in the mud."

"Yes, that's what father says. He also says that the Earthworm would be fine to go through mud, only the Earthworm has no power. And father says if you have no power you can't go anywhere. How is that for a wise crack? . . . Oh, just a minute, Mr. Henderson. A man is driving into the yard. What a good-looking man! Maybe it's the engineer you sent. Wait till I find out."

There was a long pause. Then Miss Jenkins spoke once more:

"Still there, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Well, everything is fine. Your engineer has arrived. He says his name is Manville and he seems very nice. I'm sure he will fix the tractor all right. You don't know how I appreciate everything you are doing for us, Mr. Henderson."

"It's just business, Miss Jenkins. When we sell a tractor, we stand behind it. If there is anything wrong, we make it right."

"I'm sure you do, Mr. Henderson. Well, I must go out now and see how father is getting along with Mr. Manville. Good-by."

"Good-by, Miss Jenkins."

There was no more news from Scipio that day. The next day, which was Sunday, Mr. Henderson spent at home. On Monday morning, as soon as he reached the office, he was called to the telephone.

"Hello, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"This is Harold Manville speaking. I thought you might like a report on Mr. Jenkins. I found that he had his tractor and a big combined harvester and a Steel Elephant tractor all stuck in the mud in the bottom of a creek."

"Yes, I know that part. Did you get them out?"

"Not yet. I ran into some pretty serious trouble. I'm still working on it."

"That's too bad. I was hoping it might be something simple. Lots of times these new owners raise a big howl and we find it's nothing but fouled spark plugs or the clutch slipping or something."

"This case is worse than that. In fact, it's a good thing you sent an engineer like myself, rather than an ordinary mechanic."

"You don't say. What exactly is the matter with the tractor?"

"There seems to be a fundamental defect in the functioning of the motor."

"I don't think I quite understand."

"Well, you might explain it by saying there is a basic lack of coördination in the way the different moving elements of this motor are integrated to one another, and to the particular fuel and lubricants which are being used in its operation."

"I'm afraid I don't get you. What I want to know is what is the matter. They told me the machine had no power. Is that right?"

"Yes. The motor runs fairly well until you put a load on it. Then it begins to miss and run very badly."

"And you say you're working on it. What are you doing?"

"I'm making a thorough scientific investigation. I worked until dark Saturday, and I worked most of Sunday. When I get a job, Mr. Henderson, I stick right to it until it's done. I don't mind working overtime."

"That's very praiseworthy, I'm sure. But I'd like to know just what you're doing."

"Well, first of all I assumed, as a working hypothesis, that the motor actually was developing less than its rated forty horse power. This was indicated by the way it missed and failed to move the machine out of the mud."

"Yes, yes."

"Of course it would have been better if I could have tested it to make sure. I had a dynamometer with me, and if I could have hooked up to a load and pulled it over a measured distance on solid ground, I could have determined the exact drawbar horse power. But as the tractor was stuck in the mud, this was impracticable. And of course I had no equipment to make a direct dynamo test or Prony brake test."

"Listen. What I want to know is what you actually did."

"I'm coming to that. As I said, I assumed the machine was not developing its rated horse power. And as our standard motors at the factory always develop the proper power, I reasoned that this particular motor must, at some point or in some way, have fallen below the standard."

"Say, try to make this snappy. All I want is a brief report on what you have been doing."

"Well, to make a long story short, I checked over the whole motor, point by point, against the blue prints."

"What blue prints?"

"Why, the engineering-department blue prints that cover the five-ton model. I took a set with me."

"You took a whole set of blue prints with you?"

"Certainly."

"All right, all right. Go on. What did you find out?"

"Well, I found a lot of discrepancies. Believe me, I'm going to write up a report about it. What good does it do us up here in the engineering department to get out drawings showing exactly how a motor ought to be built if they don't follow them down in the production department?"

"You mean you think this motor was built wrong?"

"I know it. For instance, the blue prints call for a clearance of five-thousandths of an inch between pistons and cylinders, and allow a tolerance of one-half of one-thousandth plus or minus. I checked up with a thickness gauge and found clearances of from six to six and a half thousandths. Of course I couldn't remedy that without new pistons or cylinders or both. We'll have to send them down later. But I readjusted a lot of things. The blue prints call for valve clearances of twelve-thousandths of an inch. Some of them were as much as eighteen-thousandths. I found that the breaker points in the magneto were opening two-thousandths too much. I fixed that. I found that the float in the carburetor was ——"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I don't care about all these details. As near as I can understand, you checked over the motor and made a few adjustments of minor importance. Is that right?"

"Yes, except they weren't of minor importance. No trained engineer considers accuracy of minor importance."

"Well, never mind about that. Then you tried the machine, I suppose, and it still didn't run right?"

"Yes."

"And what are you doing now?"

"I'm working on the oil."

"What do you mean, you're working on the oil?"

"Well, you see, I finally decided that there might be some trouble with the oil Mr. Jenkins was using. In case the flash point was too low it would rapidly lose its viscosity in the extreme heat of a heavy-duty tractor motor. The oil film on the cylinder walls would break down; there would be excessive friction and loss of compression—both of which would cause loss of power."

"So what are you doing about the oil?"

"I've brought a sample back to the factory to be analyzed."

"You brought a sample back to the factory! Say, where are you anyway?"

"I'm up here in the engineering department."

"Great Scott! I thought you were talking to me from Scipio."

"Oh, no. I came back last night."

"Holy Jehosaphat! Do you mean to tell me that, after I sent you down to get a tractor out of a mud hole, you spent two days playing around with a lot of blue prints and thickness gauges and things, and then came back here dragging a bottle of oil, and left the tractor still in the mud?"

"But, Mr. Henderson, you don't understand."

"The tractor is still in the mud, isn't it?"

"Yes, but you don't understand ——"

"No, I guess I don't. And I probably never will. But I know one thing: You and I are through with each other. You can amuse yourself with your blue prints and your oil all you want up there in the engineering department. But you're not going to put on any more of these wise performances for the service department. By the way, did you put that car back in the garage?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can just leave it there."

"But, Mr. Henderson ——"

"I don't care to discuss the matter. You and I are through. And you can tell

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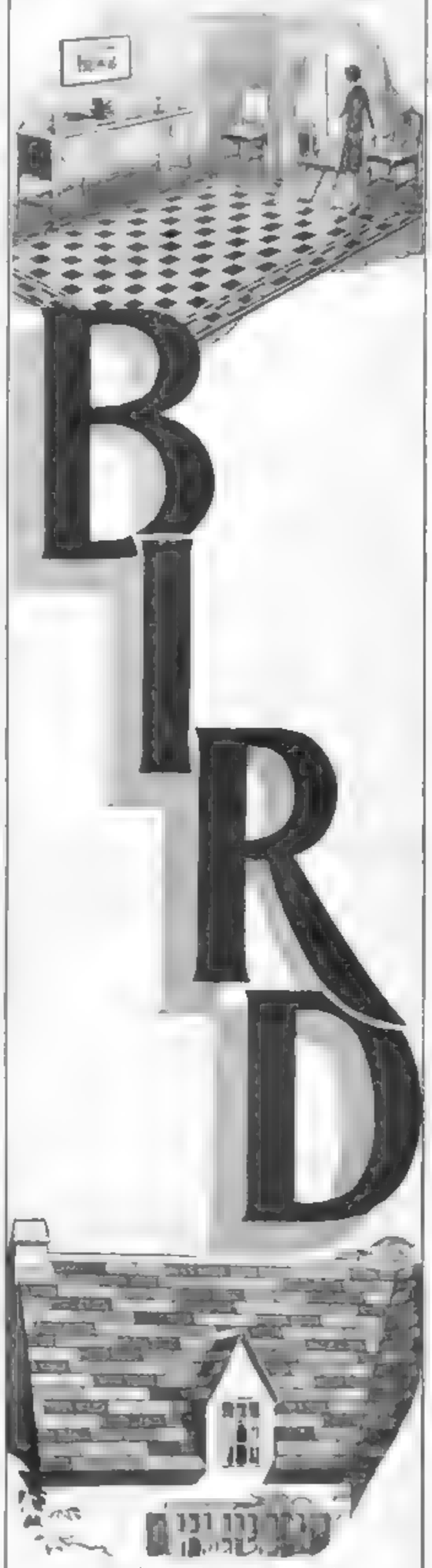

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Where Rayon Goes

MAKERS of rayon yarn as well as *every* manufacturer who touches the textile industry have an interest in the survey just completed showing takings of rayon yarns by southern mills.

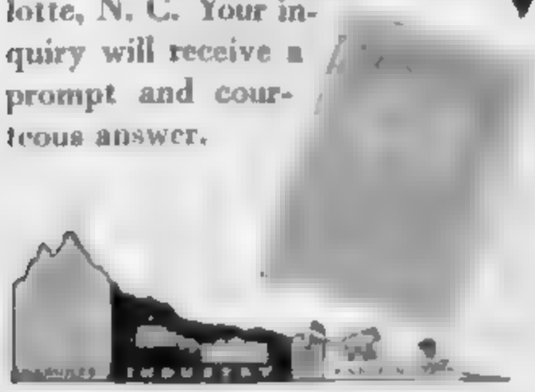
Of over 24,800,000 pounds of rayon used in all southern mills, over 18,000,000 are used within a radius of 150 miles of the heart of Piedmont Carolinas—a circle that just reaches to both extremities of that active textile region.

Since over 72% of *all* the rayon used in the South goes to Piedmont Carolinas' mills, less than 28% is used outside that section. That tells its own story of the development here of hosiery mills, underwear manufacture and the making of fancies and fine goods.

A Hungry Market

Makers *of all kinds* of goods find here the explanation of active sales in Piedmont Carolinas. Textile workers in the lines listed above make "good money" and buy heavily the things they want.

FACTS—do you want them? Send for this book. Address Industrial Department, Room 529, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C. Your inquiry will receive a prompt and courteous answer.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

your boss that I won't bother him again. Good-by."

Mr. Henderson banged the receiver onto the hook, rose from his chair, and drew himself a glass of ice water from the cooler. As he sat down again, the telephone rang loudly. Wearily he placed the receiver to his ear.

"Hello. Is this Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Miss Gladys Jenkins. Down at Scipio. I've been trying to get you for quite a while, but they said you were busy."

"Yes, I was busy."

"But can you spare me just a moment now?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"It's really quite important. I wanted to talk to you about Mr. Manville. You remember he is the engineer you sent."

"Yes, I remember very distinctly."

"Well, when Mr. Manville left last night he expected to come back in a day or so. But before he comes I think you had better warn him about conditions down here. Especially about father. You see, father was quite cheered up when Mr. Manville first came. He thought everything would be fixed up all right. But this morning—honestly, Mr. Henderson, you can form no idea of the shape father is in. He is practically livid with rage. And he has lost all his religion."

"He has, has he? Well, I can't say I blame him."

"Then you heard about it? You heard about the trouble down at church?"

"Church? Say, I must be losing my mind. I thought the trouble was about the tractor and the combine in Goose Creek."

"It is. You see the Reverend Schwartz knew all the time that father's tractor was stuck in the creek. But he went ahead just the same, and at the services last night he offered a long prayer for rain. Father says that it was the most unchristian thing he ever heard of. He's thinking of withdrawing from the church. He says that the Reverend Schwartz might have waited a few days."

"Well, really, Miss Jenkins, your father ought not to let a little thing like that worry him."

"Oh, you can laugh, Mr. Henderson. But this morning the barometer is going down fast. And it's getting cloudy, and father is really worried. And he still feels that you ought to do something to get the tractor working right. But I don't think he wants Mr. Manville back. He seems to be irritated with Mr. Manville."

"Oh, he is?"

"Yes. You see father is a little deaf, and he couldn't entirely understand all the explanations Mr. Manville made. He doesn't realize—the way you and I do—that Mr. Manville is a real scientist. He thinks Mr. Manville just wasted two days. I'm afraid he would be very disagreeable to Mr. Manville if he came back."

"I can well imagine that he might."

"So I think perhaps it would be better if you could send somebody else. We really need somebody. Father doesn't seem to be able to fix the machinery himself. The tractor and the combine—to say nothing of that Steel Elephant tractor—are all sinking deeper and deeper all the time. And if it should rain, I really don't know what we would do with father. He would probably have to be tied down or put in a cage or something. He is so excitable, Mr. Henderson."

"Yes, I understand. I wish you would give your father a message from me. Tell him nobody regrets more than I do the difficulties he has been having. And I frankly admit that we have been slow in this matter. I haven't had the proper men to send down. But you tell him I am doing everything humanly possible, and I will see that he gets help today—if I have to go myself. And tell him that I won't send Manville."

"Oh, Mr. Henderson, that is so very kind of you. You don't know what a pleasure it is to do business with people who are so polite and courteous. And I want you to understand that personally I have nothing against Mr. Manville. I thought he was very nice."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes. You know, Mr. Henderson, the last few days have really given me quite a thrill. So much going on. So much excitement."

"Well, I'm glad somebody has got some enjoyment out of this business."

"Oh, Mr. Henderson, I don't like the way you say that. It sounds as if you thought I was enjoying father's troubles. I'm not at all. Only we have so few visitors out here at the farm that when anybody arrives it's an event. And this tractor business has brought so many people, and such interesting ones. Mr. Sherwood was very nice. He was such a good talker. The Steel Elephant man was here a couple of times and he was most interesting. And Mr. Manville ——"

"Yes, I understand. But I'm afraid I'll have to be getting back to work. If you will excuse me ——"

"Certainly, Mr. Henderson. I'm awfully sorry to have taken up your time. But I want to be sure you understand that I have nothing against Mr. Manville personally. He seemed like a perfect gentleman, and he was certainly most polite to me. And he knows so much. He told me all about how the tractor works, and all about the oil and everything. He told me he was taking some of the oil back to the factory to analyze it. I thought that was such a quaint idea."

"Yes, quaint is the word."

"I never would have supposed that analyzing the oil would have helped fix the tractor."

"Neither would I. But really, Miss Jenkins, I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. This conversation is delightful, but I have to get busy and find somebody to send down to you."

"Certainly, Mr. Henderson. I hope this new man will be just as high grade as the others."

"Well, I sincerely hope he'll be better. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Henderson."

Mr. Henderson jiggled the receiver on the hook, and when the factory operator answered he had himself connected with Mr. Gus Liebe, head of the department of final inspection and repair.

"Hello. That you, Gus?"

"It is."

"Listen, Gus. This is Gilbert Henderson speaking. We've got a tractor down at Scipio that's gone flooey. Also stuck in the mud. We got to fix it right away. And I haven't a man to send."

"Tough luck, ain't it?"

"Yes. Now, Gus, you've always been a good friend of mine, and I was wondering if you didn't have a good repair man down there you could lend me for a day or so. I certainly would appreciate it."

"Oh, I see. It's a different tune today. When you first began talking I thought you was going to bawl me out again—claiming the final inspection was no good, and so on. Like that time one of your customers got a tractor without no magneto, and you claimed we let it through the final inspection without no magneto. That was a hot one."

"Well, I'm sorry about that, Gus. I admitted I was wrong. You know that."

"Yes, you had to admit you was wrong—after they arrested the guy in the freight house that stole the magneto. But at first you was doing your best to hang it onto me. Imagine me letting a tractor go through the final inspection without no magneto on it. I'd be about as likely to come to work without my pants."

"But listen, Gus. That's all past and gone, and you know I'll never make a mistake like that again. And I'm in an awful jam. I've got to have a good repair man to send out right away. Can't you lend me one?"

"Well, let me see. We ain't so busy right now. I got a young feller here by the name of Joe Mullin. You can have him. He'd probably enjoy a little trip in the country."

"Is he any good?"

"Sure he is. All my men are good."

"All right, Gus. Much obliged. Let me talk to him, will you?"

"Just a minute."

There was a brief pause. Then: "Hello. This is Joseph Mullin."

"Well, I'm Gilbert Henderson. Did Gus tell you that you're to go out on a job for me?"

"Yes."

"All right. You get the service car out of the factory garage. You go to Scipio, Illinois, and find Mr. Henry Jenkins. He's got a five-ton that's broken down in a mud hole. You fix it and get it out. That's all you have to do. Don't waste any time fooling around or trying to be scientific or anything. And you stick around until you're absolutely sure the machine is running right. Then call me and report. And don't you dare come back until I give you permission. Got that?"

"Yes."

"You're sure you can handle this job?"

"How do I know?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, how could I know that I could fix the tractor? I haven't seen it yet."

"Well, your job in the factory is repairing tractors, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"If you can repair tractors here, there's no reason why you couldn't repair them out in the field, is there?"

"No, I suppose not. I'll do the best I can, Mr. Henderson. I've always wanted a job in the service department."

"Oh, you have?"

"Yes. It must be interesting work. But I never dared apply."

"Why not?"

"Well, I was afraid I wasn't good enough."

"What's the matter? Are you half-witted or something?"

"No, I don't think I'm exactly half-witted, but I'm not very bright. I was always pretty slow in school."

"So you don't think you're good enough for the service department?"

"I don't know. But if you give me a chance, I'll try as hard as I can. I know I'd like the work. And maybe I would get by all right."

"Yes, I suppose anything is possible. And of course the main thing you need to be a good service man is just plain common sense. Do you think you've got any?"

"I don't know."

"Say, you don't seem to know much about anything, do you? Well, suppose you wait around a few minutes. And you call Gus to the phone. I want to talk to him again."

After a minute or so, Mr. Gus Liebe spoke: "You want something more, Henderson?"

"Yes. I've been talking to your friend Joe Mullin, and I'm afraid he won't do. You're not trying the old army stuff on me, are you?"

"Army stuff?"

"You know what I mean. Every time they ask one of these army captains to furnish a real good man, he sends the most useless guy in his outfit just to get rid of him."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Well, from the way this Joe Mullin talks, it seems to me he's a pretty soft egg."

"What do you mean? How does he talk?"

"He doesn't seem to know whether he can do the job or not."

"Oh, don't worry about him. He's just modest. You been associating with salesmen so long you don't know what a modest guy is like."

"But this is serious, Gus. I got to have a real good mechanic. You haven't got anybody else you could send?"

"No, I ain't. And I want Joe to go because he's interested in the service department. Maybe he might work into a permanent job with you."

(Continued on Page 69)

Driving a car is like driving a golf ball

TO *enjoy* driving—either a car or a golf ball—*you must be relaxed*. You must drive with full confidence and without strain. Then you will drive *well*—and feel fresh and unwearied. With a car equipped with Ross Cam and Lever Steering you *do* drive easily and confidently. There is no need nor impulse for muscles to tighten or strain—no occasion for a tense, tiring gripping of the wheel.

Steering a car is *handling* a car—and Ross *helps* you handle your car. The cam-and-lever principle, exclusive with Ross, gives greater steering leverage, thus bringing new steering ease and sureness of control. Over the roughest roads, through the heaviest gravel, around sharp corners, the wheel remains firm and steady and safe. A light touch controls it.

Any dealer selling Ross-equipped cars will gladly let you drive one. (Most manufacturers of cars, trucks and buses have adopted Ross as standard equipment.) Only by actual experience with Ross can you realize fully how easy and effortless steering can be.

There is only one CAM & LEVER *Steering Gear*

ROSS GEAR & TOOL COMPANY, *Lafayette, Indiana*

THESE CARS ARE ROSS-EQUIPPED . . .

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 76 manufacturers of trucks, 30 makers of buses and 11 makers of taxicabs)

Auburn	Elcar	Hupmobile	Locomobile	Reo Flying Cloud
Chrysler Imperial	Franklin 130	Kissel	Marmon	Stearns-Knight 6
Cunningham	Gardner	Kleiber	Nash Standard 6	Studebaker
Du Pont	Graham-Paige		Peerless	Windsor

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ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind

Please send free booklet on Steering and facts about Ross Replacement Gear. I have indicated below the name and body style of the car I drive.

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ DODGE (cars) ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ HUDSON
☐ PONTIAC ☐ DODGE (trucks) ☐ OAKLAND ☐ ESSEX

Other Make _____ *Body Style* _____ *Year* _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

ROSS
*Cam & Lever
STEERING

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Away *from* Home

Here you are in your *own* bathroom. A place for everything, and everything in its place. Hot water always, a good mirror, and a fresh package of Gillette Blades on the shelf. Then it's easy to get your full measure of comfort.

A chilly morning in the mountains. And a mirror from your shaving kit tacked to a tree. A wind-burnt, sun-burnt face with perhaps a two-day beard. Then it's pleasant to remember that you took along a fresh pack of Gillette Blades *for comfort.*

. . . you can't expect as smooth a shave

WHETHER you shave quietly and luxuriously at home; or strenuously, over the shoulders of other harassed travelers, in a Pullman washroom; or primitively in camp, with the cold lake for your wash basin—no matter how different the shaving conditions may be—put a fresh Gillette Blade in your holder and you're sure of a smooth, comfortable shave.

Your guarantee of this unchanging comfort is the careful honing, the delicate stropping that Gillette's marvelous machines give every blade. No human hand, however expert, however patient or tireless, could ever work such comfort into a blade.

And Gillette goes one step further. It sets aside almost half of all its blade department

But you can count on your Gillette Blade to give you a comfortable shave anywhere

workers to do nothing but inspect your blades—and rewards with a bonus the endless search for any blade that may be below par.

You see, eight out of ten men in America shave with a Gillette and expect every Gillette Blade to do its duty. So every blade *has* to be good, no matter how difficult the conditions it goes up against—hard water, cold water, tough beards, tender skins, slapdash lather—a dozen varying conditions that affect the comfort of your shave. Conditions change—the blade doesn't. That's why you can always slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor and enjoy a swift, sure shave wherever you are. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Gillette

Gillette

(Continued from Page 66)

"And then you'd be rid of him without the trouble of firing him?"

"Henderson, I never knew a guy so suspicious as you are. I don't want to get rid of him. But I wouldn't stand in his way if he could get a job he wanted more than what he's got. I tell you, Joe is a swell mechanic. He's as good as they come."

"He doesn't talk like it."

"What do you care how he talks?"

"You're sure he's all right? You're not kidding me?"

"Why, Henderson, I wouldn't kid you any more than I would let a tractor go through without no magneto on it."

"Well, I guess I'll have to take a chance. You can tell Joe to go ahead. And tell him to get down there as fast as he can."

"All right, Henderson. So long."

"So long, Gus."

The rest of Monday passed with no news from Mr. Henry Jenkins' tractor. On Tuesday, the long-distance operator called Mr. Henderson.

"There was a call for you just now from Scipio," she said, "but I've lost the connection. I'll give you a report later."

"Wait a minute. I know where that call is from, and it's probably important. It's from Mr. Henry Jenkins' farm. See if you can get the connection through from this end."

"Very well, I will call you."

About an hour later the long-distance operator called back.

"On your call to Scipio, Mr. Henderson," she said, "we can't get through at all. They're having a big storm over there and all the lines are down. If I get them later I will call you."

The rest of Tuesday passed with no news from Scipio. But on Wednesday morning the telephone rang just as Mr. Henderson reached his office. He grabbed the receiver and put it to his ear.

"Hello," said a familiar voice. "Is this Mr. Gilbert Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Miss Gladys Jenkins. I tried all day yesterday to get you, but the telephone was completely torpid. I couldn't get a peep or twitter out of it. All the lines are down. You know, Mr. Henderson, we've been having the most ghastly time. I never saw such rain. It started early yesterday morning, and it just poured, and poured, and poured. It was what they call a cloudburst. Honestly, Mr. Henderson, I haven't seen so much water coming down since that trip I took to Niagara Falls the year I graduated from high school. It was positively petrifymg."

"Yes, yes, I heard about the rain. Did Mr. Mullin get there all right?"

"Oh, yes. He arrived day before yesterday. And I'm really provoked at you, Mr. Henderson. I really am."

"What's the matter!"

"Well, I don't like to knock anybody, but this Mr. Joe Mullin you sent is one of the flattest tires that ever rolled into Scipio. He's impossible."

"He is, is he? Well, I was afraid Gus was double-crossing me. So this Joe Mullin couldn't do anything with the tractor either?"

"It isn't so much that, Mr. Henderson. It's his personality. He's a regular dumbbell. He has hardly said two words to me since he came. He wears an old flannel shirt and no necktie, and he doesn't seem to be interested in anything but machinery. And he's so sort of sluggish—why, he spent most of yesterday in bed sleeping."

"Sleeping!"

"Yes. Probably I shouldn't have told you all this. But I was so disappointed in Mr. Mullin. You see, about all the society I get here on the farm are the people that come to fix tractors or something. And Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Manville were so interesting."

"Yes, yes. But you haven't answered my question about the tractor. Is it still in the mud?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Mullin got it out day before yesterday, before the rain. I'll have to hand it to him on that. Although it was probably just luck. Because I'm sure Mr. Mullin hasn't the scientific knowledge that Mr. Manville has."

"How about the combine?"

"Oh, he pulled that out too. And also the Steel Elephant tractor. Then he and father started cutting wheat."

"Say, that's fine! That certainly is great! You don't know what a load this takes off my mind. Old Gus was all right, after all. How does your father feel now?"

"Oh, father has all cheered up again. And I surely am thankful for that. That's the way he is—temperamental, you know. One day way down, the next day way up. He's been feeling so good the last couple of days that he's decided not to withdraw from the church after all. And he's in such a pleasant frame of mind that he actually thinks Mr. Mullin is one of the finest men he ever met."

"Well, I should think he might."

"Yes, you see father is a little deaf. He hears so little that he doesn't realize how dumb Mr. Mullin is."

"Oh. Is Mr. Mullin there? Could I speak to him?"

"Yes, he's in the next room. He told me he wanted to talk to you. He said he was worried for fear you would be sore about some things he did down here. I'll call him. But before I say good-by, Mr. Henderson, I want to thank you for everything you have done for us. I'll even forgive you for sending Mr. Mullin. You know, I'm awfully glad that everything is all fixed up and father is in good humor again. But in a way, I'm rather sorry too. Probably now we won't have any more such interesting visitors for a long time. And I won't be calling you up any more either. You don't know how I've enjoyed these little daily chats with you, Mr. Henderson. You really don't."

"Well, that's awfully nice of you, Miss Jenkins, but possibly Mr. Mullin is in a hurry. If you would just as soon call him ——"

"Certainly, certainly. Well, good-by, Mr. Henderson."

"Good-by."

After a moment's wait, Mr. Joseph Mullin spoke: "Hello."

"That you, Joe?"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson."

"Congratulations! I hear you've been getting along fine."

"Well, I'm not so sure, Mr. Henderson. I'm afraid I've done a lot of things wrong."

"You got the tractor running all right, didn't you? And you got it out of the mud hole?"

"Yes."

"And you pulled out the combine? And that useless Steel Elephant?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Jenkins is satisfied?"

"Yes."

"You're not worrying about that fool woman, are you?"

"What fool woman?"

"Mr. Jenkins' daughter."

"Oh, no. Women never worry me. I pay no attention to them."

"What's the matter, then?"

"Well, I've done some other things down here. And I'm so new in the service department that I'm not sure whether I was supposed to. You remember you told me not to do anything but just fix the tractor and get it out of the mud hole."

"What else did you do?"

"Well, Mr. Jenkins was in a terrible hurry to cut his wheat, so I drove the tractor for him all Monday afternoon. And when it got dark, it seemed a shame to stop, so I took the battery and lights off the service-department car and stuck them on the tractor, and we harvested wheat all night. We had to stop about dawn on account of rain. But we covered pretty near eighty acres. Then I put the lights back on the car."

"That was all right. That was fine."

"You're not sore because I used the lights off the car without asking you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I practically wasted all day yesterday. On the company's time too. It was raining too hard to cut wheat, and I couldn't get you by telephone to get permission to come back. So I just slept most of the day. I was kind of tired after driving the tractor all night."

"That was all right, Joe; that was all right."

"Then there was another thing. One of the neighbors saw us working, and he was so interested I spent a couple of hours telling him all about the tractor. He finally decided to buy one, so I took his order for a five-ton."

"You sold a tractor?"

"Yes. I didn't know whether a service man was supposed to do any selling, or leave it to the salesmen. But this man was so anxious and in such a hurry, I hated to disappoint him."

"Nothing wrong about that, Joe."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so. But I didn't know what to do about Mr. Jenkins. When we stopped cutting wheat, he said he was satisfied that the machine was all right, and he wanted to pay me the thirty-five hundred dollars balance on it. Of course I didn't have any authority to collect money, but I hated not to oblige him. So I gave him a receipt and took his check. I've got it in my pocket. I hope that wasn't wrong."

"Joe, that's the best news I've heard in a long time. Before you went down there I had almost given up hope of ever seeing a check from Mr. Jenkins. What else have you been doing?"

"I guess that's about all. Was there anything else I ought to have attended to?"

"No, I guess you did plenty. By the way, what was the matter with the tractor, anyway? What did you have to do to fix it?"

"I didn't exactly fix it. I just turned on the gasoline and started it. Then I hooked onto the combine and drove out of the mud."

"What! You mean there wasn't anything the matter?"

"Nothing except the valve in the gasoline line was about three-quarters turned off. It let through enough gasoline to run light. But when you put a load on the machine you couldn't get enough gas, and the motor would miss and wouldn't give any power. So I just turned on the gas and started up, and everything went fine."

"That's all you did? You didn't repair the machine at all?"

"No, Mr. Henderson. But I don't think it's my fault that this job didn't amount to anything. I know you told me to repair the tractor. But how could I repair the tractor when there was nothing to repair? And I hope you'll give me another chance on some real job, so you can find out whether I'm any good. I'll try my best. Because I really would like to be in the service department."

"You really want to be in the service department?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll tell you, Joe. I won't exactly give you another chance to show what you can do. But you can come back to the factory as soon as is convenient, and come up to my office and I'll give you a permanent job as a service man right off."

"Say, Mr. Henderson, that's awfully kind of you."

"It is no such thing. You are doing the service department an honor by joining it. Good-by. See you later."

AIR-MAZE
Eliminates Dust – your motor's worst enemy

THINK what your motor has to breathe every time you drive. Think of the damaging dust and dirt and grit that goes into the cylinders with the air, through the carburetor.

Air-Maze will stop all that—will filter out every particle of dust and dirt—will protect your pistons, cylinders and bearings—will lengthen the life of your entire motor—reduce the formation of hard silicon carbon.—It prevents fire from backfire.

Rolls-Royce, Pierce-Arrow, Chrysler, Studebaker, Gardner, Cunningham, Hupmobile, Jordan, Stutz, White, Mack and Wright Aero Motors are all equipped with Air-Maze.

Now it is available for Ford, Whippet, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Durant and Dodge at $6.50. For other Standard makes at slightly higher prices—ask your dealer or write direct.

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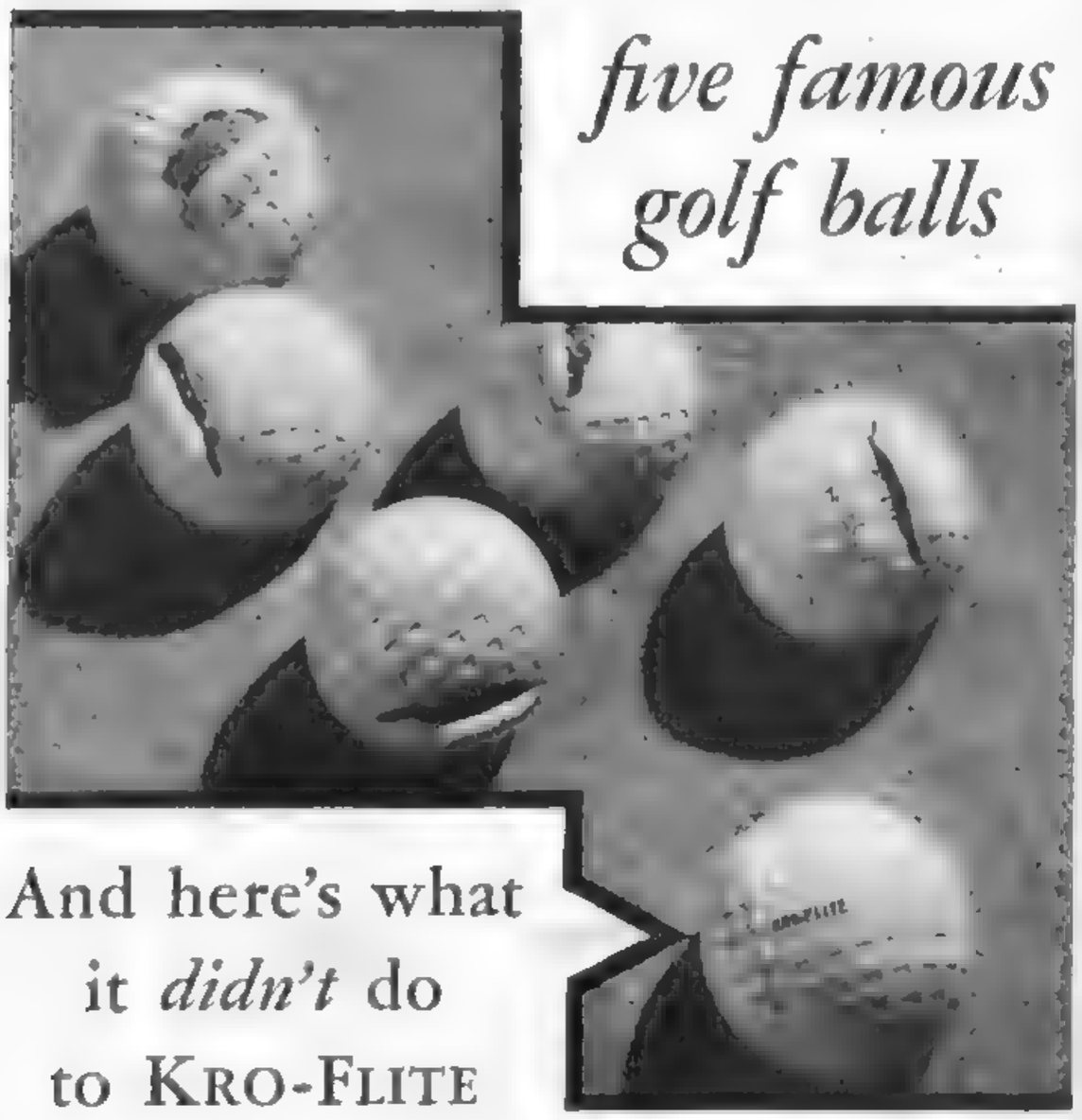
AIR-MAZE
•• An Air Filter ••
for Automobiles, Airplanes and Motor Boats

Here's what the guillotine did *to five famous golf balls*



And here's what it *didn't* do to KRO-FLITE

THE Guillotine hits a golf ball such a terrific smack that only one ball in this world can withstand it. That one ball is the Kro-Flite.

What is this murderous device—this Guillotine? It is a scientific reproduction of the blow hit by a powerfully swung golf club—it is a heavily weighted steel knife that crashes on a golf ball exactly as your clubhead does on a badly topped iron shot.

The photograph above shows the Kro-Flite and five other famous balls after they had fallen afoul of the Guillotine in a laboratory test. On five of them—five of the finest balls the world produces—the falling blade cut right through the cover. So completely were these balls ruined that even a caddy would pass them by.

But in the Kro-Flite, the Guillotine found a ball that *would not* call "quits." The blade dealt the Kro-Flite as brutal a blow as you ever will ask a golf ball to take—and the result was a *scarcely visible dent!* In fact, this same Kro-Flite easily could play more than the 72 holes for which Spalding guarantees it.

If this were a one-time test, it might be a case for the Skeptic's Society. But every reputable ball in the world—including, of course, the Kro-Flite—has been tested on the Guillotine not once, but hundreds of times. The story is always the same. In all these tests the Guillotine never yet has been able to cut a Kro-Flite Ball. It never has failed to cut any other.

Try the Kro-Flite! It comes either in the exclusive new Multidot marking or in plain white—dimple and mesh. Your professional, your Sports Dealer, or any Spalding Store will supply you.

ABOUT DISTANCE

Spalding makes two golf balls—the "Spalding" and the "Kro-Flite." The "Spalding" Ball is recognized, by many of golf's leading amateurs and professionals, as the longest ball in the world. Yet the "Kro-Flite" is only a trifling distance behind the "Spalding" Ball—a fact established time after time in comparative Driving Machine tests at Concord, Mass., Pinehurst, N. C., and Putney, England. In the Kro-Flite, the golfing world sees the first ball ever to combine maximum durability and first-grade distance

KRO-FLITE

made by Spalding *each* 75 *cents*

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UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 17)

Hon. Timothy J. Campbell, then member of Congress from what he termed the Oriental district. The meeting was in the nature of a protest against the nomination by Tammany Hall of the owner of Miner's Bowery Theater. His actual residence was on Madison Avenue, and it was said at the time that after he married Annie O'Neil, an actress, he desired a place in Washington society and thought it could be secured by his election to Congress.

We were told at the meeting that Mr. Croker, leader of Tammany Hall, had sent word to Timothy D. Sullivan, leader of the district, and known as Big Tim, that Mr. Miner was to supplant Tim Campbell as the representative from that district. Tim's friends were incensed over what they called carpet-bagging and the violation of home rule by the attempt to impose a resident of Madison Avenue on the people of Grand Street and East Broadway.

Miner was successful in securing the nomination. Tim Campbell forthwith declared himself a candidate on an independent ticket and joined with the anti-Tammany forces in the election of 1894 which resulted in the election to the mayoralty of the Hon. William L. Strong.

As I was supporting Tim Campbell—although at this point I might as well say that I was unable to vote, as I did not reach my twenty-first birthday until December, 1894—I made speeches for him and for the anti-Tammany ticket, beginning my political career as an opponent of Tammany Hall and violently opposed to carpet-bagging and importation into our neighborhood of candidates for office not known to the people they were supposed to represent.

Henry Campbell, a wholesale and retail grocer with a large place of business on Vesey Street, was my personal and particular friend, and prior to that time had displayed a rather fatherly interest in me. I went to his house with him for dinner practically every Sunday. He was a bachelor and lived by himself on Madison Street between Market and Catherine. Immediately after the Strong administration was inducted into office he secured for me an appointment, on the fifteenth of January, 1895, as a process server in the office of the Commissioner of Jurors.

No Choice at All

I had a choice of hard labor at a small wage of eight dollars a week, or ten at the most, in the kind of jobs that were open to me, or easier work at a greater wage. I had a fondness for politics and I liked the excitement of public life. I always had plenty of friends and I always took a great deal of satisfaction in being able to help them.

The work of serving processes gave me an opportunity to meet all kinds of people, from the small storekeeper in Fordham to the broker and banker on Wall Street. It brought me face to face with all the important men in the county of New York. I probably thought nothing of it at the time, but in my more mature years I came to the conclusion that serving summonses to men requiring them to do jury duty was not a very agreeable occupation. The subpœna server in the offices of a busy business man was about as welcome as a safety-razor manufacturer would be at a barbers' convention, and for sixty dollars a month you were required, day after day, to take a shower of abuse.

For hard work and application to my duties I was promoted to the point where I became an investigator, and it was my duty to check up all applications for exemption from jury duty. It was a good training for private-detective work. Some men who claimed exemption because of deafness, when approached away from the office of the Commissioner of Jurors seemed to be entirely cured.

One interesting experience I had was in following up a person who had persistently refused to answer all subpœnas. Upon inquiry, I found it was a woman, and she must have been an early convert to the ranks of equal suffrage. She invited me into her home and read a lecture to me. She told me to take the subpœna back and tell the Supreme Court, the Commissioner of Jurors or anybody else that, in my opinion, should hear it, that she had said she would not serve on the jury until she was admitted to her full rights of citizenship.

During this period New York County included what is now Bronx County, and during 1896 and 1897 Bronx County was so sparsely settled that there was no means of transportation. The only car lines operating in the Bronx ran on Third Avenue, where there was an elevated and a horse-car line, and on Boston Road, where the old green cars ran from the Harlem Bridge to the old village of West Farms. The present Bronx Park and Zoölogical Garden was a wilderness. However, we thought we had, in those days, the modern means of transportation, and I conquered the difficulties of serving subpœnas in this district by riding my bicycle.

When a Nickel Meant Sunday

In 1895 my uncle—my mother's brother—a member of the fire department, was stationed with Engine Company No. 45 on Tremont Avenue, and I made his home my Bronx headquarters. It was considered well up in the country. He lived on a small farm on Southern Boulevard that he leased for fifteen dollars a month. Upon the site today there is a ten-story elevator apartment house, but I can remember the grapevine and the old well at the rear of the farmhouse.

It was the habit of the firemen to drive the engine horses up and down Southern Boulevard for exercise. As a young man, nothing gave me greater pleasure than to drive a team of horses attached to a fire engine.

Between 1895—the time of my appointment in the office of the Commissioner of Jurors—and 1901 I took practically no interest in organization politics. My opposition to Tammany Hall in 1894 was held against me by Patrick Divver, then leader of my district, and it was not until the famous Foley-Divver fight for the leadership of the district, in 1901, that I became an active member of Tammany Hall. That was a memorable primary battle. Thomas F. Foley was successful and I became an active election-district leader.

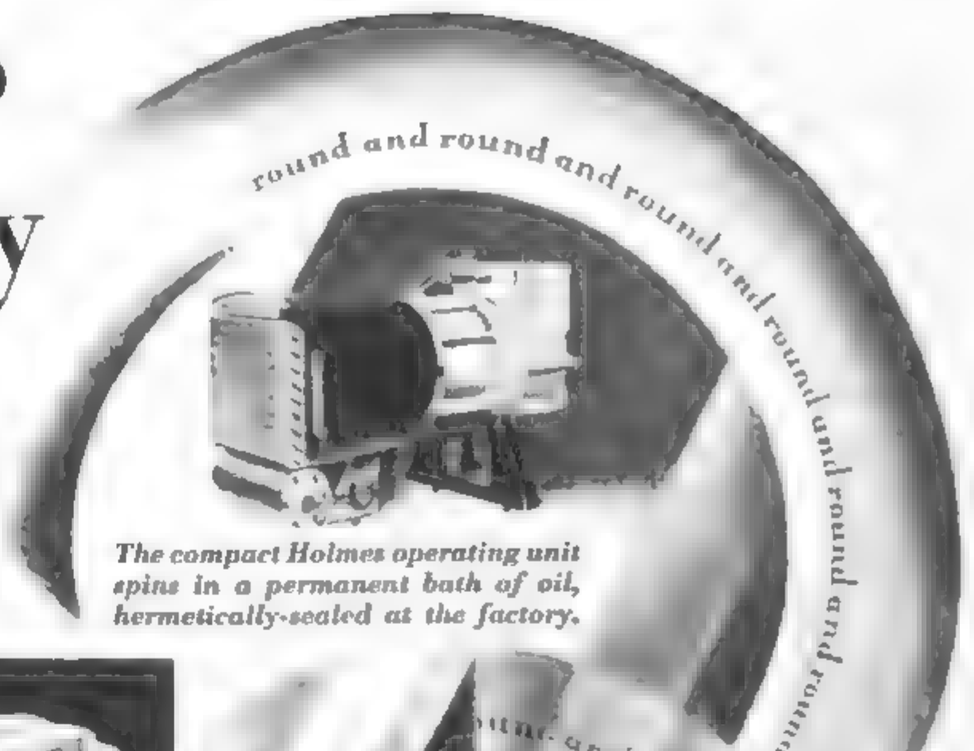
My acquaintance with Mr. Foley dates back to when I was a small boy. He was the proprietor of a café on the corner of James Slip and South Street, one block from the house in which I was born. My earliest recollection of him is of an enormous big man with a jet-black mustache, known to all the children of the neighborhood for his extreme generosity. In those days a penny looked big, but when you got a nickel you thought it was Sunday. The friendship formed, practically in childhood, between Tom Foley and myself lasted up to the minute of his death at the Rockefeller Institute in January, 1925.

In the course of the Divver primary fight Mr. Foley stated that if he was selected as leader of the party he would give young men a chance. Prior to that time, nominations to the Board of Aldermen or to the assembly were made largely on the ability of the candidate to control votes, and in most instances he was a saloonkeeper. Foley began his leadership by nominating Joseph P. Bourke, in the fall of 1901, as a member of the assembly from the old Second Assembly District. Bourke was a young man of my own age, a schoolmate of mine.

Because of my very limited income, my amusements and recreation during this

(Continued on Page 73)

Spinning its way to tremendous popularity



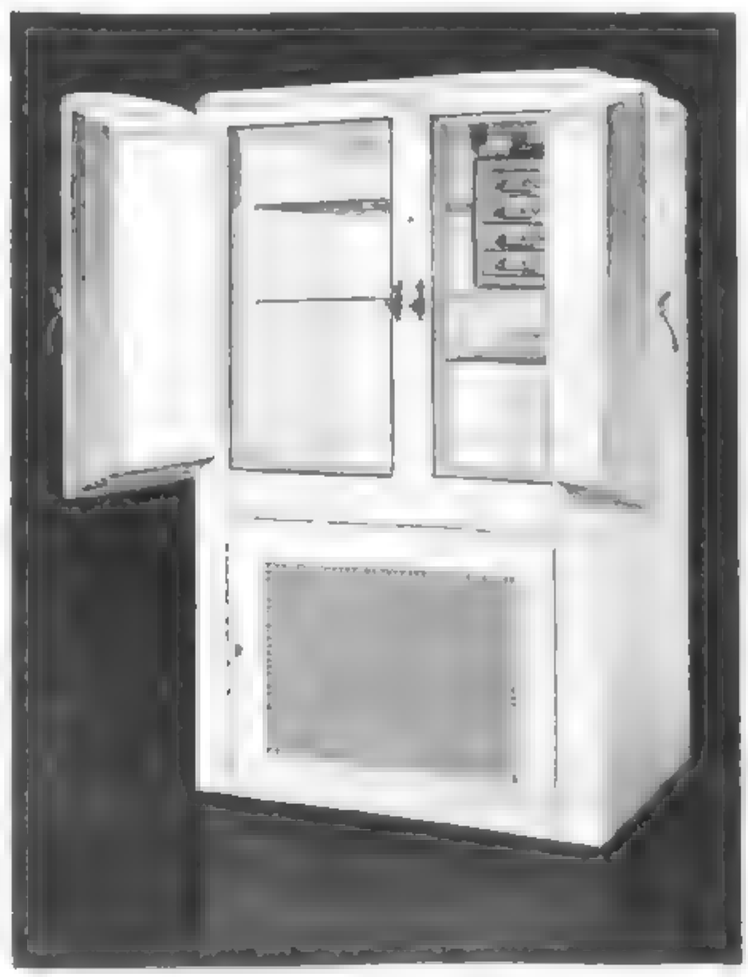
The compact Holmes operating unit spins in a permanent bath of oil, hermetically-sealed at the factory.

IT only happens once in a very long while!

But every so often there is introduced a new product so marked by sheer merit that its success is certain from the start. This is the case with the Holmes Electric Refrigerator. It has been the choice of engineers and refrigeration experts. Its popularity has spread like wildfire throughout the country.

In the base of the Holmes you will find the big reason for its amazing success. For the Holmes operating unit—an astonishingly simple, compact bundle of power—makes use of the same efficient principle of rotary compression found in the newest ocean liners and industrial plants. It does not go back and forth, start-stop, but *spins* round and round like a top.

No adjustments with the Holmes operating unit. No belts. No gears. No pulleys. No pistons. No stuffing boxes. So compact that *it leaves part of the base for a storage compartment in all models.*



The Holmes Electric Refrigerator is marked by brilliant beauty . . . Graceful, satin-finished hardware . . . Seamless, spotless porcelain interior . . . Ample shelf space. These are only a few of the reasons why the new Holmes has jumped to instant popularity, why its sales are sky-rocketing. If you cannot find it locally, write Holmes Products, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Works: Bridgeport, Connecticut.

HOLMES
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

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a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

The finest-flavored beans in the world are those baked in the ground in the Maine woods.

The same ingredients! the same wonderful woods flavor!

Beans that taste just like those baked in the ground in the Maine woods

They're like no other beans you've ever tasted—mellow, tender as butter!

Of course you know about the wonderful baked beans they have in the Maine woods logging camps—"bean hole" beans they're called.

They are baked in a unique way. The great round-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with alternate layers of beans, sugar-cured pork, molasses and brown sugar. Then the lid is sealed on with clay.

They are put to bake all night in the hot earth of the "bean hole," an oven in the ground heated by glowing embers of pine wood.

This gives the finest baked-bean flavor known, according to those who have eaten these Maine woods beans. There's the fragrance of the very forest in them; the pungent seasoning of wood smoke!

And now—think of it! Wherever you are you can have beans that taste just like them. Beans with that same "baked-in-the-ground" flavor!

In Bean Hole Beans—the first flavor reproduction of the original Maine woods beans.

Bean Hole Beans are like no other beans you've ever tasted; mellow, tender as butter. Have them for dinner tonight—and you'll be asked to have them again very soon! Your grocer has two sizes, medium, 15c, and large, 25c. (Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada.)

VAN CAMP'S, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Makers of SOUPS CATSUP SPAGHETTI KIDNEY BEANS CHILI CON CARNE PUMPKIN KRAUT and other Vegetable Products

BEAN HOLE BEANS

(Continued from Page 70)

period were confined to nightly visits to the district clubhouse, and I received my amusement from the lively interest that I took in the politics of the neighborhood.

We carried on all the usual social obligations of young men. New Year's calls will awaken memories in some of the old-timers in New York of the custom of calling on friends on New Year's Day. The business of preparing and printing New Year's calling cards was an industry all in itself, and a man's affluence and standing were judged by the elaborate New Year's card he was able to leave with his friends when he called to pay his respects on the first day of the new year. The custom was so universal in lower New York thirty-five or forty years ago that people who, either as the result of sickness or death in the family, did not keep what was called "open house" on New Year's Day left a basket hanging on the door knob to receive cards of would-be callers.

White's Bakery, in Catherine Street near East Broadway, was the busiest institution in New York for a month before New Year's, baking New Year's cakes.

Once when I was making New Year's calls I met Jimmie Walker for the first time. He is younger than I am by about eight or nine years, and when I was a young fellow I made a New Year's call on his family in St. Luke's Place. I was introduced by a man named Donnelly, who was the walking delegate of the bricklayers' union. We were calling on Jimmie's sister. Jimmie was a little bit young for that party and was sent to bed early. I afterward met him when he came to the assembly in 1910.

From Catherine Street down to Chambers Street was called Chatham Street, and at that time it was one of the leading business thoroughfares. Jordan Moriarty, and Cowperthwait's large furniture store were located there. Afterward, by resolution of the Board of Aldermen, Chatham Street became Park Row.

The popular comedians in the 80's and early 90's were Harrigan and Hart. They made their plays, as nearly as possible, conform to downtown neighborhood customs of that period. The youth of today would be unable to recognize New York from the Harrigan songs. In the 80's, the colored population of New York lived on Thompson Street, and Johnnie Wild, a black-face comedian, made a great hit with his popular song, The Sunny Side of Thompson Street, Away Downtown.

The Song That Saved the Play

Harrigan left Hart and started out by himself about 1889 or 1890. Harrigan himself had always played the rôle of the neighborhood Irishman of affluence. In his production of Pete, the first of his independent plays, he took the part of a colored man, and his friends were apprehensive as to how successful he would be in that character. That was just about forty years after the Civil War, and members of the Grand Army of the Republic were reaping the fullest measure of their attention to the cause of the Union. Harrigan saved the play with a single song entitled The Cruel Slavery Days Have Passed Away, which he delivered with a great deal of pathos and much feeling, with a little colored boy seated on one knee and a little colored girl on the other:

Child, come to me and sit upon my knee,
I'll tell the same old story just once more
Of dark and clouded years,
Oh, so full of bitter tears,
In the cruel slavery days before the war.

Chorus

Shout hallelujah, for sweet freedom rules the land.
Bend down low, black people, for to pray,
For the shackle and the band
Have fallen from the bondsman's hand
And the cruel slavery days have passed away.

Although never able to sing myself—my gift being limited to my ability to talk—I was always amused by singing and always interested in the popular songs to so great an extent that even today I remember not only the choruses but the verses of the popular songs of the late 80's and early 90's.

As a young man I always took a great interest in campaign orators. I liked to listen to Bourke Cockran and also to State Senator Grady. I believed, and I still believe, that Grady was the greatest campaign orator I ever heard. He was certainly the best political debater. I had more intimate friendship with Senator Grady than I did with Congressman Cockran, because Cockran was out of Tammany Hall for quite a while because of a disagreement he had with Croker. I first became intimate with him during the convention of 1920 at San Francisco, and saw and heard a great deal of him during the years that intervened until his death.

While living at No. 1 Madison Street, at the corner of Pearl, with my sister, my mother and my aunt, my sister was married to John Glynn, who was policeman on the beat. After her marriage she moved to the Bronx, and my mother and aunt and myself continued to live together. A short period of separation created a lonesomeness in both families and she came back to the old neighborhood. We all lived together then on the corner of Madison Street and Oliver Street, where her first son, John, was born. The house was demolished to make room for a new building and we moved to Catherine Street.

One Way to Keep an Umbrella

In 1898 her family was growing so that no available apartments in the old neighborhood were large enough, and she, with her husband and children and my aunt, moved to Brooklyn. My mother and I continued to live on Catherine Street up to the time of my marriage, when my mother joined the rest of them in the house on Middagh Street on Brooklyn Heights.

My mother's oldest sister had moved to the Navy Yard section of Brooklyn back in 1888.

We always attended the Emerald Ball, the charity ball of Brooklyn. A lot of the old-timers from downtown had moved to Brooklyn, particularly after the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. They settled on the edge of Brooklyn Heights and in the Navy Yard district. These family and social interests caused me, as far back as I am able to remember, to take a deep interest in and maintain a knowledge of Brooklyn and its phenomenal growth.

I first made the acquaintance of my wife through her first cousin. He was the son of a policeman attached to the Oak Street precinct, and lived in Catherine Street. He had some papers to be signed by his aunt in relation to the family plot in Calvary Cemetery, and he asked me to accompany him up to her house. She lived on Third Avenue, one door from the corner of 170th Street. That was in 1894. I went with him and there I met for the first time Katie Dunn, the future Mrs. Smith. I did not see her for some months after that, but my constant inquiry of her cousin as to whether or not there were some more papers to be signed caused the suspicion to arise in his mind that I wanted to see his cousin again, and we made a friendly visit to the Bronx without the papers. I met her occasionally then when she visited the family of her uncle on Catherine Street. As time went on I found myself attracted to the little house on Third Avenue, and a year or two later I became a constant visitor.

In those days it was necessary to change cars at the Harlem Bridge from the Manhattan elevated system to the Bronx system with their old steam-driven locomotives. Returning home and tired from my long day, I occasionally fell asleep from the rocking motion of the old rackety elevated cars. One night while I was dozing off some fellows took my umbrella. The following Christmas my mother gave me an umbrella for a present, and remembering my previous experience, I took a piece of twine and after that tied it to my suspender before I went to sleep. One night at 59th Street, Father Matthew C. Gleason, afterward chaplain of the U. S. S. Missouri by appointment of President Roosevelt, came on the train with a number of boys from the old district who had been attending a fair at the Catholic Club on 59th Street. When one of the crowd saw me dozing at the front end of the car, he said, "Let's take his umbrella." Father Gleason had a good laugh when the umbrella wouldn't come off and always spoke of the incident as a good joke on the would-be joker, Jim O'Brien.

In 1900, on the sixth of May, I was married in the Church of St. Augustine, on the corner of 167th Street between Franklin and Fulton avenues, the Bronx. At that time Bath Beach, in Brooklyn, was a fairly fashionable seaside resort. In 1898, only two years before, Mayor Van Wyck, while mayor of the city, lived at the old Hotel Bensonhurst there. The Fort Lowry Hotel, right on the water front, was a very stylish place.

We moved into a flat one block back from the water front and lived there during the summer of 1900. We went directly down to Bath Beach after our wedding. There was no other wedding trip.

In the fall of that year we moved back to the old neighborhood, to 83 Madison Street, where my first son, Alfred, was born in 1901. His arrival made the apartment inadequate for a family of three, and we moved to 79 Madison Street, where we occupied the top floor of an old-fashioned, three-story-and-basement dwelling. My oldest daughter, Emily, was born there. I always liked large rooms and, therefore, always seemed to choose old houses soon to be marked for destruction. As a result, no two of my children were born in the same house. A short time after Emily's birth the landlord sold the house at 79 Madison Street for development into apartment property and we were compelled to move again. This time we moved farther downtown to 9 Peck Slip, around the corner from where I lived in 1885. While in this house I was nominated for the assembly and my second daughter, Catherine, was born.

Chairman of the House Committee

I little dreamed of the happiness that was to come into my life when I made that accidental visit to the Bronx. No one could have been more unselfish or more devoted than my wife in all the years of our married life. In the early years she took care of the children herself and did all her own washing and ironing, and all her own cooking. She never uttered a word of complaint of her long hours and hard work, and her greeting to me on my return from Albany on weekends clearly indicated that, notwithstanding the company of the children, she missed me, even if I had been away for only a few days. When I was nominated for sheriff she expressed satisfaction by the simple words: "Now you'll be home to dinner every night."

Her devotion to me and our children was a great incentive to me for hard work, and I felt that I had been more than rewarded for it when I was able to take her to Albany as the first lady of the state and the hostess of the Executive Mansion. She has always been the head of the household and was christened by one of the children Chairman of the House Committee. During her recent illness at St. Vincent's Hospital, the surgeon who attended her, when he called me on the phone at frequent intervals during the day, invariably said: "The chairman is doing well."

She made it a point to attend every public meeting at which I spoke in New York City or Albany, and went with me to many public meetings in other parts of the state. When I arose to speak, after I had her located, I felt I was all right.

She has never failed to indicate, by her attitude to me and to her more intimate friends, and she has openly proclaimed that she thinks I am the greatest man in the world; and I have no hesitancy in saying

STANDARD

There is an Irwin Bit for boring any kind of hole in any kind of wood . . . one standard . . . one name . . . one positive assurance of complete satisfaction.

Why complicate . . . confuse . . . the selection of a wood boring bit or bits when there is 44 years of accumulated experience . . . leadership, in every Irwin Bit?

. . . sold by all reputable hardware dealers, from Irwin cartons.

The
IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
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GENUINE

BRIGGS tells *Jim Henry*

C[illegible] Briggs, famous cartoonist, daddy of "When a feller needs a friend", "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling", etc., tells Jim Henry, Mennen Salesman, why he prefers Mennen Shaving Cream. Briggs didn't like the photograph we took, so he sketched this picture while he and Jim chatted in his New York studio.

"MAN—it's a grand and glorious feeling!"

"WHEN you wake up all grouchy . . . and your whiskers look as if they are made of extra tough barbed wire . . . and you cuss the fact that you've *got* to shave . . . and you yank out your tube of Mennen . . . and then you work up a fine lather in no time . . . and your razor s-a-i-l-s through your beard . . . and your face feels better every minute . . . and you finish looking like a successful bank president . . . Man! It's a grand and glorious feeling'

"It's happened many a time to me, Jim—since I first started using Mennen years ago."

The grand and glorious feeling of the Mennen Shave comes from the scientific principle of Mennen Shaving Cream—*Dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process which softens the beard, lubricates the blade, and tones the skin. Oil-coats surrounding every hair are dissolved, so that whiskers wilt in no time. Then the fine soothing, healing emollients tone up and condition the skin for the day.

NOW! TWO TYPES OF MENNEN—
with or without menthol

Mennen Shaving Cream (in the good old green-striped carton) is the familiar favorite of millions of men. Now there is a new Mennen cream. It is Mennen Menthol-iced—with the triple-cool tingling lather for those who want the extra thrill of coolness in their shave. Packed in an orange-striped carton.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS
TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

TALC TALKS by Jim Henry

There are still a lot of he-men who think that talcum powder belongs only on feminine noses. They're all wrong. A man's skin needs talcum especially after a shave or after a bath And I don't care how tough your hide is, brother, it needs protection against weather, *before and after*. So Mennen makes this special talcum for men.

First of all, Mennen for Men doesn't show. Neutral tint—that's why. It's soft, pure, slightly medicated too. Absorbs moisture and facial oils. Corrects "shiny skin." Cooling, soothing!

SPECIAL BARGAIN—Big size can for a quarter—or, if you want a bargain, get the traveler's size free by buying the new Mennen After-Shave Special. Contains full 50c tube of Skin Balm with special size Talcum for Men, both for half-a-dollar.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

to the world that my life would have been empty without her. My greatest pleasure is sharing with her the honor, joy and satisfaction that have come to me from political success.

In the fall of 1903 I received my first nomination as a member of the assembly, and it came to me as a great surprise. At three o'clock on the afternoon of the night that the convention was held, my old friend, Henry Campbell, came into the office of the Commissioner of Jurors to see me, and imparted to me that he had just left Mr. Foley and that it was Mr. Foley's intention to recommend to the delegates of the assembly convention that I be nominated.

At that time I was living in Peck Slip, immediately around the corner from the Fulton Fish Market. My mother and sister were already living on Brooklyn Heights. We had no telephones, so I hurried a pal of mine over to Brooklyn to tell the news to my mother, and I hurried home to tell it to my wife.

The practice in the old-time conventions was to appoint a committee of two to find the candidate and notify him of the action of the convention and invite him to express his appreciation to the delegates for their vote of confidence in him. It was accordingly arranged that I should be found to be notified at St. James' Union, the parish club on Oliver Street, around the corner from the convention hall, which was at 48 Madison Street.

The demands on the family purse in those days did not permit a very extensive wardrobe, and my winter suit was in camphor, so that while contemplating my coming nomination, I was in the kitchen of the Peck Slip house wearing my wife's apron while I was pressing my summer blue serge in order to be presentable to the convention.

I was received in the convention hall with loud acclaim, as all the delegates were men who had known me for a great many years. I believed that I had reached the very zenith of my political fortunes when I saw my picture in the windows of the shopkeepers of the district.

The rivalry between the Divver-Foley factions was still alive, although Judge Divver himself had passed away. Desiring to be what was called regular, the Divver faction hung a banner across Madison Street with my name on it. At that time there began to dawn on me the significance of the phrase—"politics makes strange bedfellows."

The First Political Victory

Former Judge Allison was at that time Commissioner of Jurors and he strongly advised me against taking the nomination. I can remember the basis of his argument. He said that a man who went to the legislature who was not a lawyer had very little chance; and that there were blocks and blocks of ex-aldermen and ex-assemblymen walking the streets of New York, a great many of whom seemed to have done nothing for the rest of their lives, after they had once served in the legislature.

I disregarded the old gentleman's advice, notwithstanding the fact that I was sure that he meant well and offered it in my own best interest, because he displayed a personal fondness for me, although he was a Republican.

Aside from the clubhouse itself, the district contained no meeting halls and the campaign was conducted entirely from the end of a truck. Being gifted with a loud voice and a good pair of lungs, I am told that I could be heard a block away, notwithstanding the rattle of the horse cars on Madison Street.

I was elected by a very substantial majority. I was opposed in the election by Paul M. Kaminsky on the Republican ticket, and there were three other candidates—one on the Socialist ticket, a Prohibitionist and an independent. The Republican received 1472 votes, the Prohibition candidate 5, the Socialist 106, and I received 4942 votes.

My mother and sister came over from Brooklyn early on Election Day and remained in the district until the polls closed, when there was a celebration in the Peck Slip house.

As an evidence of the good faith and good will of the Commissioner of Jurors to me, he looked up the statutes and found nothing in the law that required a county official to resign until he was ready to assume his duties at Albany. Accordingly, after my election I continued to serve subpœnas for jury duty up to and including December 31, 1903. That helped out with the family, because I did not have to sacrifice two months' salary.

Sartorial Elegance

In the fall of 1903, after my election, Henry Campbell took me up to a first-class clothing store at the corner of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue and bought me my first cutaway and my first spike-tail dress suit, so that, as he said himself, "the old neighborhood would have as well-dressed an assemblyman as the uptown folks have." The cutaway was for wear at the legislative sessions and the full dress for the governor's receptions and other special occasions. Dinner coats at that time were almost entirely for waiters.

I was anxiously looking forward to the day when I would have a chance to see the Capitol of the state. I had never seen it. I had passed through the city of Albany five years before on my way to the Catholic summer school at Cliff Haven on Lake Champlain, where I took part in an amateur production for the benefit of the school. I transferred from the Albany night boat to the Delaware and Hudson train, and I had no opportunity to see anything except the water front of Albany.

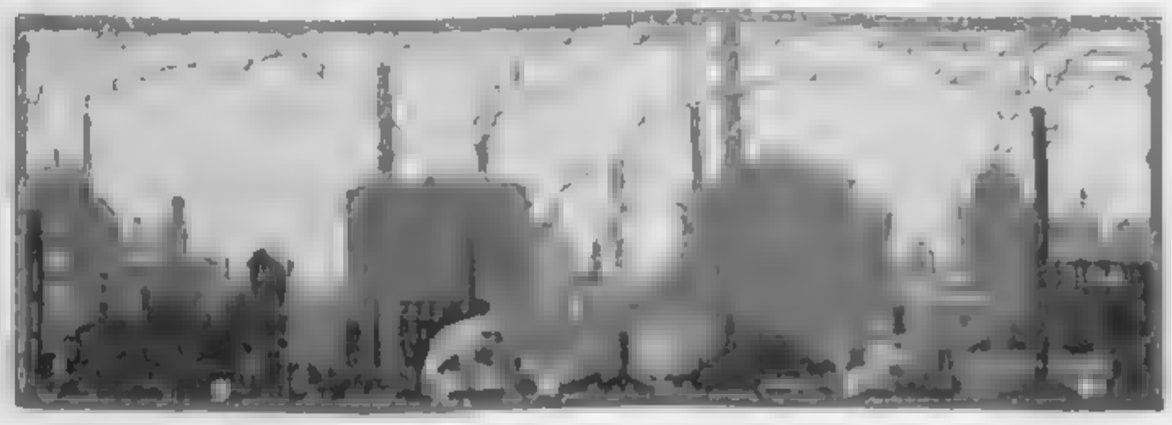
I arrived in the capital city on the first Tuesday night of January, 1904. The thermometer outside registered fifteen degrees below zero, but I was warmed with enthusiasm and apparently did not pay any attention to the weather.

The Democratic minority of the assembly was very small and caucused in the assembly parlor, while the Republican majority used the assembly chamber itself.

The following morning at eleven o'clock I took my first oath of office, and very little did I dream that I would take seventeen oaths of office in that same chamber. I would hate to have to tell you my opinion of the mental condition of the man who at that time would have suggested to me that in that same room I would take the oath as governor four times.

Were it not for the fact that I was blessed with a good strong constitution, I would not have felt so well on the morning of the first session of the assembly, because of the extremely uncomfortable night I passed at Keeler's old hotel at the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane. My associate from the

(Continued on Page 77)



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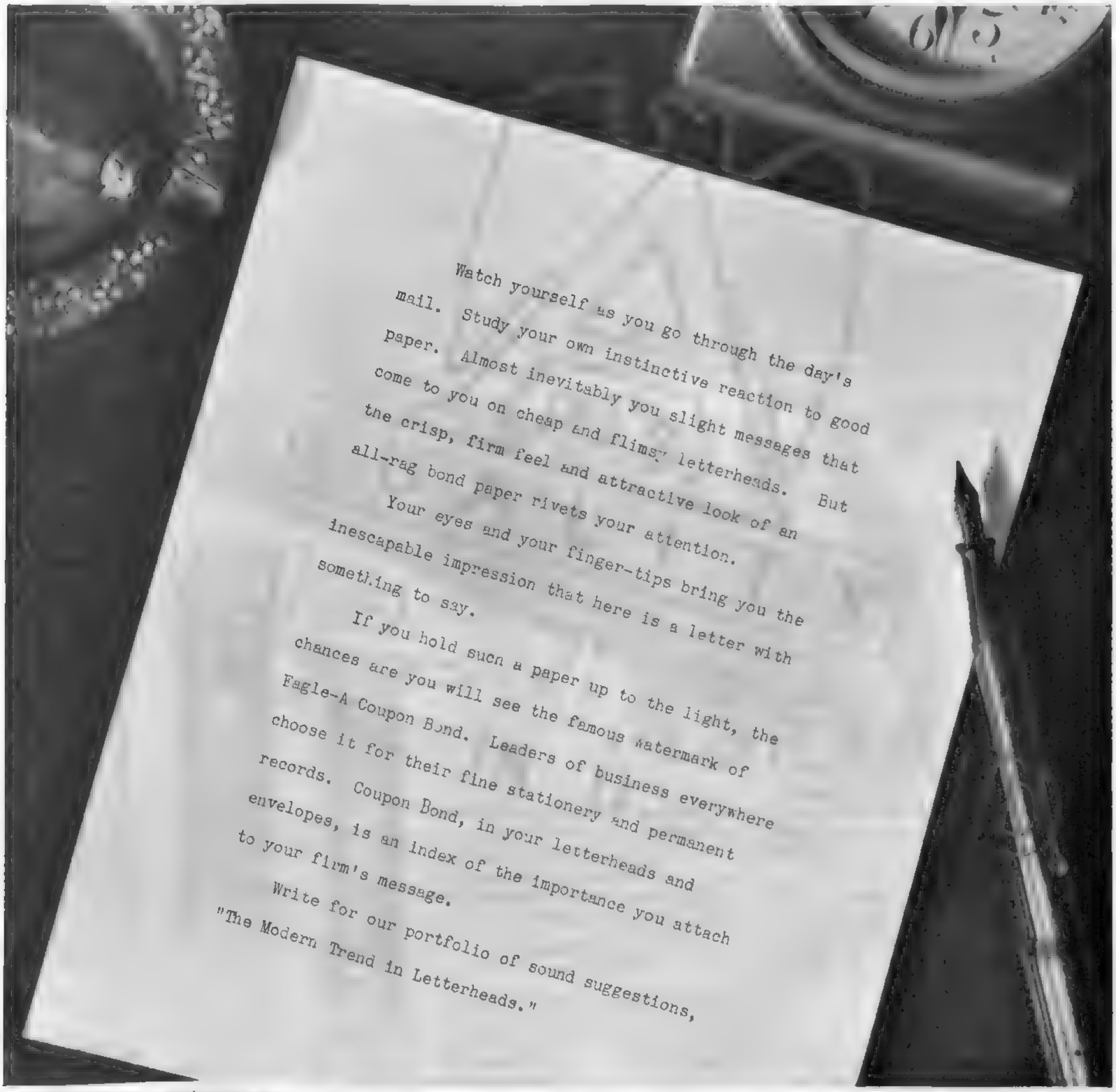
Watch yourself as you go through the day's mail. Study your own instinctive reaction to good paper. Almost inevitably you slight messages that come to you on cheap and flimsy letterheads. But the crisp, firm feel and attractive look of an all-rag bond paper rivets your attention.
Your eyes and your finger-tips bring you the inescapable impression that here is a letter with something to say.
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Write for our portfolio of sound suggestions, "The Modern Trend in Letterheads."

EAGLE·A·PAPERS

J.O.!

The Burgess Flashlight reveals what darkness conceals . . . brings help to you or speeds your own efforts in rescuing yourself from nighttime difficulties. It is priceless in emergencies . . . and a valuable convenience in daily life. Just think of the many, many times that you needed a flashlight . . . badly . . . and you'll appreciate the wisdom of getting a Burgess Flashlight at once.

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The three styles illustrated are furnished in striking, distinctively colored cases . . . also the standard black, and nickel. The cases are made from specially prepared materials and make for extreme strength, thereby assuring longest life.

Lenses are made of special glass, ground according to specifications developed exclusively by scientists and engineers of the Burgess Laboratories. Burgess Flashlights are the most dependable and satisfactory ones yet developed and meet the most exacting flashlight requirements.

Burgess Flashlight Batteries

You get extra length of service from these batteries, in any flashlight case, because of these patented features: Construction of one-piece seamless, leak-proof, zinc cups, and Chrome, the preservative that guards power when the battery is not in use. BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY, General Sales Office, Chicago, Illinois.

Other Burgess Flashlights from 95c to $5.00

Everybody Loves the Baby Tubular

The most compact focusing flashlight. Black and nickel cases besides dainty shades of old rose, nile green, canary, orchid. 300-ft. Beam. Each complete $1.15 with batteries . . .
Ask for F-12

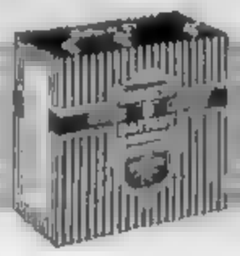
Built to Stand Hard Knocks and Usage

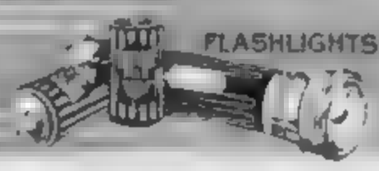
Most popular Broad-beam Burgess Flashlight made, meets all general flashlight requirements of the average person; supplied in these vivid, striking, colored cases: red, blue, green and tan — also black and nickel. Each complete $1.15 with batteries . . .
Ask for No. 22

For Spotlighting Objects at a Distance

This is the one for you to get, the Burgess Standard 2-cell focusing Flashlight. Keen, distinctive colored cases, red, blue, green and tan, also black and nickel finishes. 500-ft. Beam. Each complete $1.50 with batteries . . .
Ask for F-22

Other BURGESS Products





(Continued from Page 74)

old First Assembly District, Tom Caughlan, who roomed with me, was older than I and engaged in the produce business. He came from the district of "Battery Dan" Finn.

"Battery Dan" Finn was a man with a great sense of humor. He had a great following, and was admired by men whose friendships were worth having. He was called "Battery Dan" because he belonged down near the Battery. He was a city magistrate at the time when a resolution was passed by the Board of Magistrates that all magistrates should wear gowns in order to impress the people who came into the police courts. "Battery Dan" arose in the meeting and asked if the judge in the night court would wear a nightgown. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes.

A few days before the opening of the legislature a number of people had been burned to death in a hotel fire in Chicago and while reading the account of it in the evening paper I went to the window to see where our fire escape was. We were on the seventh floor and I found that the window of my room led on to a corridor.

Too Much Law

There was an enormous open fireplace on the first floor, and I had seen men piling wood on it as rapidly as they possibly could, to feed the flames, and I was unable to escape the fear of fire on my first night away from home in five years. With the harrowing story of the Chicago fire ringing in my ears and fresh in my memory, I persuaded Tom Caughlan to stay up playing pinochle with me until five o'clock in the morning, when we took turns at sleep for an hour or so up to the breakfast hour.

After the preliminary business of organizing the assembly was finished, the regular business of the session began. The rules of procedure of the assembly were so involved that it was difficult for a newcomer to understand just what it was all about. I was diligent in my attendance at the sessions, but I did not at any time during the session really know what was going on.

The speaker of the assembly at that time, S. Frederick Nixon, came from Chautauqua County and was of the old school. He had very little sympathy with any suggestion to modernize the rules or to make the procedure more understandable. New members of the assembly identified with the majority party had all they could do to get recognition. Members of the minority party found themselves in the last row, and it was difficult, at times, to distinguish them from visitors to the chamber. It is a matter of fact that the speaker of the assembly did not become acquainted with me until three days before the adjournment, three and a half months later.

I brought all the pending bills to the little furnished room on Broadway, in Albany, occupied by Tom Caughlan and myself, in an attempt to study them and understand what it was all about. On several occasions I spoke to him of my discouragement with the whole situation and my apparent inability to get a proper understanding of it. I was reading amendments to laws that I never heard of before. In fact, I never knew there was so much law. My early school training under the Christian Brothers made me familiar with the Commandments and, consequently, familiar with the Penal Code, but all the rest of it was Greek, and appeared to be too much for me.

However, my attention to the constituency that elected me, and my willingness to serve them, brought about my renomination in 1904, when I was again elected by a large plurality and served in the assembly of 1905. Immediately after I cast my ballot on the Election Day that I ran for the assembly for the second time, the furniture van came up to the door and moved us up to 28 Oliver Street to the third floor. In this house my second son, Arthur, was born in August of 1907, so that in 1928 he voted for the first time and had the pleasure of casting his first vote for his father for President of the United States. No improvement was noticeable in the rules or procedure or in my understanding of what was going on in Albany.

In the last few years I have often sat on the porch of the Executive Mansion and recalled Albany as it appeared to me a quarter of a century earlier. There were no automobiles, and in the winter all transportation aside from the trolley cars was on runners. Deliveries from the butcher and the grocer came by sleighs, and when, in 1904, I paid my first visit to the Executive Mansion to attend the legislative reception given by Governor Odell, a party of five of us went in a sleigh. I was not familiar with the legislative receptions and was under the impression that nobody was invited to them but members of the legislature.

My party and I were ushered in at the rear entrance of the Executive Mansion and we were taken in hand by a soldier in uniform and led over to Governor Odell, who shook hands very pleasantly and very cordially introduced us to Mrs. Odell, who, in turn, presented us to the Secretary of State and the different officials and their wives on the receiving line. This performance occupied less than three minutes, when we found ourselves again in line on our way to the cloakroom, and I discovered that, aside from the legislature, there were five thousand other people invited and a brief visit was all that could be accorded to any of the guests not members of the receiving line. The whole performance occupied less than half an hour.

Time to Change Habits

When the party returned to the Hotel Ten Eyck, I casually observed that if I was ever governor and gave a reception to the legislature, it would be for members and their families only, so that they might receive the full attention of their host. It is only fair to say that Governor Odell was following a precedent of many years' standing and all the governors succeeding him followed it until it came time for me to give my first reception to the legislature. I carried out the promise made fifteen years earlier in the Ten Eyck Hotel and entirely changed the procedure of the reception, so that the members of the legislature and their families might have a pleasant evening with the governor in his official home. Many of my advisers were against breaking down the old traditions or tearing up old precedents, but I did quite a bit of that as governor and found it worked as successfully in this case as in many others.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by former Governor Smith. The third will appear next week

LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 19)

Ben and Whitey burst into laughter apparently uncontrollable. Miss Abercrombie was pleased by the tribute to her brother's gift as a *raconteur*, yet still disapproving of what she had called the implications. "So suggestive, so appallingly unappetizing!" she declared. Her brother was again left with his persisting belief that his audience had got less than the story's full flavor.

Miss Abercrombie bade them adieu after taking the address Ben gave her. It seemed an unpromising spot, but she was assured that mail was carefully handled even that far west. Ben had by this time allotted her a tentative place on his strategic map. The professor, after escorting her below, returned to inform them that his sister was a dietetic as well as a moral perfectionist. He confessed to a secret liking for meat, especially a steak, and Ben told him where he would have it aplenty.

"I shall eat, away from Agatha, whatever my system seems to crave; am I right or wrong?"

"Of course you are!" Whitey told him.

"That sister of yours seems to be a good sport," suggested Ben.

"Oh, but I assure you she's an awfully decent sort."

"I may ask a little service of her before I leave."

"She'll be only too glad," responded the professor. "And she's so genuinely pleased with my plan of going back to the land." He arose, and Whitey, feeling that the hour had not been too full, sought to enrich it by a question or two culled from the last book the professor had lent him. Obligingly then, the professor laid bare for them the structure of the atom.

"I can always start him," Whitey explained when the door had closed. "I like to see him going round and round in his squirrel cage."

"There ain't any of us perfect," Ben mildly reminded him.

Late that afternoon a wearied but ecstatic Miss Ellis stole into the twilight shadows of the room where Ben sat alone. She dropped to the couch and looked upon him with fevered eyes.

"Well, young lady, did you shop yourself one of those platinum yellows?"

"I've had an all-day binge; just like that. I hardly know where I am."

Thus far she found it a perfect dream. The money had worked. She had proved that all those bills were good, at least all but—she opened her hand bag and fumbled among its contents—all but a dollar and thirty-eight cents of the money had been good beyond question.

"What did you hold all that out for?" asked Ben.

Miss Ellis smiled wanly. "You know, when you gave me those bills it was like one time in public school, just before Christmas. A man came into our room with a sack of candy for our Christmas tree. I mean a big sack—mammoth! It stood about as high as I did. Us kids couldn't hardly believe it. We hadn't thought there was that much candy in the world—I mean all in one place. Well, I got the same kind of a boot out of those bills, and I know I'll soon hear an alarm clock. But there won't be a squawk from me when I wake up and find I haven't a dime to scratch my ear with. Only I hope I can remember some of those bargains I got." Excitedly she fumbled in the bag again and brought out a sheaf of folders, illustrated, Ben could see, with slender ladies clad in bargains. "A fashion classic," she murmurously crooned. "'An authentically styled selection of sports apparel.' 'Something for the smart world's gayer evenings.'" She stared at the pictured ladies. "'For the smart world's gayer evenings,'" she echoed with a tired relish.

"That's the stuff," Ben encouraged.

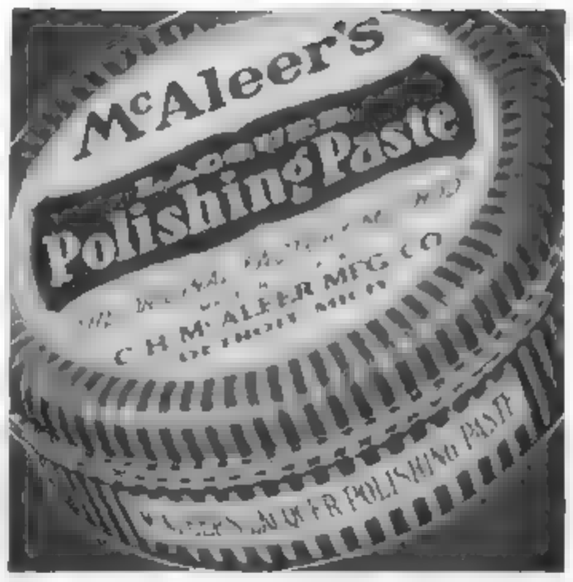
"I want you to remember one thing, Mr. Carcross. You'll always spot first with me," she solemnly told him. "I don't care what happens," she desperately added.

"It's liable to," Ben warned her. But she was back with her folders. "I wish you could see that trunk—seven rooms and a bath. I never did have a trunk before. And the fitted bag, 'styled for smartness.'" When Doyle came, Miss Ellis greeted her fellow worker with something of the old lightness.

"A three-letter word meaning very, very warm," she announced, and was diverted from a recital of the day's adventures only when Doyle in the bathroom fumbled in her own bag.

"You don't know the most, even yet." Doyle slowly withdrew a plain gold band which she fitted to a finger of her left hand.

Miss Ellis froze to attention. "For the love of heaven, a wedding ring!" Doyle waved the hand so that the embellished



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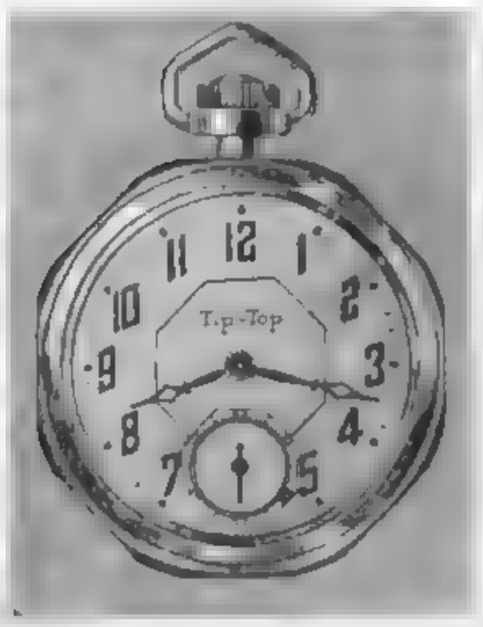

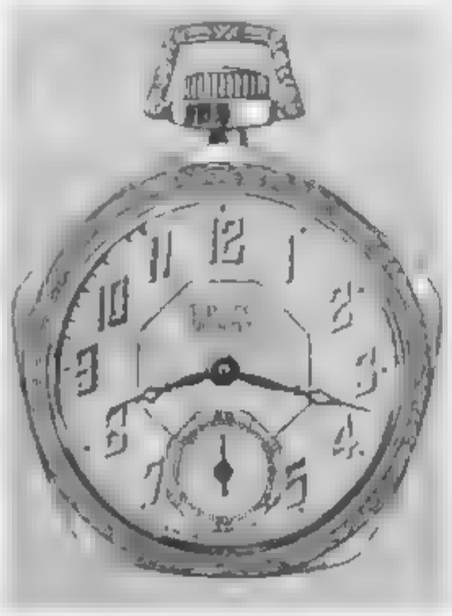

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finger might be observed from many angles. "Well, I'll be —— Ginger Doyle! What is this? Just a girlish escapade?"

"And still you don't know the most," Doyle boasted.

Miss Ellis swayed on her feet in pretense of being stunned from a blow. "You'll simply have to dial another station." Doyle preened her newly adorned hand.

"I know," declared Miss Ellis brightly. "You got that ring and you'll get a conservative tailored ensemble and go down to Atlantic City and enter the beauty contest as Mrs. New England."

"I have a few ensembles myself," Doyle confessed.

"Be good. Spill the rest of it."

But Doyle tightened her mouth. She would confess only that she was going to the party.

"Well"—Miss Ellis shrugged—"nobody ever heard me say you're not a wise apple."

"I'll spill it all after you've seen him," Doyle promised.

"Some college-boy blond?"

"A million times that."

"Gee! And me all the time thinking you'd never learned to say no because you'd never had to."

"You'll be surprised!"

"I'm shockproof. I've surprised myself up to the limit. Now I'm going home and open four thousand boxes of what milady will wear and pack it in a trunk that would stand out on any station platform in the world—got my red initials on it too. I've pinched one arm black and blue and still I'm slumbering on like a little gypsy sweetheart."

Doyle went out to her employer, hesitant, timid, yet determined. "I got it!" The words came with a conspiratorial huskiness. She revealed the finger with its mendacious circlet.

"Looks new," Ben objected.

"It is." She slipped off the ring. "I went to one of those places like you told me, but it was so—so—I was afraid the man would suspect something. He was awfully suspicious-looking; a fat old man with bad little eyes and little black dog whiskers crawling all over his face like this." Doyle's quick fingers crawled informingly from her eyes down both cheeks to meet beneath her chin. "He took out a shabby little box and there were a lot of old wedding rings. Some of them worn almost through. He was going to melt them up. 'So you find yourself needing one of these?' he says to me—kind of owlish-smarty and looking me all over in the sharpest way—and I just couldn't take one.

"I kept thinking that mean little box was full of sad women and the rings were all crying and moaning; really I couldn't stand there and listen to it. When he put his fat old hand in and drew out three or four, I knew I'd never have a moment's peace in one of those rings. Think of all the wives that must have loved their husbands and been so hopeful about it—and there their rings were! I said to him, 'That box is haunted,' looking him right in the eye, and I walked out on him while he stood there smirking at me. Then I went to a nice place, and the clerk was very pleasant and I got this one and I'll rub it and scour it—age it—and don't you think it may do? I just couldn't have worn one of those others—I couldn't—I couldn't!"

"Get calm!" Ben patted her quivering shoulder. "Of course, it's all right. Lots of married ladies get fancy new rings when the old ones are dingy—outmoded." He thought maybe he'd switch this for Addie's old one. "Now take it easy. Where's your nerve? You let yourself be rattled and you may have to stow that ring away in your hope chest."

"I'll be cool as ice when the time comes," she protested. "But that box with all those crying, sad rings ——"

"All right, all right! Go pour yourself a drink." She gestured a refusal, but sat down and unclenched her hands.

It was heady business, Ben decided; but he'd been excited, too, he remembered, when he dug his seedling up to plant on Lone Tree. Later in the evening he sent for Jackson Temple, who came with a freshly lighted cigar of his own which he gracefully consented to exchange after the usual formal protest.

"It's like this," Ben explained. "That chauffeur I see hanging around you ain't had much driving to do lately, has he?"

"Nothing to do but grow hog-fat," Temple answered. "Can you use him?"

"Well, I notioned I can; about three nights from now—say at midnight."

Doyle fled from the room, unable to bear this.

"Midnight?" Temple turned the cigar about between cherishing lips and narrowed his eyes at Ben, the pale lids seeming to shrivel. "Midnight—check! Any night you say. Give me word in the afternoon and Joe will be at your orders."

"I won't want him but just for a short ride." Ben meditatively revolved his own cigar between his lips, tilted back his head and blew a series of perfect smoke rings aloft. "You see, there's an awfully decent chap I know that it's his birthday and I'm putting up a little surprise on him."

"Make the car your own," Temple urged, erasing the wrinkles from about his eyes. He then summarized that day's market for his host, pointing out that certain parties had considered his being in a hospital would make him easy; thought it a good time to put a crimp in him. They had, Ben was assured, a surprise in store, but there would be no birthday party, no cake, no candles—just a bunch of bad news. Mr. Temple had the Broad Street bunch grilling splendidly—learning how to take a joke—when he was stalked and sequestered by an imperious menial.

Ben next sent for the professor, who came with a notebook and a fountain pen that had inked his fingers. "I am making up my list of little necessaries," he explained.

"So am I," said Ben. "When you leaving this hut?"

"This hut?" echoed the professor, laughing guardedly. "My surgeon promises I shall go not later than day after tomorrow."

"When you go I wish you'd go about twelve P.M. midnight and take a package for me."

"Of course, my dear Carcross—only too glad. And take the package where?"

"Only to your sister, who will keep it a short time. I'd like to have her come here for you."

"She'll be delighted."

"In a car I'll send for her—a car that will drive up to the back entrance. You give her the package, and both of you take it to your house and look after it till the next morning. That sister of yours is a sensible lady."

"She's quite all of that"

"It's kind of peculiar —— You see, there's an awfully decent chap that it's his birthday and I'm putting up a kind of a surprise on him."

"One of those jolly frolics, eh?"

"Some would call it that—wear soft-soled shoes."

"Tennis shoes; it sounds actually surreptitious."

"That's the word I was trying to think of," Ben confessed. "I'll give you further directions later."

"You've only to make them plain, my dear chap." He referred to his notebook. "I have put down a supply of dry chocolate."

"Fine," said Ben. "But have all those things off your mind by the night I need you. I'm getting your transportation west."

"Thanks a lot! I don't mind telling you I've always loathed having to purchase railway tickets. There are always so many persons going to so many destinations. I never can quite believe they're booking me for mine."

"Soft shoes and a long coat."

"I have both."

"And a hat that pulls down over your face. Better take one I have."

"Melodrama, what?"

"Mellow enough," Ben admitted.

(Continued on Page 80)

It has already captured the *most cynical* radio audience in the world..

IF there's any one who's cynical about radio claims, it's the average radio dealer.

He's seen so many sets come and go, flipped so many exuberant pamphlets into the waste-basket, listened stonily to so many high pressure sales talks that in self-defence he lets the announcement of a new set stir him about as greatly as the weather report.

In the face of such professional boredom, what roused thousands of dealers into wild enthusiasm at the National Radio Dealers' Convention in Chicago? What set them crowding, pushing around the Philco booth? What started them excitedly reaching for order blanks and drew 4 times as many dealers to the Philco exhibit as to any other?

Balanced-Unit Radio—by Philco.

This revolutionary development—this awakener of the whole radio trade—has five features of particular interest—and three of them affect *performance*! *Tone* that is richer, truer, clearer than any which had ever been heard by these dealers—or by you.

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Cabinets of exceedingly great beauty—planned by the same men who designed the interiors of many of America's finest homes—executed in woods which are both handsome and costly.

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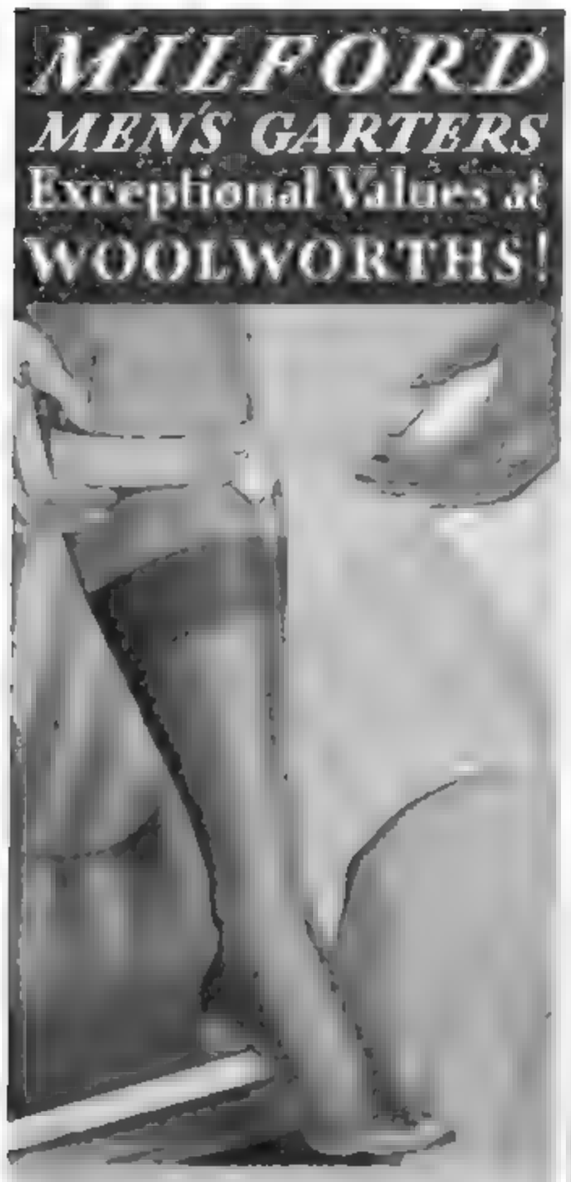
ALL-ELECTRIC PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO



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Made of fine, fresh, long-wearing elastic, with protected garter grips—Milford Men's Garters come in two types of construction—each decidedly practical, designed for superlative service and comfort.

Each pair of Milford Men's Garters carries with it a guarantee of satisfaction.

Only because of the great quantities sold by Woolworths can you secure these remarkable values!

THE A. J. DONAHUE CORPORATION
Milford, Conn., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 78)

Doyle slunk from the bathroom when the professor had gone. "I listened; I couldn't help it." She held up the gray wool rug, furling and unfurling it. "When I began this I knew it would be for a baby, but I didn't knit into it any hope it would be for—you know—him! And now ——" She held the rug to her breast, wide-eyed and tight-mouthed.

Ben regarded her genially: "I expect you better go down to that diet kitchen and see if you can't hot something up for yourself—a cup of tea."

"If I could only go to sleep and stay so until he's planted on that lovely farm of yours."

Ben stared at her with a mounting choler, but she was so defenseless. "Yeah, it's a lovely farm," he wearily agreed.

XIX

CAME the night and, at long last, the hour and the chap that it was his birthday. Four months to the hour, Doyle had computed.

Ben issued final instructions to Whitey: "You're to be a kind of a tackle, like in this football; block any interference—see what I mean? No strong-arm work; still, use your judgment. You might go out of your head and get rough if necessary—be delirious."

Whitey nodded. "I get you, sheriff."

When he had gone, Doyle quit sewing on what she had read of as a tiny garment, and with a large leisurely carelessness said she believed she would take a little prowl.

"Good luck!" Ben wished her, and with an elaborate carelessness of his own lighted a fresh cigar and affected an interest in one of the sports-apparel folders. "The correctly dressed man is always at ease," he read. He didn't believe it. Wasn't he now correctly dressed? He wondered how many more odd angles there might be to the old cattle business.

On the floor above, a door silently opened and Doyle appeared, clasping a burden shrouded in a gray wool rug. Ten quick steps down the corridor she transferred this to a casually sauntering man who trod the tiles in tennis shoes and whose tall figure was enveloped in a violently patterned ulster. His face was all but hidden by the drooping of a black hat originally purchased by one whom the present wearer at that moment would have inadequately described as a gentleman farmer.

Miss Doyle turned back and, opening a door beside the one that had lately given her egress, might have been heard to exclaim, "Hello, girls!"

The tall gentleman meanwhile continued a noiseless progress, no longer at a sauntering pace, to a service elevator, the door of which opened as if by magic to receive him. It had really been opened by a shorter and undisguised man, conspicuously freckled, even in the half light, who at once said from one corner of his compressed mouth: "Don't carry that thing under your arm like a bundle! Do you want to start something?"

The burden bearer, as the elevator descended, shifted his bundle to another position. Both issued on the hospital's lowest floor and the tall man stalked rapidly toward a double door at the end of the passage. He was followed more slowly by his lift attendant, who himself now sauntered in a manner that would have been considered aimless by an observer. One such, a comely young woman in the uniform of a student nurse, appearing suddenly from a side passage, paused to survey the laden figure in retreat; yet she was enabled to secure only the briefest glimpse of him because she was heartily accosted by the sauntering stranger:

"Well, look who's come to the party! If I didn't know better I'd say it was Gloria Swanson making a personal appearance."

The student nurse was far from displeased by these blunt words, although she prettily protested that she did not look one bit like the screen star named.

During the consequent reaffirmations and winsome denials the gentleman who so pleasingly diverted her beheld, looking over her shoulder, the tall man gain his exit and enter a lordly motor car seemingly in wait for him. He heard a door slam and perceived the car to move off. He then begged the student nurse to show him where his ward was, asserting that he had lost his way in a confusion of alleys. This she consented to do, and was so perversely fluffed en route that the fleeting vision of a muffled tall stranger carrying something gray was wholly and forever wiped from her young mind.

Back at a table in the supply room of the nursery, Doyle engaged in badinage with the head nurse and her three aides. After a time of this she remarked that she must return to her case, but would first have a peek at her favorite baby. The nurse and the aides chaffed her about this weakness for babies not her own.

Doyle took their banter gracefully, and then, her hand against the baize-covered door, she casually said, "By the way, I see you lost one of your babies tonight."

"When?" asked the nurse, with but moderate curiosity. They were always losing babies to desirous mothers.

"Why, just now."

"Just now?" echoed the nurse and her aides in concert. This was different.

"Certainly just now. As I came along the hall I passed a man carrying one—some father, I suppose."

"Just now?" again queried the head nurse, while her trainers looked bewildered.

"But we haven't let ——" The head nurse pushed past Doyle and the nursery seemed to explode with light. The trainers advanced, while Doyle paused in the doorway. The quick eye of the nurse caught the vacant basket.

"Why—why ——" Her dazed eyes searched the room; she stooped to look under the suspended baskets. The trainers stooped.

"Why, this is ——." But the nurse was stricken speechless. The trainers regarded her and one another with scared eyes. "You said just now?" demanded the nurse at last.

"Just now, when I came along the hall. And it's that favorite baby of mine—that lovely one."

"Now, listen," commanded the nurse: "You say you saw a man taking a baby away. What did he look like?"

"Young, good-looking fellow; black eyes and dark wavy hair parted on the side; kind of a scar on his right cheek."

"Why ——" said the nurse and trainers again in concert. "But ——" they began once more.

"It's him," declared the nurse.

"It's him!" echoed the trainers.

"Who?" asked Doyle.

"That snipe of a father," explained the nurse. "The one she kept the photograph of inside her nightdress all the time. It's down in the office now with that letter he wrote when he ran off. Gussie, go down and ask Sister Ambrosia to let you have that snapshot."

Gussie went. Five minutes later Doyle scanned the likeness, while the four scanned her face. "The very man I saw," she told them. "There's the scar on his cheek and that wave in his hair—I could see that because his cap was pushed back."

"Gee gosh!" said the nurse. The dismayed trainers silently shaped their lips to the same oath.

"Wouldn't that blister you?" The trainers looked this.

"Sister Ambrosia's coming up," gasped the still-panting Gussie.

"I really must get back," said Doyle, "but you can tell sister I described the man."

In the room below Whitey had reported to Ben. "Everything went bingo-bang, sheriff. The prof looked awful tall in that coat; you'd of said he was a guy walking on stilts. But smack out of the door he went with the bambino and into the pompous big car. There was a peach of a little girl on that lower floor—one of these studying to be a nurse—and she got a quick flash at him; but I was there with a jolly. I bet she don't remember did she see a man with a kid or didn't she."

Ben was in bed and at unfeigned ease when Doyle came back.

"I was cold as ice—didn't I tell you? And everything went right. I stuck around, made them miss him, then identified that father from his photograph. They forgot I'd seen it before. They were a fussed bunch. Serves them right—leaving that room so anyone could sneak in there and simply steal a baby!" Her indignation seemed a little odd to Ben.

"That's the way you wanted things, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I mean they ought to be more careful after this."

"Will they start anything?"

"No, they won't want anything started. Besides, it was his own baby. They think he took it that way so he wouldn't have to pay the bill."

"Find out how much the bill is, and we'll send some money in a note telling what it's for—enough more to make 'em think the cuss guessed at it."

"I'll do it tomorrow." She was pacing the room, free at last to let down from the tension in which she had been rigid. "You don't know how terribly I hate to lie, even when it's necessary," she said once; and again: "I wish he could have been twins."

"Then the professor would have had to been twins," Ben suggested, but she ignored this.

A moment later: "We must look out for his tonsils and adenoids."

"Can he use my razor, just at first?" Ben asked.

Again Doyle was deaf. "I simply must telephone those people. I can't wait one more minute."

"Just so I get a little sleep," Ben answered. She was gone, and he dozed almost at once. He was aroused by a hand clenching on his shoulder.

"It's all right. He's so good—not a whimper—and having his bottle this minute. But that woman!" Her tone was heavy with scorn. "Do you know what she said over the phone? You won't believe it. She said, 'He seems to be quite a nice baby,' just like that." Doyle repeated the phrase in a tone meant to be offensively supercilious. "And 'seems to be,'" she added with venom.

"Just so I can get a little sleep," Ben drowsily pleaded.

Doyle sighed and gave in. What could you expect of a man? The very best of them were utterly selfish in matters of their physical comfort.

XX

THE next afternoon Whitey, with a soft pencil, wrote the note Ben dictated. "That brick-top would have made a dandy burglar," he remarked.

Ben placed a bill in the envelope Whitey had addressed to the hospital.

"Darned if it don't seem like turning your back on the old home," he said. He took a final survey of the room and bath, retrieving from the latter his toothbrush and from the disordered bed an old issue of the Branlock Advertiser.

"All the same, sheriff, I ain't going to break down on leaving."

On the way to the station Ben had their driver mail the letter. As the cab went on Whitey remarked, "Babies! Some want 'em, some don't—that's the funny way it goes."

"This is a wonder baby," Ben told him. "He'd have been snapped up." Whitey wasn't so sure of this, but he was polite.

They made a slow way through a noisome welter of traffic. "All these people going to perish from gas some day," Ben declared. "I wouldn't live where you can't breathe right."

"Yes, New York's coming on," said Whitey.

"I'll stake you to my interest in the camp."

In the station waiting room, tumultuous with a weaving throng—"Every last one of

(Continued on Page 82)

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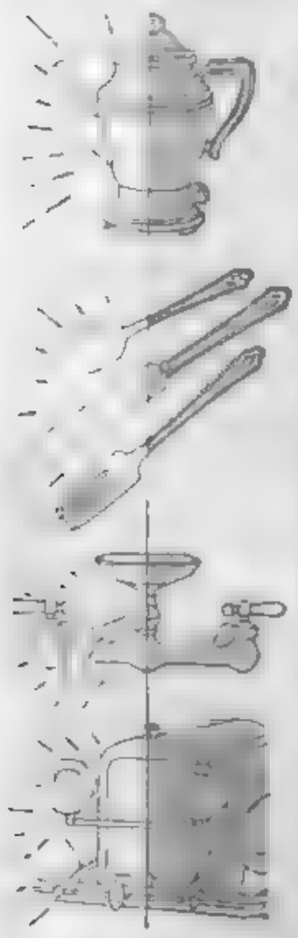

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(Continued from Page 80)

'em locoed," Ben remarked—they spied the professor. He towered from a girdling island of bags, his capped head seeming to revolve as he scanned the crowd.

"Looks like one of these lighthouses that go on and off," observed Whitey. The light halted to illumine them with extra rays.

"Oh, there you are! I was beginning to worry. It's only twenty minutes till leaving time."

"Get calm," Ben advised. "You can do a lot in twenty minutes."

"I gave my two heavy bags to one of these uniformed urchins. He seemed to know where to place them after one glimpse of my ticket; yet I dare say ——"

"Slow down," Ben soothed him. "And you might as well get the rest of your plunder aboard." He snapped fingers at a passing redcap and the professor trustingly fell into line. As they paused at the gate they were joined by Miss Ellis and a pleased redcap who jauntily carried an impressive new bag. With the exception of an epochal journey some years before to Poughkeepsie, Miss Ellis had not hitherto shed the light of her presence beyond the confines of Greater New York; yet she joined them with the air of one long wearied by world travel; she was languid.

"That young woman really has remarkable eyes," observed the professor.

"She's entirely remarkable," Ben told him.

Miss Ellis greeted them casually, her remarkable eyes concealing the circumstance that inwardly she was seething. She had schooled herself on the journey to the station. It had occurred to her for the first time that, if people from the country seemed like hicks in New York, so might people from New York seem like hicks after they crossed its borders. She did not wish to seem like a hick, either at home or abroad.

"Should we wait for Miss Doyle?" she now thoughtfully asked. "She's not a bit accustomed to travel."

"Trust her," Ben answered. "She was in the car one minute after that gate opened."

They were led to the car. Ben had taken for himself a mere berth, where you could see your neighbors, but there were two drawing-rooms for the others, and while Whitey and the professor stowed their bags in one, Miss Ellis tried the door of the other. Finding it locked, she rapped and the door opened, at first wide enough to reveal a narrow sector of Doyle's scared face; then wider for the admission of her friend; after which it was sharply closed and relocked.

"Why the mystery play?" demanded the newcomer.

"Sh-h!" whispered Doyle.

"All right, but why?"

"Wait," whispered Doyle, a finger on her lips.

Miss Ellis, now impressed, rather weakly stepped across to a seat, carelessly pushing at the end of a gray rug. She was ready to slump.

Doyle stifled a scream. "Look out! Not there!"

Miss Ellis now found herself on the edge of a candid irritation. She'd had enough for days to make her a bundle of nerves. "What in the devil is the —— For the Lord's sake!"

Doyle had pulled back a fold of the gray bundle, to reveal the face of a sleeping infant.

"And whose brat is that, may I ask?"

"Brat!" Doyle flamed at her. "It's him! Mine!"

Miss Ellis retained control of her jangled nerves only with an effort. "Yours, eh? Just another girlish escapade, I suppose?" Her eyes suddenly froze to Doyle's left hand. "And that ring finger of yours as naked as the day you were born!"

"Oh, I forgot," huskily whispered Doyle, reaching for her bag. Miss Ellis slumped to the vacant seat, staring wildly at Doyle and the bundle. For too many days her mental control had been overtaxed. Now she gulped, her face crumpled and large tears gathered in her remarkable eyes.

"Well, I'll be damned!" She could manage this between gulps, while reaching for her bag. Doyle gave her a handkerchief.

"Now look what you've gone and made me do!" The handkerchief came away from her streaming eyes with more color than tears have.

Doyle herself began to weaken. She, too, had endured past the breaking point; she sniffled perilously, reached for the bundle and, above it, wept without restraint.

"That's right!" the other cheered her, through sobs by this time better regulated. Strange events had worked up to what she would have called a big emotional finish. "We got those baby blues," she added. They wept companionably as the train moved off.

Outside, Ben relaxed in his section. Already the oppression that, with him, had been New York was lightening. When the train ran close by those miles of dingy apartment houses he was no longer alert to the revelations of domestic intimacy. Loosely clad women and dejected men stared from their prisons unnoted. His set gaze pierced those angular drab surfaces and he beheld another scene—curves and color, soft blendings of green; deep greens that would lighten, with here and there a sharper note where wild mustard was springing. He heard the plaintive cry of killdeer racing along the road to rise and breast the wind as he drove among them. Fat cattle stopped grazing to regard him. He caught the spicy scent of sagebrush baking under an ardent sun. Far off a rugged mountain showed mellow through a haze, snow still abundant on its upper reaches; snow to melt through the summer and keep his ditches full. Grass was growing, water running.

He counted the days. He had sent a misleading telegram to the family, wishing no reception at Branlock. He would reach there a day before the time his telegram named. A confidential letter to Art Dugdale had taken care of the discrepancy. He wondered how the new bulls were doing—if they'd turned out to be just a bunch of fence breakers. He was recalled to his surroundings by the professor stooping benevolently to proffer a chocolate bar.

This brought his protective staff of assistants to mind and he went to the stateroom of the nurses. He found them red-eyed but composed. Doyle's fear of a snooping policeman was now a little allayed. She was still conscious, Ben noted, of the gleaming ring. He persuaded both of them to go to the observation platform for a breath of air, although Doyle left with reluctance.

He was alone with the baby. It lay sprawled on the seat, wedged in by a pillow, and surveyed the bending face in a way that curiously embarrassed Ben. Its gaze was calm, without prejudice, yet critical. Ben tried to shrug off the embarrassment.

"Was he—was he—was he!" he remarked huskily, and extended a finger, which the baby seized. That nurse back in the hospital had said all babies did this, but Ben didn't believe it. This baby knew what he was doing. He kicked violently beneath the blanket, flung his head from side to side and made a gurgling sound of apparent gratification, contorting his face in what the observer considered near enough a smile to call it that. The grip on the finger tightened at an effort to withdraw it.

"Am I a fool?" Ben demanded. The baby achieved a sound remarkable but not informing.

"Wuzzy, wuzzy, wuzzy!" Ben again remarked, glancing at the door. It was all right, here alone, but he wouldn't want to be caught at this.

Doyle found him so. She had ventured no long absence.

"Wouldn't it be terrible if there was an accident—one of those head-on collisions? I don't see why they can't run at a sensible speed."

"Bill ain't worrying about that—or anything else," Ben answered.

"Bill? Not Bill!"

"What are you going to name him then? Come on, what's his name?"

"I haven't had time. I can't do everything at once." She came to release Ben's finger and stood up to face him at the door: "You've made me the happiest woman in all the world."

"Shucks!" muttered Ben, and left quickly.

Miss Ellis returned in excellent spirits. "I like riding on the steam cars," she said. "And what do you think?" Doyle didn't know, so Miss Ellis related that an affable gentleman of the observation platform had suspected her of returning to Hollywood, and she had seen no good reason for undeceiving him. "Then he wanted me to step into his parlor and have a little drink, but I said my contract didn't allow it. Of course it might have been all right, but I don't think you can tell on these fast trains."

"You better be careful," Doyle advised.

"When did you know me that I wasn't?" retorted the other, and extended a finger to the baby. This was instantly gripped.

"Why, he knows me already."

"All babies grab fingers," Doyle explained. "It doesn't mean a thing except an object to take hold of."

"Well, he looks as if he knew me, don't you, Sugar? Sugar, Sugar, Sugar!" she added.

"I think he would know me if he knew anybody," said Doyle sharply, and objected when the other wished to hold him.

"You act like he was your own baby," said Miss Ellis.

"I'm going to do just that!"

What might have been a squabble was interrupted by the professor.

"And how is our monad?" he beamingly asked.

"Monad?" Doyle didn't care for the term.

"An ultimate unit," explained the professor in mollifying tones. "A minute, simple organism representing the universe yet man, the paragon of animals."

"Oh!" Doyle grudgingly accepted this.

The professor extended an investigative finger, with the wonted result, but did not misinterpret this. "An instinct that universally conditions humanity," he explained, "and how absorbing you will find it to watch presently the liberation of the hands from any part in the locomotor function."

"Sugar, Sugar, Sugar!" sang Miss Ellis.

"And is your need satisfied?" The professor shrewdly regarded Doyle.

"Oh, yes; it is, it is!"

"Very interesting, very instructive," he returned.

"He's not so dumb as you might think," said Miss Ellis, when the professor had gone.

"Too scientific for any use," Doyle insisted. "Talking like a factory superintendent—he makes me tired."

Outside, the professor was explaining to Ben: "A most interesting demonstration; that woman had reached a point where she could no longer tolerate the repression of her emotional responses. Now she has the ideal outlet."

"Yeah, I thought it was that," Ben agreed. "Of course, I wasn't sure."

The professor passed on and Ben watched a very old lady across the aisle, her thin, veined hands folded in her lap, her head a little bent, nodding to the rhythm of the train, her withered face relaxed, her eyes far fixed. She was listening, he thought; hearing all those back years of life. "Longtrail," he told himself. And she would now be close to the end, but had never complained; he was sure of that. There was a dim little smile of acceptance on the old face. Life was queer, at least to a cow man whose own mane was bleached.

In his berth that night he raised the curtain and watched the world go by. Little lighted towns they ran through were like other worlds; peopled same as this, but remote, sufficient to themselves; uninterested in his world. He began to puzzle over life and fell asleep at it with a late moon blanching his weathered face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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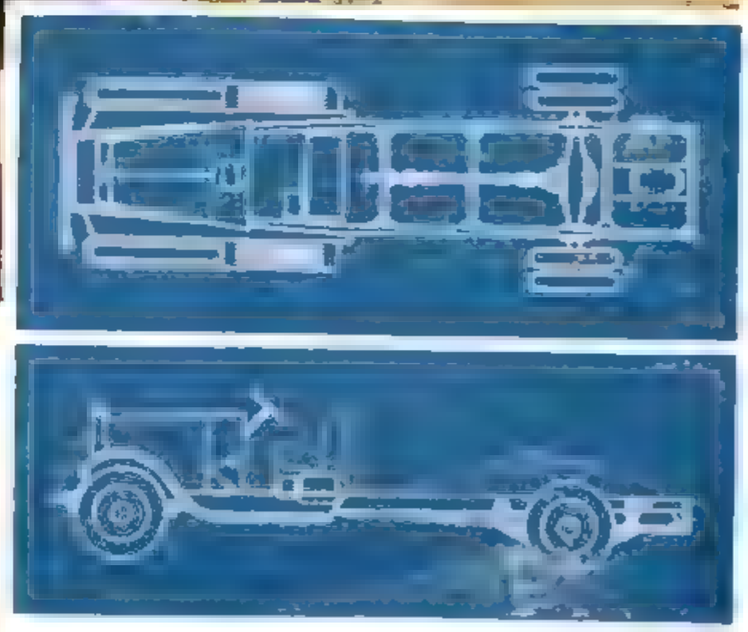

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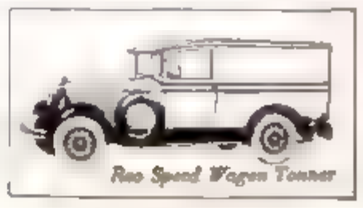

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I KISS YOUR HAND, MADAM

(Continued from Page 29

the bell of Millicent's smart flat, she realized with sinking heart that there was someone else there. A bowler hat, beside two chamois gloves, lay on the hall table. As Dollie entered the pretty sitting room she was just in time to see a tall man bending courteously over Millicent and kissing her hand. There was something so gallant and charming in that action that it made Dollie go all lumpy at the throat. Tom had never kissed her hand, and never would. He had a queer, guileless fashion of turning his face to hers and kissing her full on the lips in the most innocent way, that reminded her always of a small boy come home to his mother.

Millicent did not introduce the young man, but Dollie recognized him from his picture. It was Lord Summerfield, and he looked a dear. After he had gone, Millicent kissed her and pressed her into a chair.

"Of course you'll have tea. You look fagged out." She said that rather resentfully, as if it annoyed her that Dollie looked fagged out. Sitting there, with Millicent looking at her, Dollie felt quite one hundred and two.

"What a lucky thing you are, Millie." Dollie looked round her sister's luxurious flat. "I read in a paper that you are going to marry him."

Millicent shrugged her shoulders and laughed gently.

"They have no business to say that. I'm not sure myself."

He had not asked her, but she knew he would. She changed the subject quickly. She did not feel like adopting the attitude she always had adopted with Dollie over such things.

She said, "And how are you all getting on?" Her hard bright eyes took in her sister's shabby clothes, her tired hat and gloves. She thought testily, "I give her enough. What does she do with them all?"

"I came to see you about Lois. She is seventeen. She has to do something for her living, and she wants to dance, Millie. I thought perhaps you could help her. You must know lots of people, now, connected with the stage."

"Seventeen! Is it possible?" Tiresome of Lois to be as old as that. It reminded one of time going on and on.

"I always think she's a little bit like you, Millie. And they say, at her dancing class, that she is quite above the average."

"My dear Doll, they always say that. They've got to. It's part of their stock in trade. What do you want me to do?"

"See her. Get someone with influence in some theater to see her. I know if she got her chance she would make good. Only there are so many people in England, and so few chances ——"

"I don't know many people who would be helpful over that kind of thing. Still, I could ask Eagles. He's a famous producer and I've met him once or twice. He's quite a friend of mine. I'll speak to him, if you like."

It was rather awful, having a lot of poor relations hanging around. She hoped Jarrold had not realized Doll was her sister. Doll looked awful, and yet she was only thirty-six. Only one year older than Millicent herself.

"She's so pretty, Millie. And she's such a darling. There never was a girl with a sweeter nature, and she's never been able to have very much fun as yet. I do want her to have her chance."

Dollie's face lit up; her eyes shone with an enthusiasm Millicent had never seen there before. She felt a little scornful. These poor deluded mothers, dreaming their geese are swans.

"It's a hard life—the theater. And you have to be quite above the average to get on. I'll speak to Eagles and let you know what he says, Doll. And look, here's a black silk coat for you, and a new hat. You want some things rather, don't you?"

Dollie went off with the black silk coat in a parcel, her eyes like stars. She saw Lois' slim little figure wrapped in its folds. She had a whole boxful of pretty things saved up for Lois. Fashions changed so little nowadays that with clever contriving things went on for years. All the way home she trimmed hats, in her mind, for Lois.

Like a picture she saw again Millicent's pretty drawing-room and the tall man stooping over her, kissing her hand. Lucky Millicent. What a memory to keep beside one. She thought, "My hands were made more for cooking than for kissing"—and she laughed softly to herself in the hot bus. And suddenly, for no reason whatever, save that Millicent was always rather sniffy about him, she thought of Tom. He wasn't so bad, old Tom. All things considered, they got on all right. He wasn't exciting. He never kissed her hand. But suddenly she remembered his guileless fashion of turning his face to hers, so innocent, so loving, and her heart was soft. Nobody can have everything in this world. She hadn't done so badly.

Millie said, "It's a bore. I've got to try and launch my sister's kid on the stage, and I don't suppose she has any talent whatever."

"Why jump to that conclusion with a member of your family?" asked Jarrold Summerfield. He was sitting on her low fender stool, lazily and idly smoking a cigarette. Millie had always determined to approach matrimony, if ever she contemplated it, in a detached spirit. A woman scored if she could keep herself apart. But she could not manage to be detached about Jarrold. He was lovely. In the beginning she had assured him their relations must never be anything but platonic, and that she was not the marrying sort. It was a long time now since she had said anything of the kind. It annoyed her, even, that Jarrold still respected the barriers she herself had placed between them. Sometimes he would look at her with those very blue eyes of his, one eyebrow raised slightly higher than the other in a quizzical fashion, and say: "Amazing that you have never married, Millicent."

"I never cared to," she had said. "A woman gives too much for too little return."

And she had told him of Dollie's marriage.

"If they are fond of each other," he had said doggedly, "I'm not so sorry for either of them. The worst thing in the world is to be alone. Nothing else is unbearable."

He remembered that conversation now, as Millie told him about Lois.

"Their child?"

"Dollie, of course, thinks her goose a swan."

He said gently, "Then she has got something out of life after all, you see."

"They are coming this afternoon. You can see her for yourself."

She did hope Dollie would have made herself smart. It was unfortunate that Jarrold had come that afternoon too late to wire and put them off. She did not particularly want him to meet any of her family. But, as it had to happen, she determined to carry it off with the best grace she could.

In the end Dollie did not come. The maid showed in an elderly man and a slip of a girl beautifully dressed in a black silk coat and a little black hat that could only have come from Paris. The man was large and shy, and clutched his hat as if he suspected some scheme was afoot to get it from him forever.

"Dollie wasn't well," he said, "so I came." She recognized Tom. Tom had changed very little, only faded. He was like a picture of himself that had stood too long in the sun. Millicent was astonished at Lois. Lois was beautiful. Her eyes were set wide apart and she wore her hair pushed back off her forehead, which gave her a very childish and surprised look. Beautiful ankles and feet she had.

"Dollie spoke to you." Poor old Tom stood there, blundering and shy. A woolly bear of a man. He looked at Lois as if she was a rare piece of china intrusted to his care with strict injunctions not to get her broken. "She said you'd understand our coming. Lois wants to dance."

When he said that there was a queer, hurt look in his eyes. You knew he could not bear the thought of Lois dancing, of Lois doing anything. He was an unfortunate man who had never been able to do what he wanted for those he loved, but it had not left him embittered. Only rather surprised and hurt. Jarrold, watching him, felt suddenly and indescribably touched—and he was not a sentimental young man. He could hear Millicent talking to Tom. Sound common sense. Pointing out all there was against Lois really getting on very far, and there seemed to be lots against it.

He turned to Lois. Her eyes were fixed on her aunt with reverent awe. He thought the child beautiful, with a fresh beauty like that of spring flowers and the glory of the morning.

"So you want to go on the stage," he said, a little sadly, for he was a man of the world and had known many ladies in that honorable profession.

Lois said, "Oh, no. I don't want to, you know. Only we are poor, and I want to make some money dreadfully."

"What do you want money for?" he asked, teasing her, but his eyes were dark, as they always were when he was moved, and one eyebrow a little higher than the other eyebrow gave him a quizzical look.

Lois dreamed, her eyes on the expensive carpet. Then she said unexpectedly, "I want to buy a golden looking-glass"—and laughed.

"A golden looking-glass?"

"When we were little we used to say to mother: 'When we grow up you shall have a solid gold chest of drawers and a golden looking-glass.' The golden chest of drawers of course would not be very nice, but I saw exactly the looking-glass I want in Regent Street the other day. And when I have made some money I shall buy it for her, and she shall have another maid, and lovely clothes ——"

She broke off, blushing at having told so many secrets to a stranger. Jarrold Summerfield watched her, his eyes shaded by his long fine hand. He thought of Millicent's word picture of her sister, jaded, stout, dull. Yet she hadn't done so badly. Was there anyone, he wondered, planning with any passion to give Millicent a golden looking-glass? He thought not.

"You are very fond of your mother."

She turned to him, wide-eyed: "But of course. Aren't people always fond of their mothers?"

He laughed a little sadly and did not tell her.

"I wonder if you will like the stage."

"No. I shall probably hate it. But I shall work very hard."

"What would you like to do?"

She said slowly, "I would like to have a cottage of my own, with lots of bulbs in pots in springtime. And a violet bed and some sweet Williams. And a small lawn. And a cat. And two children—a boy and a girl. And a spare room for mother."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"You've got it all planned out."

"Yes. I had it all planned out when I was seven. The size of my family varies rather. Once I was going to have twenty children, but I have decided that is too much."

"You will have to be married."

"That won't matter," said Lois. "That would be fun, I think. But of course it's just pretense, all this. I am going on the stage, if Aunt Millicent will help me."

And she blushed again, ashamed at having said so much to a stranger.

(Continued on Page 87)

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Honolulu HAWAII

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(Continued from Page 84)

Millie was fixing up with Tom for the following Thursday.

"I'll get Eagles to see her. But of course I can't promise anything, Tom."

"Of course you can't. It's immensely good of you, Millicent, my dear."

The girl departed with her woolly bear of a father. Millicent stood flicking cigarette ash onto the carpet.

"A bore, all these poor relations," she said. "The girl won't do any good. She is as stiff as a little poker. All elbows and knees."

He sat turning his cigarette round between his fingers, saying nothing. Youth and women like Millicent were enemies to one another. He had seen it so often. He felt, suddenly, sorry for Millicent. He understood her rather well.

"The child," he said, presently, "is charming."

Millie was aware of a sensation she had never had before. An odd, burning sensation of hatred toward Lois. It frightened her. She turned to Jarrold, frightened. He was standing up to go. She wished, now, passionately, that he would make love to her, be kind to her. She wished she had not talked to him so much about the independence of women and the drawbacks of marriage.

Jarrold lifted her hand to his lips in his charming courtly fashion and kissed it. Then he left her. For the first time the gesture failed to please her.

She could not sleep that night. She was afraid Lois would be able to dance. She was afraid she would have to sit by and see Lois, young and slim and beautiful, captivate Eagles. She saw Lois' name, in large letters, at the top of play bills, and her own, in small letters, in that inconspicuous place reserved for authors down at the bottom. Had she, she wondered, ever looked as charming in that black silk coat, that little hat? She hated Lois with an intensity she had never known in any other feeling. It frightened her. She did not want to hate Lois like that, but it engulfed her like a rising tide and there was no getting away from it.

The theater oozed disillusionment in the morning. The seats lurked under dust sheets, with a furtive air. The stage was dusty and disorganized, and haunted by one old char who flitted about like the ghost of a bygone actor unaware that the audience had long ago gone home. The orchestra was empty, save for one man—a little man with fish eyes who sat at the piano.

Millie kept apologizing to Eagles:

"I expect I've brought you here on a wild-goose chase, but there was nothing for it but to get your opinion. You know what these poor relations are. They pester one so. The girl is pretty, but ——"

She shrugged her shoulders. She had no idea just what she meant by that shrug. Eagles was a man with a nose like a parrot's beak, and a weary, slow eye, and a rude way, born of having too much power on top of too little education.

"She's pretty as a picture," said Eagles hoarsely.

Again that hot, agonizing flood of hatred ate Millie up. She did not want Lois to be a success. She did not want Eagles to like her. She wished Lois was far, far away and that they had never met. The man with fish eyes struck a chord. Lois came on and began to dance. It was rather pitiful. She was so young, so stiff, so frightened. She was like a marionette manipulated by a beginner. Millie watched her, breathless with relief. This was no good. The child had nothing in her. Millie was wildly glad. Relief flooded her heart. She heard herself saying: "I'm sorry, Eagles. Wasting your time "

Eagles said to Lois, "That will do, my dear." The man with fish eyes removed his hands from the piano and faded away with the end of a tune. In a deserted green room Lois sat crying.

Millie felt oddly elated, years younger. She was meeting Jarrold at the Berkeley for luncheon. She forgot to say anything kind to Lois in the excitement and relief of the moment. In the green and silver of the grill room she told Jarrold all about it:

"It was rather ghastly. These mothers who think their geese are swans are tiresome folk, for the child has no idea of dancing. Like a little poker she is. She stood there, scared to death."

Jarrold kept seeing her, scared to death, all through that luncheon. He was thinking of a golden looking-glass. Such an odd thing for any peer of the realm to be thinking of in the Berkeley Grill, all among the silver and the green, and the cream of society.

Millicent said suddenly, "I'm going away, Jarrold."

He looked at her swiftly.

"To Paris," she said. "In search of happiness. I've been working too hard. I don't know what it is. I'm not feeling myself lately."

She waited breathlessly, hoping he would say something he did not say. Jarrold of late had been somewhat unsatisfactory. She wished now that she had not talked to him as she had done in the beginning.

He said, "I will come and see you off, Millicent. A change will cheer you."

He went to see her off, bringing her roses and books. He raised her pretty little hand to his lips and kissed it with a courteous, gallant gesture that made the hearts of all the other women looking on grow hot with envy. They wondered why Millicent, beautifully dressed, did not look happier about it all as the train slipped away between the green and golden fields of Kent. Millie wondered herself. It had always seemed to her that she had everything, and now of a sudden she had nothing. Only forever before her the picture of Lois, with starlike eyes, wearing that long black silk coat, that little black hat.

After she had gone, Jarrold Summerfield went to Regent Street. He went from shop to shop until he found a gold looking-glass, which he bought and carried away in a brown paper parcel under his arm, which you seldom see peers of the realm do at 10:30 in the morning.

After that he went out of London.

"Life," said Dollie, stitching away at white silk undies for Lois, "is a patchwork quilt, and I've got to a bright bit."

She had never been so happy. No romance of her own had ever touched her so closely as this love story of her daughter's. She was young again, without any of the pangs and anxieties of youth.

There was only one flaw in it all—Millie's strange behavior. Millie had been horrid to Lois from the first—absolutely horrid. Dollie knew it was Millie's attitude toward the girl that had made her so terrified that she could not dance on that dreadful day at the theater. Millie had been beastly to her ever since. It could not be because of Jarrold. The world had expected Millie to marry Jarrold, but Millie herself had always said she wasn't the marrying sort. Dollie remembered instance upon instance to prove this, so there seemed no reason why one should be sorry for Millie. Vaguely she began to understand things. The life Millie had always led made youth her rival and her enemy.

"Whereas youth is my friend," said Dollie, "and all my pleasure and fun. Perhaps to have gained that was worth a deal of drudgery. Dreadful to be growing old and have youth as an enemy."

They came to her, Lois and Joe, with all their pleasures and all their secrets. She was, to them, something glorious and apart. It hadn't anything to do with what she looked like or what she could do for them. It was something larger than that.

Dollie sat sewing white silk undies, talking at intervals to Tom. She thought, "It's been dull at times, but taking things all round, we've had the best of it." She said aloud: "I wish Millie wasn't so queer these days."

"It's difficult for me to realize you two were sisters."

"I know. Millie was always such a beauty."

Tom said surprisingly, "I always admired your style more myself." He removed his pipe to say it, but not his eyes from his book. She had to laugh.

"Tom! You might as well compare an oil stove to a star."

"Oil stoves are far more use in the home," said Tom. "Besides, if I'd been able to do more for you in the way of clothes and all that, you'd have knocked Millie into a cocked hat. You didn't have much chance, marrying me."

He sat there, a woolly bear of a man. He had never been able to do all he wanted for those he loved, but it had not left him embittered. Only surprised and a little hurt. Her eyes grew misty. "Good enough," she thought, "after all these years of marriage." A sudden tenderness made her stoop over him. He turned his face to her in the innocent, guileless way he had and kissed her on the mouth.

"We haven't done so badly, Tom," she said softly. "I don't envy Millie now. Once I did, but not now." Pictures of Millie's life rose before her eyes, all of them luxurious—the pretty flat, the flowers, the lights, her lovely clothes. But youth was Millie's enemy. She said, "The world kissed Millie's hand."

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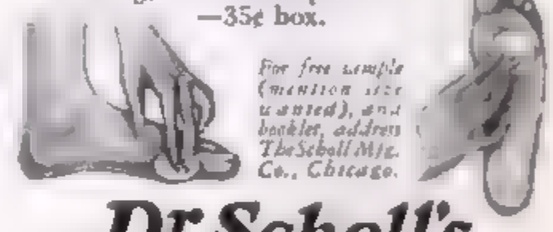

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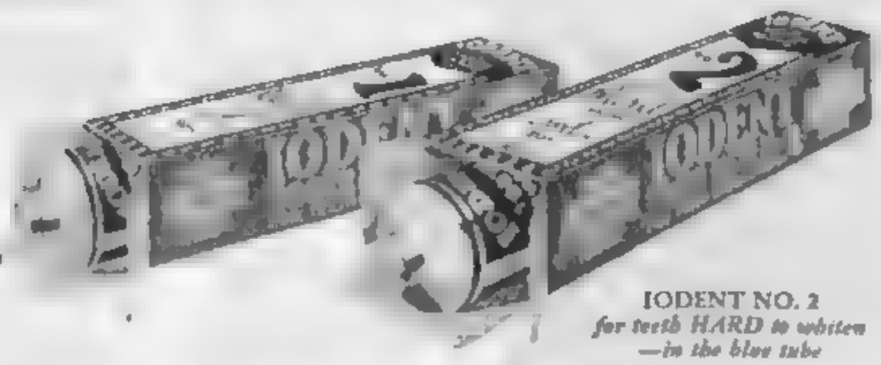

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Is the Ideal Dentifrice for those whose teeth are EASY to whiten

HONOR

(Continued from Page 27)

toward her, because she was a woman. But something happened to him when she took his arm and walked along beside him, brushing him with each step. I suppose she supplied what he had been missing; anyway, from then on he forgot to be cautious.

They sat down on the last of the many steps leading down from the rotunda, and after a moment's silence she said: "It's splendid." Then she described it to him, and Rob said that for the first time in his life he really saw it all: The smooth blue grass of the lawn with white columns marching down on each side of it and white columns at the end of it, and a big moon making the white columns blue. Rob said that she seemed to feel that there was something hallowed about it, just as he felt.

"I suppose colleges get this way after so many years," he said. "I suppose the people who live in them and then go away leave something that the place takes on."

Then he found himself telling her about everything he wanted to do and everything he felt.

"And," he told me, "the funny part of it was that she understood it all and thought it was just as wonderful as I did."

And then, of course, he kissed her.

He didn't understand then how it all happened so quickly. Later, when he was telling me about it, he realized that he had been in love when he met her, and all that was needed was a person to objectify his love. And judging from what she had told him at first, she was just about ready to fall in love, too, and Rob was the sort of boy you instinctively trusted and loved. Everybody in the university loved him.

But Rob didn't realize that then. After he had kissed her he didn't say anything for a long while, then he said: "Let's go before it gets worse."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Let's go before I get so crazy about you I can't get over it."

"You want to get over it?"

"If I don't you'll get over it."

"Why?"

"You'd never want to marry a blind man."

"I'd marry you tomorrow," she said.

"You think so now. The night's gotten you."

"To me," she said, "you're not blind. I'll never think of you as being blind."

Then, instead of getting hurt at his attitude, she went on until she had convinced him. After that they talked about the life they would lead at the university together, and they even went so far as to plan to get married the next year, after Rob had his M.A. and was a full instructor. And all the time, Rob said, he felt as though he were in a dream.

After a while she said: "Have you any idea what time it is?"

He took out his watch and felt the hands. "Two-thirty."

"I've got to go back to the dance. I'm leaving at nine tomorrow morning, and I've got to see Jim and explain a lot of things. Then I'll come out, and we can talk some more."

They hurried down from the lawn and up to the gymnasium.

"Can you take me inside while I look for him?" she said.

"I can't go on the floor; I've had a couple of drinks tonight. But I'll take you to the door."

They were at the foot of the steps. She said: "Never mind. There's a man I know. Wait here. I'll be out in five minutes." Then she was gone.

Rob sat down at the far end of the steps to wait. His head was still going around and he wondered if he would ever wake up. He didn't care much. He grinned as he remembered that he didn't even know her name yet.

He waited fifteen minutes, and then his mind began to take a different turn. Suppose she had been playing with him? And then had become frightened when he took it all so seriously and had run away rather than tell him? Of course he hadn't asked her, but she might have told him her name. All she had said was that she had to see Jim, and there were fifty Jims in the university. He felt himself getting cold all over.

Then he made himself laugh at his imagination. She had probably had trouble finding Jim. He waited fifteen minutes more, not letting himself think. Then he began thinking of how suddenly she had left him. She was leaving at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. She knew that he couldn't follow her on the floor, and she knew that, not knowing her name or even what she looked like, he could never find her again.

Another fifteen minutes went by. When he told me about the things his mind did to him during those fifteen minutes Rob said he didn't expect me to understand how insane he became, but, knowing him as well as I did, I did understand. He had been suspicious of women; then he had thrown suspicion to the winds long enough to fall madly in love; now his suspicion came back ten times as strong because he was in love and therefore incapable of thinking clearly. He felt his watch again. It was twenty-five minutes past three. The dance would be over in five minutes. Without knowing why he did it he got up and walked up the steps and into the gymnasium.

He walked through the vestibule and stopped at the door to the floor. Somewhere in his head was the idea that she might not have seen him where he had been sitting in the shadows and that if he stood there she couldn't miss him; then if she didn't come to him he would know she had tricked him.

The orchestra was playing The Good Old Song. The dance would be over in a minute. Already the stags were leaving to get their hats. He heard people saying "Hi, Rob" to him, but he didn't remember answering any of them. Then he realized that he was in the worst place to be seen. When all the crowd swept out from the floor he would be pushed aside or at least lost in the mob. She might leave without seeing him.

The orchestra started the second verse of the song. Hundreds of voices, of students and alumni, were singing it:

What though the tide of years may roll,
And drift us far apart . . .

A sudden panic came over him. He had to find her and ask her face to face if she had meant to run away from him. He couldn't stand even the little doubt that was left in his mind. Then he heard her voice. He held his breath while he heard it say something casual and unimportant to somebody. He heard feet dancing near him. He heard her voice moving away. Without thinking, without caring, he walked two steps out on the floor with his arm stretched out toward where he knew the couple must be.

His hand felt an arm. Then the voice of a girl who lived at the university said: "Hi, Rob. You're too late. It's just about over and we were dancing out the door." He mumbled something and turned and half ran back through the door. He heard another voice—the voice of the girl he had been seeking—call "Rob!" but he kept on, through the vestibule and out into the open air, conscious only of a vain desire to get away from what he had done.

III

SHE found him where she had left him, at the bottom of the steps. He was standing to one side while the crowd poured past him and his face was turned away from the crowd toward the darkness of the hill. She stopped beside him and said: "I'm sorry I was so long, but Jim was out and didn't come back until just before the dance was over. Then I had to tell him why he couldn't take me home. He was sweet about it all. You weren't worried, were you?"

"No," he said, "I wasn't worried."

She was silent, and he had the feeling again that she was studying him. All the time people were pouring down the steps, all of them laughing, all of them happy. When everybody had gone and the dance was only an echo of laughter left in the air she asked him: "What's the matter, Rob?"

"Nothing," he said. "It's just all off."

"What's all off?"

"Everything."

"Did you change your mind about me while I was gone?"

"No," he said. "I'm crazier about you than I was before." He managed to laugh. "I suppose that's because I can't have you."

"Why can't you have me?"

"I'm leaving here tomorrow," he said. "For good. And anywhere else I'd be just a blind man."

And then he told her what he had done and that it meant that he would be expelled by the honor committee as soon as he reported it.

"But you weren't drunk," she said.

"That doesn't make any difference."

"You didn't dance. I saw you."

"That doesn't matter either. There's a card tacked up on each side of the door saying that by going on the dance floor every student pledges his word that he hasn't had a drink since noon."

"But you couldn't see the cards."

"That's quibbling," he said. "Everybody knows they're there."

"And you'll have to report yourself?"

"Yes."

"I don't see how the honor committee could expel one of its own members."

"That hasn't got anything to do with it."

"But they'd be easier on you, wouldn't they?"

"I wish you'd understand," he said. "The person who commits the offense doesn't matter; it's what he does. Anybody who breaks the honor code is no longer a gentleman and we don't want him here."

"Do you feel that you're not a gentleman?" she asked.

"I don't know. I don't feel that way, but I suppose I'm not one any more."

"Then tell me just why you went on the floor."

It was hard for him to tell her how he had felt about her while he was sitting out on the steps, but he did it. He told her everything he had thought and he tried to explain how he had felt when he ran out there to find her.

When he had finished she put her arms around him, and he could smell the perfume of her hair. "Listen, Rob," she said, "you haven't done anything wrong. Nobody could understand that but you and me, but we know you haven't."

"That helps some," he said.

"I could love you just as much anywhere else," she said, "but you can't leave here. I understand that. Do you think that anybody who loves this place as much as you do could do anything against it?"

He was silent only a minute or two, but during that time he thought about all the things he had wanted and how near he was to having them all.

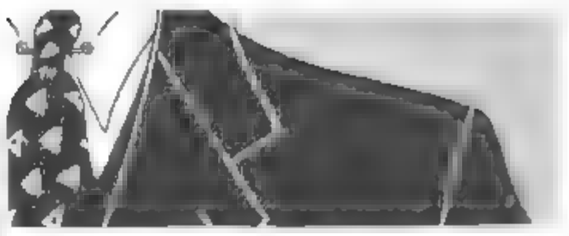
He tried to think of what he might do if he had to leave the university, but nothing came into his mind. Then he said stubbornly: "I've broken the honor code just the same."

"You've broken the letter of it, not the spirit."

"We have to go by the letter," he said.

"If you had asked a member of the honor committee to suspend the pledge for you for five minutes," she said, "could he have done it?"

"I suppose so." He was letting her argue against him, but what he didn't realize was that in letting her argue against him he was



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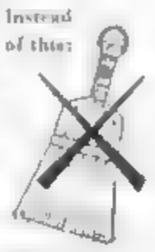

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also letting all his own desires argue against him.

"Then you, as a member of the committee, could have done it for yourself."

"I never thought of that." He had an instant of hope, then he saw that if he abandoned himself to her arguments he was going to lose. But something—it must have been his own subconscious desire for her to convince him—made him keep on arguing against her. He said: "But I didn't."

"You didn't stop and ask yourself the question," she said, "but it was in the back of your mind. If you hadn't satisfied your sense of honor you wouldn't have gone on the floor."

"That sounds like a lawyer's argument."

"I'm just settling the letter of the law. There never was any question about the spirit. You believe that, don't you?"

"I don't know. I suppose so." He was nearly convinced.

"Do you believe that you didn't intend to do anything dishonorable?"

"Yes, I believe that."

"Then that's all that's necessary. And now," she said, "let's forget it all." And, being rather wise, she stopped talking about what had happened and began talking about what was going to happen. In a few minutes Rob had forgotten it—at least he had let it slip into the back part of his mind—and he was talking with her about what they would do. Finally she noticed that it was beginning to get light, and he took her across the road to Mrs. Meade's, where she was staying.

"I'll miss my train tomorrow," she said, "and we can go up together the next day. Then we'll have three weeks at home before you have to come back to summer school."

"Fine," he said.

"And, by the way, my name is Mary May. It's not hard to remember."

"It would be hard to forget," he said.

She kissed him. "You're not going to worry any more about that other thing?"

"I don't know."

"Anyway, promise me you won't do anything about it without letting me know."

"All right."

She kissed him again, then she went inside, and he stood for a minute on the porch in the cold early morning air. Then he walked out of the gate; but instead of turning to the right toward our fraternity house, he turned to the left and began walking toward the lawn.

IV

ROB woke me at nine o'clock. I could see that he hadn't been to bed. "We've got to have an honor-committee meeting right away," he said. "Get dressed."

"What is it?" I said.

"I'll tell you later. Hurry up. We've got to finish before eleven. Nearly everybody has to be in the academic procession."

"Have you called the others?" I said.

"I got Bill Hyde. He said he'd be there in half an hour. The phone didn't answer at the room."

Bill Hyde was president of the law school. I called the honor-committee room, where Joe Davis and Peter Frazier lived. Joe was president of the graduate school, and Peter was president of engineering. Finally I got them, and they said they would get Tom Malone of the medical department and be ready in half an hour. Then I got dressed.

As we left the house a boy came up with a letter. "For you, Mr. Coleman," he said. "A lady at Mrs. Meade's gave it to me and made me promise to give it to you personally. Said it was very important."

Rob took the letter and ran his fingers all around it. Then he gave it to me. "Keep this till after the meeting," he said. "Then maybe I'll want you to read it to me."

He wouldn't tell me anything about what the meeting was for as we walked over to the lawn. And for some reason I didn't then understand, he insisted on taking a long route instead of going by the shortest way, which led past Mrs. Meade's. The others were all there when we arrived.

"Where's the defendant, Rob?" Joe Davis said.

Rob gave us a funny smile. "I'll produce him," he said.

Then we all sat down around the little oak table and everybody was silent. Honor-committee meetings are serious affairs. None of us was over twenty-five, but we all realized that we were the guardians of something that was already more than a hundred years old, and would be there long after we were dead, and was very valuable. That honor code seemed the most important thing in life to us then. And maybe it was. We waited for Rob to speak.

"Gentlemen," Rob said, "this is a very simple case and it ought not to take us more than five minutes to dispose of it. Last night after taking a couple of drinks I went on the dance floor."

For at least three minutes nobody said a word. Finally Bill Hyde said: "Tell us about it, Rob."

"That's all there is to tell," Rob said.

Peter Frazier said: "But what did you do it for?"

Rob said: "I wanted to speak to a girl."

We all thought he had gone crazy. Peter said: "But what was it all about? You'd never have done that unless there had been some big reason for it."

"I just had something to ask her," Rob said.

"Was it vitally important?"

"It wouldn't be of the least interest to anybody but her and me."

Tom Malone was on his feet walking up and down the room. "You've got to tell us something, Rob," he said. "We know damn well you wouldn't deliberately get yourself shipped by the honor committee. Did you realize what you were doing?"

"Of course I did."

I said: "How do you expect us to help you if you won't help us?"

"I don't expect you to help me," Rob said. "I expect you to go through a formality."

"I'm hanged if I vote on this till I hear all about it," Joe said.

"Me, too," said Bill.

The rest of us said the same thing.

"In that case," said Rob, "I would be the only one voting and I would vote guilty." He picked up a sheet of paper and tore off six pieces. "You all are members of an honor committee," he said; "not a bunch of schoolboys. You know what you're supposed to do." He pushed five of the pieces of paper down the table.

We all looked at them for a minute, then each took a piece and wrote something on it. Rob had written on his piece.

Bill Hyde collected them and glanced at them. He didn't pause to be dramatic, but said quickly: "They all say guilty."

Rob turned to me. "Will you write the minutes, Don," he said, "and report it to the faculty? You gentlemen understand, of course, that I won't appear to take my degree today."

None of us knew what to do, and now that it was over Rob seemed to have become undecided too. I motioned to the others to leave.

Bill said: "I've got to see somebody at the corner. I'll see you later, Rob—before you leave." But he made a point of shaking hands with Rob; and the others shook hands, too, before they went out. I was left alone with Rob.

"Wait while I write this up," I said, "and I'll walk back to the house with you."

I had the minute book in front of me, but I didn't write a word in it. I waited, and pretty soon Rob was telling me the whole story. At the end of it he said: "After I'd been by myself awhile I knew what to do. So I left her a note telling her to be sure not to miss her train."

"You don't want to see her again?"

"Afterwards I hated her," he said. "I hated her for what she almost made me do." He was silent a minute. "But now I don't. Now that I've done what I ought to have done I love her just as much. But that doesn't make any difference. Everything's over."

"If I'd known before what I know now," I said, "I'd never have voted guilty."

"Yes, you would," Rob said. "When you remembered how we'd shipped other men, you would."

The worst of it was that he was right.

"But anyway," he said, "I understand a lot about honor that I never understood before. That's why I don't blame her for trying to make me back down on this."

I remembered something. "By the way," I said, "I've got a letter of yours in my pocket."

Rob hesitated and looked funny; then after a minute he said: "Read it."

I read it aloud:

"Dearest Rob: I knew before I went to sleep what you were going to do, and I knew that I was wrong to try to keep you from doing it. I'm afraid I still don't quite understand your code but I do understand how you feel about it. But I can't believe they will expel you. I don't know. I am waiting over to hear. Come to see me as soon as it's over. If they do decide against you I want to tell them what I know. Because I blame myself. If I hadn't left you out there so long, or if I had seen you standing by the door. . . . But I was on the other side of the lattice. . . ."

"Lattice?" I said.

"What lattice?" said Rob.

"It was part of the decorations." I was beginning to wake up. I jumped up and ran to the door and opened it. There were dozens of people under the arcade outside. Out in the middle of the lawn, in back of the rotunda, the academic procession had formed, the president at the head of it, the presidents of a score of other universities, there in honor of the centennial, behind him, and behind them the faculty and then the graduates, all in caps and gowns ready to march down to get their degrees. While I was looking the procession started down the lawn.

Rob said: "Go out or come in, but shut the door." He knew what was going on and it hurt him to hear the rustle of those gowns across the lawn.

I tried to speak quietly. "Look here," I said, "the dance floor ended where that lattice started. The doorkeepers were at the gate to that lattice, and the pledge cards were tacked on the gate. You never went on the floor. Wait here."

I slammed the door behind me, pushed through the crowd, and ran across the lawn to where the president was marching at the head of the procession. I ran right in front of him, yelled "Stop a minute," and then ran back to where Bill Hyde was marching at the head of the graduating law class. I pulled him aside, said "Run over to the room quick," and then went after Peter Frazier. By the time I had him, Joe and Tom had seen what I was doing and they followed us. We all pushed into the little room.

"Listen," I said, "he didn't go on the floor. He didn't go inside the lattice. See? It's all off, isn't it?"

All Rob could say was: "But ——"

Two of us grabbed him and pulled him toward the door. Then Bill pulled off his gown and put it on Rob, and Joe put his cap on his head. I stopped at the edge of the lawn and watched them drag him out and throw him into his place at the head of the academic department. Then I waited for the procession to start.

Something seemed to be holding it up. I looked at the president. He was looking at me. I waved my arm and he bowed and then started walking again. I watched them go by, a long line of black-gowned men, the head of one group capless, the head of one gownless, the head of another blind. Then I turned and pushed through the crowd under the arcade.

Everybody in the crowd was smiling. It had been funny, especially the sight of a bareheaded student in a linen suit giving orders to the president of the university. As I walked down toward Cabell Hall to watch Rob take his degree I saw a girl standing alone in the shadow of one of the pillars. Her eyes were very bright, but she was smiling too.

"If you're Mary May," I said, "come along."

PREFERRED LIES

(Continued from Page 13)

first shot, he elected to fight it out on the original line, and took seven.

Duff's next four holes were weird and incredible. His drive on the sixth was stymied by a tree, and he tried to slice to avoid this obstacle, but his ball hit the tree and bounded at an angle across the fairway; his third was half topped, yet it ran like a rabbit to the green, and his putt dropped for a par that won the hole. But on the seventh he was in the woods on his drive, in the plowed ground on his second, third and fourth, in a trap set to catch a hook on his fifth, buried in mud on his sixth, into the ditch in seven, on a rock pile in eight, off the rocks in nine and on the green in ten.

He said "Twelve" cheerfully, and added: "That's the first time I've been in double figures anyway."

The eighth was about three hundred yards, and Duff's drive was in the woods. Bayne and Annis each got home in two. Caster's ball had lodged along some short bushes in the rough. He considered the situation. Duff could never reach the green from the woods where he lay, so Caster elected to call his lie unplayable, and dropped it out on the fairway.

Duff, watching these proceedings, remarked: "You had a chance for a pretty shot out of that stuff, Charlie, if you caught it clean."

"I might have found worse trouble," Caster pointed out. "Thrown away two or three strokes. Safety first for me."

And his ball soared to the green.

Duff went into the woods to hunt his ball. His second hit a tree and rebounded deeper into the tangle there, but his third in some fashion did emerge and found the trap beside the green. When he proceeded to hole out his niblick shot from the trap for a four, Caster uttered an ejaculation of disgust.

"If I had your luck," he declared, "I'd move to Monte Carlo."

Duff grinned. "Guess I was lucky all right," he assented. "Hit 'em the best you can and take 'em as they come. That's the only way I know."

He had a nine on his next; and he and Bayne were four points down at the turn. Bayne announced this fact; and Caster wore a faint satisfaction at the word.

The tenth was a short hole. Annis, to his astonished delight, scored a birdie two. Caster and Bayne took four apiece; but Duff Mace accumulated a cheerful thirteen, playing nine strokes in a patch of thistles beyond the handkerchief green, whither his tee shot had carried.

When he at last holed out, Caster remarked, "That's why I took the penalty in the rough back there. See what I mean?"

"You used your head all right," Duff ungrudgingly agreed.

As they climbed to the eleventh tee Bayne remarked:

"Joe, you and Charlie were each forty-six on that nine. I had a forty-seven."

"What was I?" Duff asked. "About sixty."

"Fifty-nine," said Bayne; and Caster grinned as he drove, and so topped his drive, and barely reached the fairway.

(Continued on Page 93)

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The walls of the room are in neutral parchment color, stippled and glazed, providing a harmonious background for the two-tone green damask covering of the Queen Anne sofa and low back Queen Anne chair. In most agreeable contrast is the antique rust-colored plain velvet upholstery of the high back wing chair. Both rust color and green are repeated in the floral design of the hand-blocked linen window drapes, with which an écru net is used. The background of the window drapes is in neutral color. The two-tier table will be found useful for coffee service, while the wall cabinet fulfills a decorative purpose, and adds height to the room. The small English occasional table provides a convenient place for magazines and small bric-a-brac. The floor covering is a plain raisin-colored rug, which admirably sets off the various pieces in the furniture group. It is interesting to note that these pieces are available in coverings of other colors and materials. In fact, it is probable that your dealer, in his display, is showing them in other fashionable combinations.

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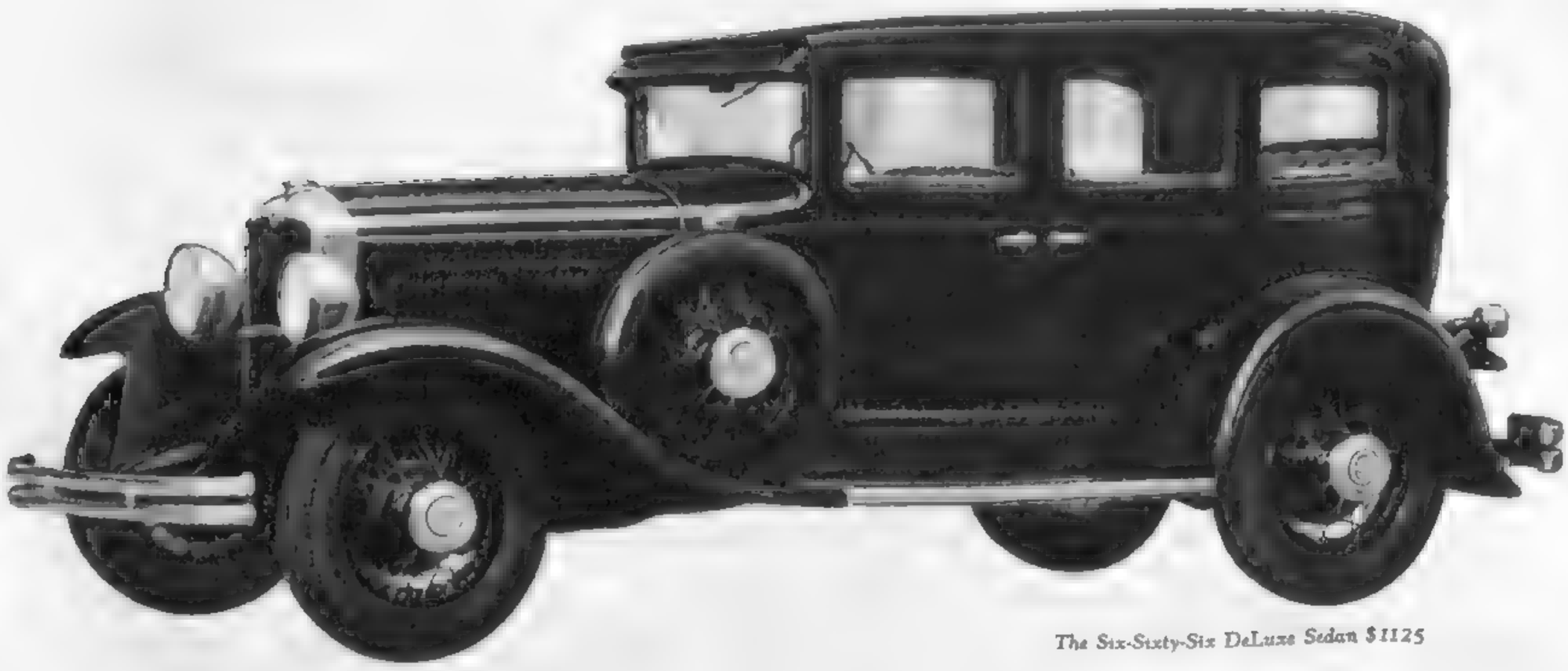

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DURANT

A GOOD CAR

(Continued from Page 90)

"Now they're cracking, Mr. Bayne," Duff exulted; and Charlie retorted:

"We don't pay off on the drive, Duff, old boy."

But Duff smote one far and straight, and his ball perched obligingly upon a tuft of grass in the middle of the fairway. His second soared above the guarding bunker to the green two hundred yards away. When they came there they found it in the shallow trap, but his out was good, and his putt went down for a four. He capped that with two long woods and a putt for a three on the four-hundred-yard twelfth. But on the thirteenth, where the fairway was no more than a narrow lane through the woods, he put two out of bounds and a third into the trees; and he played billiards there among the pines, to emerge at last with a nine.

He appeared quite undisturbed by this catastrophe. He hit another long drive on the two-hundred-and-seventy-yard fourteenth, and they saw the ball bound between the traps to the nearer border of the green. Annis noticed that Caster winced at that shot, but the young man held himself in hand, drove with his usual care, and was safely on the way toward the hole.

Bayne and Annis did well enough on their second shots, but when they came up to Caster's ball it lay almost behind a chocolate-drop bunker which threatened to intercept a pitch to the green. But Caster without comment took a preferred lie a few inches to the left, so that he had a clear shot to the green, and he was well on in two, scarce a yard from the hole.

Yet when Duff sank his long putt for an eagle two, Caster missed his short one and had to be content with four.

He muttered something, and Annis said encouragingly: "You don't need to kick at a par, Charlie." And he added, to Duff: "That was a sweet drive of yours though."

Duff and Charlie cried as one man: "Luck!" And Duff grinned at the other. "I was right with you there, Charlie," he said triumphantly.

But Bayne quietly reminded him: "Duff, you're up! Go on and drive."

The fifteenth is a beautiful golf hole. For a par four, the second shot must carry the pond, but if the drive be short, wise men play safe around the water.

Duff's drive sliced into the reeds on the muddy shore of the pond, and Bayne suggested that he play another. But Duff shook his head.

"I like to hit 'em where they lie," he explained. "You'll have to lick 'em, this hole, Mr. Bayne."

The other drives were too short to attempt the carry, and each played his second along the shore of the pond. Then Duff descended into the reeds. He found his ball, and achieved some sort of footing, and looked toward the green, a hundred yards away across the water; and he apostrophized the ball as he addressed it.

"Good-by, you nice, new pill," he said, grinning. "You're due to drown!"

And he swung with a tremendous convulsion of effort. The blade of his niblick cut through the bulrushes, it sliced off the roots of a cat-tail clump, it reached the ball, and the ball rose in a smooth arch and dropped safely on the apron of the green.

His five was best ball on the hole.

And his three was best on the short sixteenth, but, by the same token, his fourteen was worst on the seventeenth. This was a dog-leg hole, and he tried to carry the woods in the angle and failed; his second was out of bounds again, but on the other side of the fairway; his third was topped. His fourth—which he played out of half an inch of casual water—hit a tree and buried itself in a pile of grass cuttings. He attacked the mound with a ferocious energy and battered the ball out to smooth turf again; he sent a screaming brassie toward the green, and it embedded in the steep bank of the trap there; his niblick drove it deeper, and deeper again, and deeper still. Yet, in the end, it did come feebly to the surface and trickle up on the green.

Duff chuckled and wiped his brow. "And about time," he commented. "I was thinking of sending for some dynamite if that one didn't do the trick."

No one made any comment, but on the way to the eighteenth tee, Duff asked Bayne: "How's the match, partner?"

"We're one up, this nine," said Bayne.

Caster, a little in the lead, whirled in astonishment. "One up?" he echoed. "How's that?"

"That's what I make it," Bayne insisted mildly. "You were four up on the first nine, so you've already won the match; but a half here will hold this end of the Nassau for us."

Caster hesitated, as though inclined to question still; but then he knelt and teed his ball.

He drove with careful deliberation, accurately down the middle, and so did Annis. Duff's long drive was sliced into the low ground on the right of the fairway, but Bayne's was straight enough.

As they left the tee Caster turned to Annis. "We need two points here, partner," he remarked. "Play everything safe."

"I'll try to hold Mr. Bayne," Annis agreed, and Charlie nodded, a grim resolution in his eye.

But Duff called cheerfully, "No chance, Charlie. I'm going to lay this one dead. You'll have to beat par to beat me here!"

Then they came to Bayne's drive. His second was safe and sane, and Annis did as well.

Caster's ball proved to have stopped in a slight roll on the fairway on the downward slope, and Duff said jubilantly:

"You can't pick it out of there with a brassie, Charlie. You'll never get home!"

But Caster reminded him: "Preferred lies, you know," and he moved his ball six inches ahead till it lay on the upward slope of the depression, and his brassie caught it fair.

They found Duff's ball on the fairway, but in a section of bad turf where there were spots bare of any grass at all. The ball lay on one of these spots, but Duff played it where it lay. He pressed badly and half topped it into rough. He tried to get it out with a spoon, but it only hopped along the ground to smooth turf again; and he had played his fourth before they came to where the other balls lay.

Bayne's third curved to one side of the green, but Annis and Charlie were on in three.

Duff's ball this time had lodged in a wheel track in the soft turf; he blasted it out with a divot a foot long, but he took another to reach the green. He was eight for the hole, and Bayne was six, while the others were safe fives.

"And there goes your old ball game," said Caster triumphantly, and he grinned at Annis. "Partner, skill will tell, eh?"

"We'll take you on this afternoon," Duff challenged. "I've never been licked twice in one day. . . . What do you say, Mr. Bayne?"

But Bayne, who had been so silent through the round, stuffed the score card in his pocket and was suddenly himself again. "I guess not, Duff," he good-humoredly replied. "I promised Sally they could have you this afternoon. I'll figure out the scores and we'll settle up tonight."

"What did we have?" Caster asked, in faint complacence.

"You were ninety," Bayne told him. "Joe had a ninety-two, and I was ninety-eight. Duff got all the exercise. A hundred and twenty, even."

Caster chuckled and he lighted a cigarette in that way he had. And then Sally came toward them from the clubhouse, calling a gay greeting. "Who won?" she asked; and Duff said frankly:

"Oh, they plastered us. Licked for fair. I threw your dad."

She said half sorrowfully: "Oh!" Then smiled again and turned to Bayne.

"We're going to take the boat and go up the lake," she told him. "Have a picnic supper on the beach at Murray's, dad, and

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come back by moonlight. It's clearing off. The night will be beautiful!"

"Fine," he agreed. "Joe and I'll be playing cribbage when you get home."

"Moonlight?" Caster echoed. "That's great!"

His eyes met Sally's with a swift glance full of meaning.

She nodded, and she colored faintly. "Yes," she assented. "Yes, a wonderful moon!" And she asked her father, "Are you coming home for luncheon, dad?"

But Bayne said he and Annis would stay at the club, and they watched the young folk disappear toward the car. Then the two older men went into the locker room.

Annis was full of questions, but he held his tongue. Not till they were at the luncheon table did he refer to that which was uppermost in both their minds. Then, while they waited to be served, Bayne produced the score card.

"I guess I'm the big loser this morning," he remarked. "I'll figure where we stand."

"You and Duff," Annis amended.

"Well, I don't know, when you reckon in the putts and everything," Bayne reminded him. "Now, let's see!"

And he made mystic marks with a stub of pencil on the card; he performed laborious computations. And Annis waited patiently till Bayne at last finished his accounting.

"Yes," he reported then, "I'm the goat! I lose eight-seventy-five, and Charlie Caster loses two bits. You and Duff get the money."

"Caster loses?" Annis protested. "Why, he had low medal, and we won the Nassau."

"Well, here's the story," Bayne argued. "Figures don't lie."

And he carefully summarized the score.

"You were four points up, the first nine, and one up the second," he explained. "That's three dollars for the Nassau, and a dollar and a quarter besides. That makes Duff and me each four and a quarter down to you. But on the putts, Duff made a lot of money. He only had thirty-one putts, and I had thirty-six, and you each had thirty-seven. At a quarter apiece, that makes him plus four-twenty-five on the putts, and me minus seventy-five, and you two each minus a dollar seventy-five. And he had five pars, and you each had three, and I had two; so he takes some more there. Then you had a birdie, Joe; but he had two birdies and an eagle. Two points for the birdies, and four for the eagle. I make the whole thing plus seven and a quarter for him, and plus one-seventy-five for you."

Annis stared at Bayne shrewdly; and finally he chuckled. "Young Caster will take that hard," he remarked.

"Caster plays a good, steady, careful game," Bayne agreed. "He had nothing worse than a six in his round. He's conservative and sound; and I expect on hard fairways he'd do a lot better."

"Duff goes at it as if he were in a fight," Annis commented. "I never saw a man hit a ball so hard." And he added, watching the other intently: "Curious quirk of his—refusing to take preferred lies. If he'd done that, he'd have cut ten or fifteen strokes off his score."

"He did perfect or better on eight holes, as it was," Bayne mildly pointed out. "Eight out of eighteen's not so bad." And he added: "He likes a fight, I should say." And he continued appraisingly: "He seems to enjoy difficulties; they make him work all the harder. And he's always trying for miracles, and his miracles come off sometimes. He hits hard off the tee, where power is needed, but he's as deft as a woman on the greens. And he doesn't ask favors at all."

"He's strong as an ox," Annis admitted; yet he urged: "But Caster uses his head all the time. That's not a bad trait in a man."

"He'll be a good office man," Bayne indifferently assented.

"Well, I'm an office man myself, you know," Annis insisted. "I can sympathize with him." And he added stubbornly: "Sally likes him too. Did you see her eyes when he spoke of the moon tonight? How well do they know each other, Burt?"

Bayne chuckled. "Caster doesn't like to play any game in the rain," he remarked. "He wants the stage set for him. If there'd been a moon last night, he'd have gone for a walk with Sally quick enough. But Duff didn't wait to choose his weather."

Annis eyed him in astonished curiosity. "You mean Duff and Sally ——"

"She came in to wake me up this morning," Bayne confessed with a chuckle. "Told me all about it. She said he was so darned funny in the rain that she couldn't help it. Didn't want to."

Annis was faintly irritated. Duff was all right, but Caster had qualities which appealed to the attorney's legal mind. "I see," he said with a faint rancor in his tones. "So you're giving him the job on her account, eh?"

And Bayne sat for a moment without speaking, and his eyes were clouded. He said at last: "No, Joe! If that had anything to do with it I'd keep him here. Sally's all I've got. I like having her around, and South America's a long way off." He hesitated again. "But Duff loves a fight, and he plays them as they come, and he pulls off miracles. Down where he and Sally are going, Joe, a man can't always take preferred lies."

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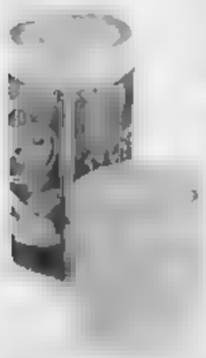
1 After holding container under cold water an instant, remove cover and press on bottom with thumbs

2 Cut Ice Cream in attractive round slices and serve

SAY "Good-by" to soft, half-melted, unappetizing ice cream. Take this tip. Always ask for it in a Sealright. These modern paper containers shut out the warm air that melts ice cream—thereby keeping it in wonderful condition. And how attractively they enable you to serve it! (See the two little drawings at the left.) Sealrights are sturdy and tight as a drum—easy and safe to carry as a box of candy! They have the clean, natural wood color, inside and out, of the pure spruce paper of which they are made. Always accurate in measure. Made in all popular sizes from one-quarter pint to one gallon. Sealrights are used by progressive stores everywhere. Patronize them—it pays! Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. PO-8, Fulton, N. Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.



If it's a Sealright, it can't leak! Look for "SEALRIGHT" on the top or bottom of every container.

SEALRIGHT

Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

one load of which he breaks. *Remedy:* Turn loose in ten-acre pasture with plow and two strong work horses.

THE FORGETFUL ONE: Wants to borrow your razor and tooth paste. Completely forgot his bathing suit. Have you an extra black tie you can lend him? Can't imagine how he neglected to put his pajamas in his bag. *Remedy:* Apply chloroform at earliest opportunity and inter in bed for duration of the week-end.

THE ENTERTAINER: Full of intelligence tests, card tricks, riddles and feats of skill and strength. In his wake he leaves a trail of broken chairs, water-soaked rugs, intensified inferiority complexes, torn playing cards and ruined straw hats. Has a tendency to borrow coins and forget to return them. *Remedy:* Shoot on sight.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

The Prisoner

DEAR PEGGIE: A line I will pen.
I'll dine in a half hour with Ben.
This morning I motored with Bill.
I met a cute blond boy named Phil.
Oh, Peggie, remember Gus Howe?
He dropped in to see me just now.
I golfed once last week with Ned Brown.
Jack wired he'll soon be in town.
Oh, dear, it sure gives me the blues
To know I can't date as I choose!
I feel like an animal caged—
Since Tommy and I got engaged!

—Mary Dorman Phelps.

The Addict

(After Moore)

THE time I've spent pursuing
Voracious bugs and strewing
The yard with seeds
And pulling weeds
Has been my mind's undoing.

Each green thing lures the rabbit,
Unless the chickens grab it;
I toil in vain,
Then try again—
I've got the garden habit!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Sargent Hardware . . . no sounder specification can be made

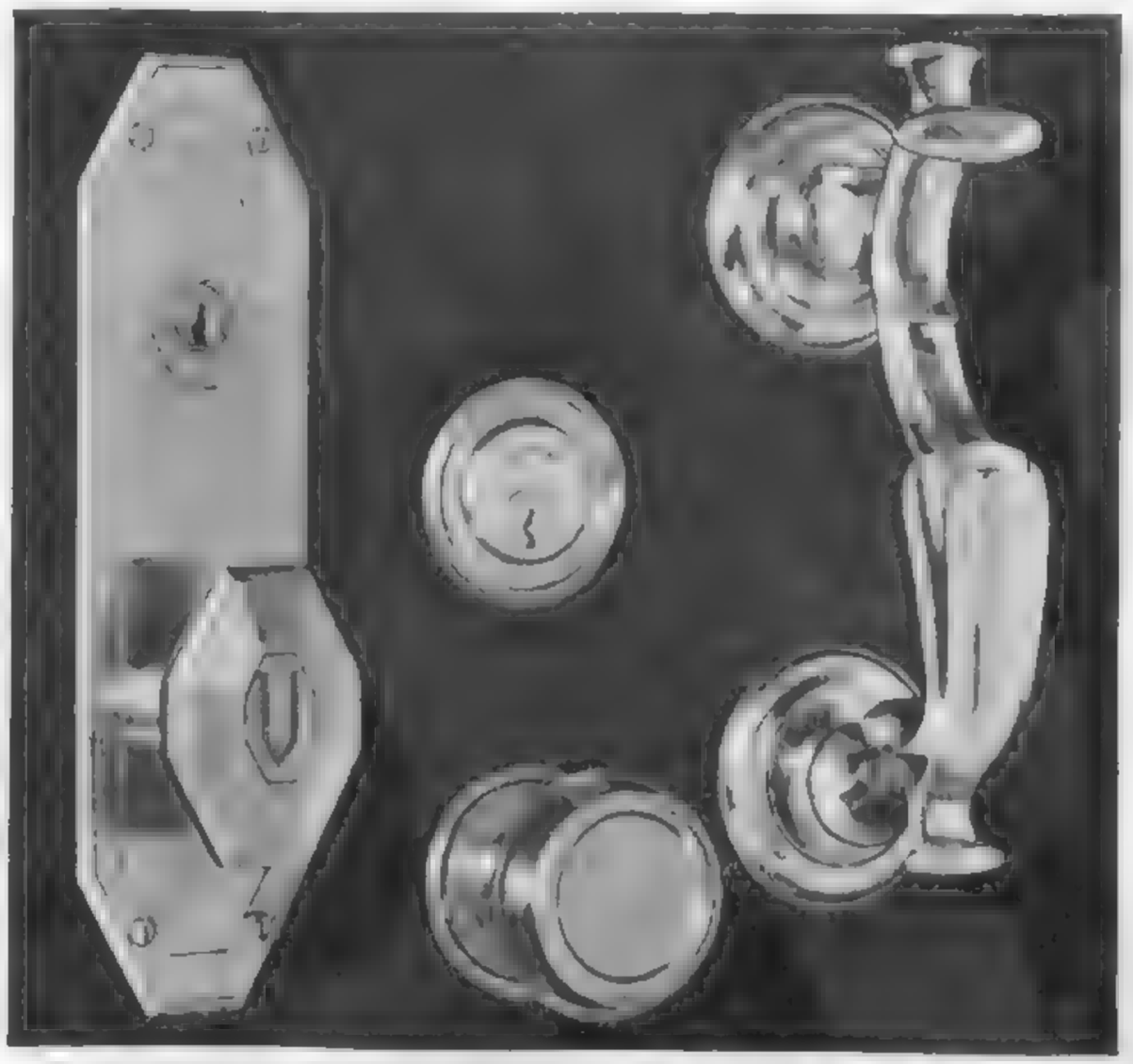
SARGENT HARDWARE adds distinction to a building. A much discussed instance is the recently completed Union Trust Building, Detroit, "erected to maintain those high ideals of service upon which the institution was founded." To help accomplish this purpose Sargent Hardware was selected, for its durability and the smoothness and certainty of its operation. And just as surely in the Colonial residence illustrated below, Sargent Hardware gives added beauty and permanent satisfaction for generations.

Of solid brass or bronze, Sargent designs express the highest forms of craftsmanship. Unique patterns, executed in co-operation with the architects, may follow the decorative plan of the building. Classic reproductions and modern adaptations offer appropriate designs for every style and every type residence, skyscraper, apartment house, hotel, hospital, public and educational buildings.

It is only through many years of insistence on the highest principles of business practice that "Sargent" has become established as a mark of quality. If you are planning to build, you will find interest and instruction in our illustrated booklet, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation." It will be mailed you on request. Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE



The one piece of hardware shown immediately above is executed in the proprietary design of the Union Trust Building, Detroit; Smith, Hinchman & Grylls; Donaldson & Meier, architects—"erected for the purpose of maintaining and continuing the ideals of financial service which prompted the organization of this institution."

Sargent Hardware adds to the beauty and the service of this Colonial residence, New York, Roger H. Bullard, architect. The two authentic Colonial designs as illustrated above at right are prescribed for dwellings of this type.

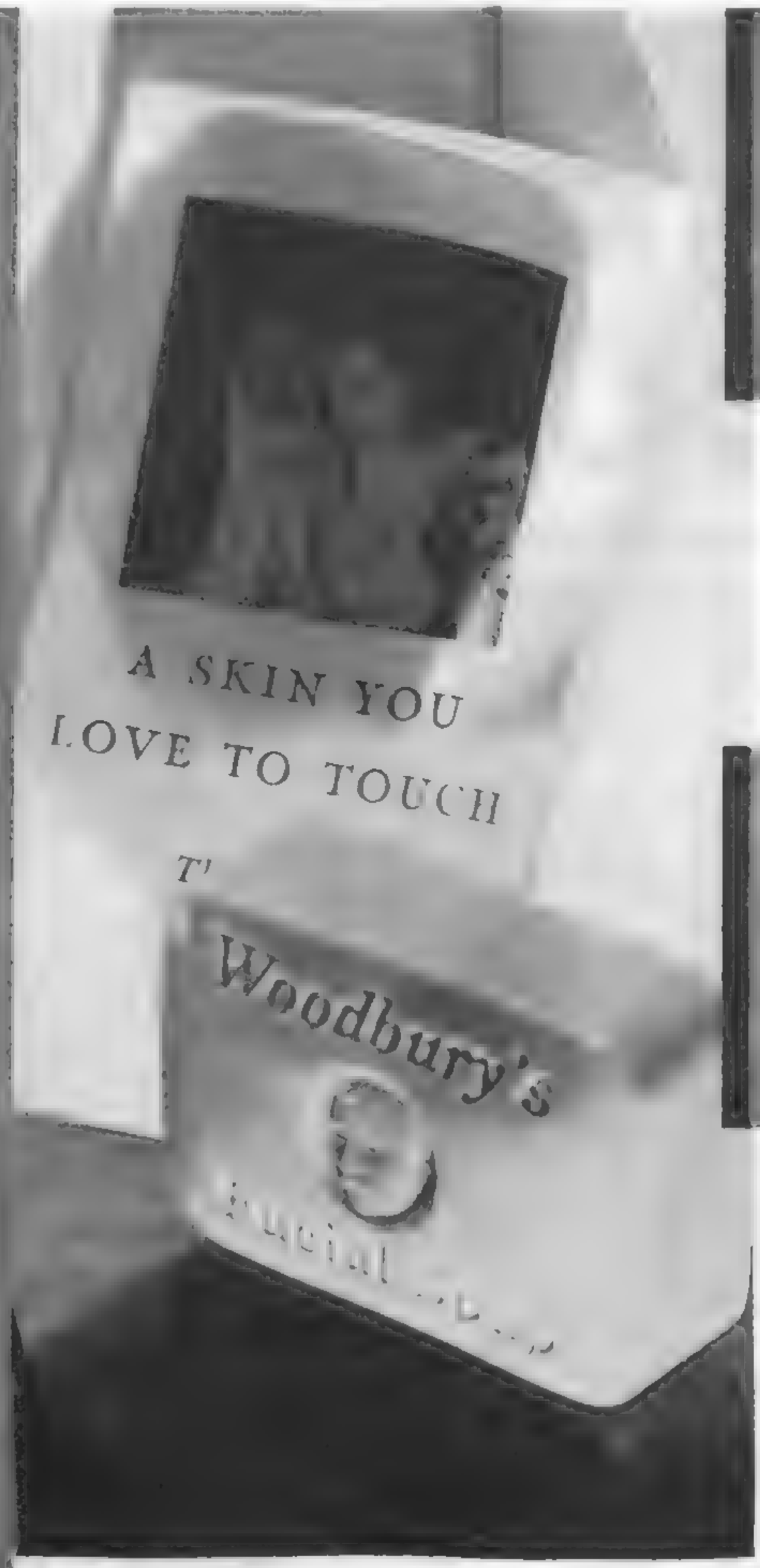
THIS IS THE SOAP

that is helping thousands of women to gain a beautiful skin

THERE IS NO NEED for you to be tormented with blemishes, acne. The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes—worked out by a skin specialist and approved by leading skin authorities—will help you to keep your skin smooth and perfectly free from this trouble. Turn to page 5 of the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

ENLARGED PORES—what woman does not dread to see this change begin! Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep your skin fine in texture. Faithfully follow the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet, and see what a wonderful help it will be in improving your skin's texture.

ANYTHING BUT AN OILY SKIN! for excessive oiliness leads to blackheads and blemishes, besides being unbecoming in itself. Vigorous cleansing treatments with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, followed by an application of ice, will help you to correct this defect. See page 8 of the Woodbury booklet.



FRESHNESS, RADIANCE, BEAUTIFUL COLOR—your skin will have these qualities if you keep it perfectly healthy and clean. Give your skin the famous Woodbury steam treatment tonight, if it seems a bit sallow and lifeless. The results will delight you. It will leave your skin soft as velvet, deliciously stimulated, glowing with life and color. The treatment is given in full on page 6 of the Woodbury booklet.

BLACKHEADS are one of the commonest, most annoying, most obstinate of skin troubles. But you can overcome them! A famous skin specialist has worked out the proper method of dealing with blackheads . Ice—hot water—and a soothing, tonic, stimulating lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Your own doctor will approve this treatment. You will find it on page 7 of the famous booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

ARE you following the series of beautiful Woodbury users, chosen by John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and now running in all the magazines? These beautiful women are only a few of the thousands whom Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments have helped to gain a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today! Let Woodbury's help *you* to gain *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for Large-Size Trial Set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.
615 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." *In Canada address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 615 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

Name

Street

City State

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THE NEW ROAD TO DISARMAMENT

(Continued from Page 21)

prohibit gas warfare and the use of bacteria in war. It must limit the expenditure of each state on its armed forces. It must include provisions for international supervision of the enforcement of all these limitations and prohibitions by a League of Nations or by a wider organization embracing also the nations not affiliated to the League. It must provide for national and international supervision of the manufacture, trade and transport of war material and establish some form of international control of civil aviation."

In developing his idea of ideal peace, Premier MacDonald continued: "I would like to reaffirm to you what I consider the crux of the whole situation. I have made these points before and am now glad to do so to you. They seem to embody a larger objective toward which we are now aiming. It is not enough to say Peace. It is not enough to outlaw war. Unless nations make an arrangement by which national disagreements can be settled, they could outlaw war until doomsday. There would still be war when everything else failed them to settle problems. So if we were going to approach disarmament as a separate issue with any chance of success, we must be careful upon what terms we make the approach. For instance, the Locarno Treaty had been passed after a vain attempt on the part of the British Government to pursue the Western Pact, as it was called. They failed in that and then they had to fall back upon the Locarno Treaty. Then Germany entered the League of Nations—another apparent security for peace. Then the Kellogg Pact was signed, and yet, until this new mood of conciliation now happily at hand, every time disarmament was discussed it was upon the assumption that the nations had to prepare for war. There was no other reason for it. If one examines what they had been doing, it would be found that there had been various stages in this discussion.

"First of all, in 1927, when the preparatory commission came to a deadlock. It came to a deadlock because Britain and other nations, assuming that war might break out, said, 'We can only agree to a scheme of disarmament which will leave us in an effective fighting position in relation to other nations.' Then, when at the Geneva Conference of the three naval powers, which was regarded in the popular mind as though it were a conference between America and ourselves, we were laying our heads together with Japan—the third power represented for the purpose of building up an organization of peace—it broke down because the admirals who went to Geneva began their conversations by saying, 'Now, assuming that war breaks out between us, what is to be our position?'"

In the Other Fellow's Shoes

"There has all along been a fundamental mistake, and until that fundamental mistake is rectified there will never be peace. The fundamental mistake has been that every negotiation that has taken place since 1924 up to this year has been a negotiation between nations each of which assumed that war was going to break out, and no one of which was going to give anything away that weakened its position in the event of war. There was a reduction proposed in military machinery, but no change was proposed in military policy."

When I talked with him, Premier MacDonald was encouraged by his conversations with Ambassador Dawes and Ambassador Gibson. The ambassador to Belgium came to London to participate in the informal preliminary discussions. With regard to these, the Premier said:

"We have not lost any time. We have already started conversations with the United States. I am not a prophet and I am not going to pose as one able to prophesy, but I am hopeful. I am convinced that the obstacles in the way of understanding have been created, if I might ring changes on one English word, by lack of understanding of each other. The great thing which is wanted in the world today is the capacity of different peoples, different races and different nations to put themselves in each other's shoes. That will be one of the things that we shall try to do in the conduct of these negotiations."

Finally Premier MacDonald gave me a message to the American people in the light of existing negotiations. This is what he said:

"I send not only the official greetings of the Prime Minister of Great Britain but linked with them the cordial personal greetings of one who has enjoyed boundless hospitality from them and whose friendship is such that I regard myself as a fellow citizen with them. When I set foot on the American shore I shall feel that I have crossed the Atlantic to get home. It will be with these feelings and sentiments that I will come as a representative of our people to greet the citizens of the United States."

A Triumph of Despair

The Prime Minister's desire to visit the United States is part of an expanding mood for disarmament which, whatever the outcome, will be associated with the technic and the personality of Ambassador Dawes, acting as spokesman for President Hoover. If you probed into what might be called the armament consciousness of the American President, you would find that underlying it is a single sentence: "Real disarmament can only spring from a civilian impulse."

"Limitation" is a sort of decoy word, to be easily juggled upward as well as downward. Its adoption at the Washington Conference of 1922 gave us the hot end of the stick. Lack of restriction in certain naval categories led to a fast and loose interpretation of limitation, so that, save for restriction on capital ships, no benefit in the matter of cruiser reduction was effective. The field was left wide open.

In Ambassador Dawes, Hoover found the heaven-born accelerator of that civilian impulse. The chronology of his movements during the first week of his stay in Britain is a rapid-fire record of characteristic, swift and direct action. It injected fresh life—the staccato note—into an issue which had come to life with a bang at Geneva in April.

The ambassador reached London late on Friday, June fourteenth. The following morning he presented his credentials to the convalescent king at Windsor and that night he was on his way to Scotland to meet Ramsay MacDonald. All precedent was smashed in this short-order encounter between envoy and premier. But this is the Dawes way. Although the British are sticklers for diplomatic formalities, they got a real kick out of the maneuver.

On the Sunday morning, Dawes and MacDonald shook hands for the first time at the little station of Forres and then went to Logie House, Sir Alexander Grant's Highland residence, seven miles away. After luncheon they held a conference which may be said to have inaugurated an era in world diplomacy.

On the Tuesday night following the meeting in Scotland, Ambassador Dawes made his now famous Pilgrims' dinner speech in London. I have seen and heard various American ambassadors welcomed on similar occasions in the British capital, but none in quite the atmosphere that charged this gathering. Dawes was fresh from his conversation with MacDonald, and it was to be his first utterance on the subject upon which world, and especially Anglo-Saxon, interest was focused. Expectation was high. The Dawes tradition of blunt, frank speech had preceded him. It was in every respect a momentous gathering.

The ambassador met both the mood and the moment in an address that pointedly and picturesquely showed the way to disarmament understanding. It was Dawes, the business man, uninitiated in the niceties of diplomatic misrepresentation, speaking with a fervor and a feeling that evoked an enthusiastic response. Here were none of your bromidic hands-across-the-sea platitudes that I had heard in that same hall endless times. It was practicality and common sense demanding a kindred point of view.

The keynote of that speech—and it bears directly upon future disarmament negotiations—was a quotation from Edmund Burke's Observations.

It reads: "Politics ought to be adjusted not to human reasoning but to human nature, of which the reason is but a part and by no means the greater part."

The ambassador—and none was better equipped to speak—showed how reparations, through failure to inject the human element, and the further capitalization of a vital economic issue for political purposes, had not only frustrated settlement but plunged a considerable part of Europe into a welter of hate, suspicion and currency chaos. It was, he said, because "the first method was adjusted to human reasoning and not to human nature. That method was to have the recommended settlement prepared by the continuing and concurrent work of economic experts and statesmen combined."

After disclosing the futility of the combined effort of statesmen and economists to settle the reparations problem, he showed how the formation of the first Committee of Experts led to definite and satisfactory result. In commenting on it, the ambassador said:

"The formation of that committee was not a triumph of intellect; it was the triumph of despair. It was adopted because nothing else had worked. Its success was due to its unconscious but proper adjustment to the law of human nature. What happened thereafter demonstrated that, by accident, the world had discovered that the proper method of settling an international problem, involving a separate economic and political problem in each country, was to use independent experts whose suggestions were their interpretation of the correct and fundamental economic principles involved in the situation; their formula then to be handed over to the statesmen, who, reinforced by general public confidence in the impartiality of expert opinion, could better bring the respective public sentiments into acceptance of the necessary working compromise between political expediency and economic principles."

The Law of Human Nature

"In committees formerly composed of colaboring statesmen and economists, the economists had always stood rigidly for conclusions endangering the statesmen and the acceptance of the plan; the statesmen for conclusions which would stultify the economists and endanger the success of the plan. Under such circumstances the arrival at a constructive compromise was well-nigh impossible. The method was not adjusted to the law of human nature."

The ambassador then made the application of the principle to naval disarmament in this wise:

"International naval reduction is a task the successful accomplishment of which requires the coöperative employment of two distinctly unrelated talents—that of naval technical experts and of statesmen.

"Important as is a preliminary expert examination of economists to report to the statesmen on an international problem involving both an economic and political phase, it is even more important where naval technicians and statesmen confront a problem involving both a technical and political phase. But here we must keep in mind the law of human nature. In the case of a preliminary use of economic experts, their prime objective is a formula which will recognize the dominance of economic law, and the success of the statesmen in reaching the second objective of accommodating the expert formula to the political conditions in the respective countries is something as much desired by the economic experts as by the statesmen themselves. That later achievement only will crown with success the preliminary expert effort.

"This attitude has recently been twice demonstrated. So anxious was the first Economic Committee of Experts of the Reparations Commission in 1924 that their report should be the basis of a successful settlement, that they were engaged continually during their work in adjusting the form of their statement to expected political repercussion."

A Yardstick for Navies

The yardstick proposal, destined to loom so large in the next disarmament conference, was outlined as follows:

"At the beginning of the work the contribution of the naval experts to the problem should be a definition of abstract equality. It is certainly possible for naval experts to arrive at a definition for evaluation of fighting strength of ships. Thus, for instance, one might find a yardstick with which to determine the military value of individual ships. These ships might differ in displacement, size of guns, age, speed, and other characteristics, and yet such an agreed, properly weighted value might be given to each of these differing characteristics as to make it possible to compare, for example, the cruiser fleets or combined fleets of two navies, and establish a parity between them. If naval experts rise to the proper sense of their responsibility, the use by statesmen of their yardstick will not be one which will invite peril from those extreme pacifists and extreme militarists who form the lunatic fringe."

Putting the Dawes proposition another way, it means that by use of the yardstick, statesmen will have the adequate tools with which to work. In short, technical experts will propose and the politically minded will dispose. The whole crux of this new formula for understanding is to keep the sheep and the goats separate.

Up to Mr. Hoover's accession our impetus in naval affairs was largely influenced by naval officers. Mr. Hoover took the bit between his own teeth and became the arbiter of policy.

Ambassador Gibson's remarkable plea for reduction and a new understanding was the result. This memorable address passed the buck squarely to the other powers. To have repudiated it would have been a frank confession of militaristic intent as well as a rebuke to everything that the Kellogg Pact meant.

In his speech, Gibson stated the American case for disarmament. Because it projects the social and economic relationship with drastic disarmament and will further, with the yardstick, form the basis of the new discussions, I shall reproduce a striking section. This is what he said:

"A large part of the suggestions for limitation hitherto made seem to have been of such a nature as to sanction existing armaments or even to set higher levels, with tacit encouragement to increase existing establishments. This is only a timid expedient, and an agreement on the basis of existing world armaments—or at higher levels—can never be justified before enlightened public opinion as a positive achievement. At best, it is purely negative.

"Fundamentally, our purpose should be to release large numbers of men from military service to productive effort, and second, to reduce the heavy burden of taxation. So long as the nations are burdened

with increasing taxation for the maintenance of armaments, it is idle to pretend that the world is really advancing toward the goal of disarmament.

"In recent years the word 'limitation' has come to be used chiefly in describing agreements at existing levels or still higher levels, and is generally looked upon as having nothing to do with actual reduction. It is useless to attempt to correct this impression by explaining that limitation may be at any level lower or higher than those existing. As a practical matter, it would seem to be best to accept the general public understanding of these terms. Let us, therefore, take the bold course and begin by scrapping the term 'limitation' in order to concentrate upon a general reduction of armaments."

In elucidating the President's theory, Gibson said further:

"My Government believes that there can be no complete and effective limitation of armament unless all classes of war vessels, including cruisers, destroyers and submarines, are limited. It could not agree to any method which would result in leaving any class of combatant vessels unrestricted.

"Any approach to the disarmament problem on purely technical grounds is bound to be inconclusive. The technical justification of armaments is based upon the experience of past wars and upon the anticipation of future wars. So long as the approach to the problem is based upon old fears and old suspicions, there is little hope of disarmament.

"The lessons of the old strategies must be unlearned. If we are honest, if our solemn promise in the Kellogg Pact means anything, there is no justification for the continuation of a war-taxed peace. Great armaments are but the relic of another age, but they will remain a necessary relic until the present deadlock is broken, and that can be accomplished only by the decision of the powers possessing the greatest armaments to initiate measures of reduction."

Summed up, the American suggestion at Geneva this year was for a conference which should first decide on the total tonnage to be allotted to each naval power for cruisers and other auxiliary craft, and then fix the total tonnage for each category of ship for each power, subject to increases in any category by transference from the other categories by certain percentages to be agreed upon. This mainly includes cruisers, which are the crux of the whole problem. Definite reduction of capital ships—that is, battleships and battle cruisers—was decided on at the 1922 conference with the establishment of the 5-5-3 ratio.

At the time I write, it is impossible to anticipate the technical basis upon which the new disarmament structure will be reared. Whether the 350,000-ton cruiser allocation each for Britain and the United States, upon which discussions broke down in 1927, will be devoted to 10,000 ton, 7500 ton, or even smaller vessels is not the immediate point. At the moment nobody is speculating on whether 12,000 tons with six-inch guns is equal to 10,000 tons with eight-inch guns or kindred valuations. All this is a matter for that yardstick to determine.

The big fact—and it was never more evident than in this hour of new understanding—is that America appreciates the peculiarities of Britain's needs and vice versa. Various matters over which there has been some degree of issue must be ironed out. Britain, for example, has adequate bases strategically located throughout the seven seas, while we are conspicuously lacking in such supply points. In this circumstance our cruising radius in time of war is not only longer but much more exposed.

Both countries must protect long trade routes, those well-known railways of the seas. Here again Britain has a superiority that is bound to be weighed. One-third of her trade is across the North Sea and the English Channel, and therefore a short haul. The bulk of our new world traffic is deep sea—that is, transoceanic—and therefore longer. The British still bear down hard on their insularity as the provocation for a large navy, despite the inroads made upon it during the World War by the submarine and the airship. A fact not generally considered is that we also have an insularity. We are midway between two great powers—Britain and Japan—with whom the final disarmament show-down must be made. Finally, there is the consideration of the Pacific, which, by common consensus, whether British or American, is the future scene of the larger naval drama, whether it is to be for war or peace. Neither Britain nor the United States can afford to neglect safety or security in this area.

Any consideration of naval disarmament must include eventual economic disarmament as well. Europe's—and especially the Continent's—inclination just now is for close economic alignment against the United States. The old idea of a United States of Europe has had a rebirth. Restrictions, exclusions and boycotts that run the whole American productive range from films to automobiles are the new order. Linked with this is the increasing struggle for raw materials which has begot almost as bitter a rivalry as that now-vanished struggle for territorial conquest. A Pan-Europe can have no place in the new map upon which armament rivalries will be scrapped and the principle of the outlawry of war definitely laid down.

While I am on this subject another phase of disarmament may well be revealed. Incredible as it may seem, the armed military strength of Europe today is greater than it was when the World War broke in 1914. On that fateful August first when the universe first saw red, the armies and organized reserves of the principal countries of Europe represented a man power of approximately 21,500,000.

At the end of last year they totaled 24,500,000—this in face of the fact that the German Army, all told, had been reduced from 5,200,000 to 100,500.

Land armament maintains the even, if bristling, tenor of its way almost unnoticed because it is a sort of hardy perennial. Conscription is automatic and is accepted like drought or the measles. The naval end is constantly in the spotlight, due to ship renewal and discussion of budgets. One step has been taken, however, in putting something of a check on land armament through the recent League of Nations decision for drastic publicity in all military expenditures.

To return to naval disarmament, let me say that Britishers have become genuinely conscious of the fact that the United States is determined to bring about a change. American naval policy aims at parity solely through reduction. It further realizes that real parity, which means equivalent tonnage, is essential to American security. On the other hand—and this has also been driven into John Bull—the United States can always turn to building if negotiations fail. Our contemplated naval construction embraces an outlay of $1,170,800,000, spread, of course, over a period of years. It is a small part of our national income.

The latter alternative, however, is remote. Europe, with her burden of war debts, is in protest against the folly of a war-taxed peace. It is one of the most effective of all the many arguments for disarmament.

Meanwhile one thing is certain. Britain sees the opportunity that lies in the present hour, the most opportune, perhaps, that has yet come to the two English-speaking peoples to reaffirm their impregnable peace and to stand revealed as the heralds of a new day of world understanding. Their influence is predominant. If they agree, the other powers will have no alibi for staying out. They must get under the disarmament umbrella or make themselves marked for all time to come.

Only a bounding optimism could assume that everything is over but the shouting. Obstacles still impede the way, but they are technical rather than mental. The first phase embodied in what might be termed moral disarmament has already been registered by the Anglo-Saxon nations. It constitutes a vital and necessary approach to the physical phase.

LINDBERGH AND THE PRESS

(Continued from Page 5)

the traps which the American engines of publicity have spread before him. He has refused to capitalize his accomplishment into personal advertising.

Our newspapers, to give them their due, have got bravely over their chronic cynicism. They are glad that here is a hero that remains a hero, under his own steam. They have taken the large view. They have realized, as all of us in our hearts, I think, realize, that Lindbergh has not only accomplished a feat but that somehow he has given us an uplift in youth and courage that has brought inspiration into our national life. The press does not want to have him crash as some of our other heroes have crashed, because it wants to have his inspiration "ride."

This is true of the editorial columns. The news columns, no matter what outsiders may think, are trying to play up and print only the news. They are trying to present a record of life. Lindbergh is news. He is part of our national life today. He must be included in any real picture of it. I am not trying to deny the sins of the newspapers. They are many. I am not trying to say either that the newspapers wish to see the Lindbergh saga destroyed to prove their cynicism justified or that they want to have the saga upheld as a source of news. I am trying only to show that our journalism has enough inherent rightness to accept Lindbergh as he is and to serve the public with news of its hero.

Some weeks ago a cloud arose. It is a small cloud. It is singularly unknown and understood, I am glad to say, by what is known as the metropolitan press. But in the trade it has had important and imminent repercussions. The cloud was formed at Bolling Field, at Washington, when Colonel Lindbergh was flying to New York harbor to meet the body of Myron T. Herrick, the wise ambassador who had met him and understood him on his lone-star flight to Paris. Lindbergh loved Herrick and Herrick loved Lindbergh. With Colonel Lindbergh it was loyalty, far more than official invitation, that made him meet the body of his friend when the French warship landed in New York. He made his flight from the West for that purpose. It was extremely difficult to arrange; for Lindbergh, contrary to the romantic conception, is not a young sun god flying for the sake of adventure. He is a hard-working air general seeking the advance of aviation and serving well the particular company through which he makes his work count. He had flights arranged, he had definite engagements, but he broke in upon them all to pay homage to Herrick. He had to break his flight to New York by a brief conference with his business associate, Major Thomas G. Lanphier.

I am giving this background because that stop at Washington was the first thing in Lindbergh's newspaper history that aroused criticism of him. I deem it important enough to set down the truth as I have learned it, because many newspapers have criticized or patronized Colonel Lindbergh for what happened that afternoon on Bolling Field.

They charge that Lindbergh, through petulance, through sheer revulsion and temperament, maneuvered his plane so that its propeller threw clay mud not only upon the newspaper photographers and reporters but also upon the spectators on the field.

That story was carried all over the United States.

As an editor I have watched the reaction to this Washington story about Lindbergh. It did not bite very deeply into New York, but Editor and Publisher, the trade journal of newspaperdom, has reprinted a surprising number of editorials from important newspapers throughout the United States.

I wrote an editorial and had it put into type upon the facts as presented. Then I thought that it is a sin of most editorial writers to take our facts at second or third hand. So I proceeded to get the facts of the incident as they appeared to Colonel Lindbergh. Hence, this article. The editorial was not printed.

Below are the facts as my investigation brought them to me:

Colonel Lindbergh was trying to make New York at a given moment. He was delayed by fog as he approached Washington. He had to land in a lane assigned to him by the Bolling Field authorities. He came down the authorized lane. Automatically he turned the plane so that it would not face the crowd that unexpectedly, but always, rushes upon the field when Lindbergh lands.

The colonel, his closest friends tell me, has one fear, and only one fear, in flying and landing. He carries insurance against it. He does not care primarily about his own life; he cares deeply about the lives that he may destroy through landing. As an air-mail pilot it was his sad fortune to see one man cut in two by the propeller of a landing plane. It has been his luck since to see pilots in training have their fingers or hands cut off by these cruel blades. A pilot, in landing, cannot cut off sharply the revolutions of the propeller. The heat of a flying engine creates the ignition which keeps the propeller going many seconds after the gas has been shut off. Remember, too, that the extreme tip of the propeller is going faster than a pistol bullet.

Colonel Lindbergh's fear is never for himself. His first thought on getting out of the cabin of his plane is for the people on the field. He tells his friends of a four-year-old girl who left her parents and rushed forward to greet him on one of the Western landing fields. He saw the child running, with her little arms up, toward his propeller, still wildly revolving. He knew that the blades were going so fast that she couldn't see them, much less appreciate their danger. With a desperate effort he jumped out and grabbed her around the waist when she was within a foot or two of the invisible blades that would have killed her. Here is his fear.

Here was his fear at Bolling Field when the newspaper correspondents charged that he contemptuously threw mud upon them. The story of his friends, which is his account of it, is that he had to make a definite landing place, that he was in a terrific hurry, and that he had to protect cameramen, reporters and spectators against themselves. Therefore he followed his usual tactics and turned the plane so that the death-dealing propeller was upfield, instead of downfield, where the crowds were. The newspaper photographers, in their usual dare-devil way, had broken the police barrier and rushed out on the field so as to get an action picture of the landing. As is the custom of American crowds, the spectators followed the newspaper photographers.

Lindbergh, sensing the peril to the crowd, made his loop to turn into his landing place. He went through a puddle of still

(Continued on Page 101)

You lift the wringer off when washing is finished. No exertion. No effort

You place the Thor Speed-Iron on the wringer shaft—sit down and iron

Speed comes to the Laundry

Washing and Ironing now done without labor—2 hours in the morning—2 in the afternoon

MADAM—here is the new Thor combination washing and ironing machine—the speed-invention that is winning thousands to a new-found freedom from washing and ironing drudgery. No matter what your present laundry method is, you will want to see this amazing new machine. It is utterly new in principle—different from anything ever made. It is supplanting old-type machines in thousands of homes throughout the country each month as women see and experience its marvelous new features.

Speed—the keynote

You live faster. *Speed* is the need—in everything—and more especially in those household tasks that have taken the greatest toll of women's time and women's health.

And so, in answer to the urgent needs of a modern age—*speed*-washing and *speed*-ironing come to remove all trace of work and effort from what once was pure drudgery.

Wash—5 to 7 minutes a tubful

And in the newest of all speed-type washers—the beautiful new Thor One. This machine will change all your ideas about what a washer should do and how it should look. It is faster—and kinder than ever to clothes. Its beautiful, green tub is oven-baked porcelain enamel, inside and out. It has a new rubber-guarded, rattle-proof and splash-proof lid. Top opening is the full width of the tub for easy access and greater convenience.

And it's a washer you can depend on to clean shirt cuffs and collars in one washing without soaking. Tub of generous capacity is amply large for the average family. And its price is about one hundred dollars.

Iron now—4 times as fast

For the first time, an automatic electric ironer priced within the means of even the most modest income. An ingenious invention now makes it possible to remove the wringer on your washing machine—place the Thor Rotary Iron in its place—turn the switch—sit down and iron.

The ironer—called the greatest home labor saver ever invented—embodies a new and proved principle of speed-ironing. So simple you can operate it with a few minutes' practice—yet it irons the average family washing—everything—in less than two hours. It heats as fast as an ordinary electric hand iron, and is just as convenient for the small ironing tasks of the week. It presses women's skirts and men's trousers with magic speed—and does them as well as the special pressing machines.

Yet—this amazing machine saves hours—scores of them in a year—hours for healthful recreation with family and friends.

And the price of this complete Thor laundry unit—both washer and ironer combined—is just about what you have been asked for a washer alone of equal quality and features.

Send the coupon below for fully illustrated descriptive booklets picturing this amazing new machine and explaining its features. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

Thor

Thor products are distributed in Great Britain through Edison Swan Electric Company, Ltd., with twenty-two branch offices in Great Britain

Tune in on the General Electric Hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of The National Broadcasting Company, every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

HURLEY MACHINE CO., Dept. 1-8-3
22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago

Please send me illustrated literature describing the new Thor Washing and Ironing Machine.

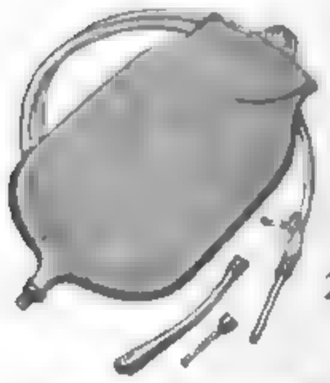
Name .....

Street .....

City .....

THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC WASHER WAS A THOR—THE LATEST IS A THOR

Quality merchandise known the world over



$1.39
2-quart size

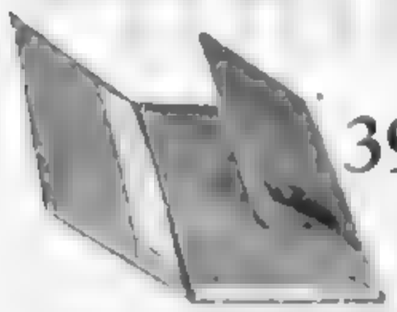
Symbol Fountain Syringe
Soft, pliable rubber molded in one piece, with rapid-flow tubing.

49c
full pint

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol
An invigorating rub-down for stiff joints and sore muscles.

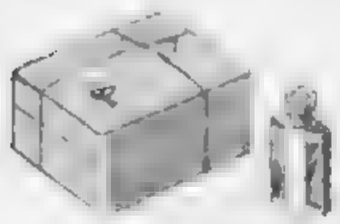
39c
lb.

Assorted Hard Candies
Wholesome, delicious sweets made of pure sugar.



39c

Lord Baltimore Portfolio
An attractive package of quality correspondence paper and envelopes.



$2

Cara Nome Perfume free with Cara Nome Face Powder
"The fragrance of early blossom time."

39c

Gentlemen's Talcum free with large-size Klenzo Shaving Cream
Dependable aids for a smooth, cool shave.

These Rexall factories with world-wide connections make possible these savings for you during August

ONCE each year—throughout the United States—the customers of 10,000 Rexall Stores are given this opportunity to make tremendous savings. The event is the Rexall Factory-to-You Sale during August. The bargains cover a host of nationally advertised products which are necessities in every home.

Your Rexall Druggist is served by the United Drug Company, the world's largest producer of drug store merchandise. He is interested in the United Drug factories with their world-wide connections. All year, he buys direct from these big plants and gives the wholesaler's profit to his customers.

Now, in the Factory-to-You Sale, a special arrangement permits your Rexall Druggist to reduce prices still lower on scores of things you need for health, beauty, hygiene and more comfortable living.

Be sure to attend the Rexall Factory-to-You Sale in August. All fresh, standard goods. Values which are offered only in this great bargain-giving event.

Save with Safety at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

(Continued from Page 98)

water lying in the field, which his propeller churned up into a discharge of water and mud. He did not know it. He got out of his plane, ran down to Major Lanphier, had his brief business talk with him, got back into his plane and took off for New York. He did not even know, till some days later, of the incident which brought upon him his first real newspaper criticism.

Newspapermen will say: "Why didn't he make this simple and satisfactory explanation?"

Friends of Colonel Lindbergh will say: "He didn't know that any incident had occurred. Why should he make any explanation?"

My opinion is that if he had had with him a young man who liked him and liked the newspapers, that young man could have given out an explanation that would have been printed all over the United States and would have ended the incident.

Yet, as you look at it from the bigger point of view, why should the newspapers be able to compel Colonel Lindbergh to employ a special representative, at fifty or seventy-five dollars a week, to satisfy the newspapers?

A Newspaper-Conferred Fortune

Colonel Lindbergh's point of view, which is always straightly logical, is that he would be glad to do it if he were traveling through the country on railroad trains, where it is possible to have all the special correspondents on board. But he has to fly alone. Please don't forget that, in flying alone, he is not fulfilling an eccentric, temperamental command, but a duty laid upon him by the air-transport company that pays him a salary.

It is my belief that Colonel Lindbergh has acquired nothing like the fortune that is attributed to him by those of us who are in the generous and by-and-large pursuit called, by us, "the newspaper business." We have rated him as worth $2,500,000 or $3,000,000. My own impression, after some investigation, is that he has far less than that as his capital.

I know, at least, that Lindbergh does not consider himself a rich man. I know that his heart turns back to the simpler days when he was a mail pilot in the service of Uncle Sam's postal department. Then life was not at all difficult. Uncle Sam paid him $500 a month—which was all his own! Nowadays the money that he has made from the stories of his flight is fairly to be considered his capital. Therefore it cannot be doled out to him as if it were income. Therefore, in turn, he does not get the regular $500-a-month payment which he earned as one of the most regular flyers in the service of the United States mails. Therefore the following paragraph.

I have been told that Colonel Lindbergh has wished, even today, that he might go back to the simple life of a mail pilot. He has two points on which to make his case. One is that he could go anywhere in those older days without being subjected to the terrific penalties which all of us, press and public, visit upon heroes. It is impossible for this extremely decent, modest young man to go to any restaurant or theater in any American city in peace. For instance, he likes Will Rogers. He went to see Will Rogers and was smuggled into the theater, but, as he says, it was still impossible for him to get out of the theater with any self-respect and peace. Will Rogers will not say from the stage that Lindbergh is in the house, but it is far beyond human countenance that somebody who recognizes the public's hero will not tell somebody else that he has a seat in the second row. This destroys his fun. It really does. He, reasonably enough, lets this public rush get on his nerves.

The same thing happens to him at restaurants. At dinner in a famous New York hotel, a respectable-looking woman of middle age came up to Colonel Lindbergh and actually tried to look into his mouth to see whether he was eating "green beans or green peas." Can you blame him for being a bit reticent?

All this is part the sin of the newspapers and part the sin of the public. The question is whether the public inspires the newspapers or whether the newspapers inspire the public.

I am not quite sure which is which. It is like the old question of which came first, the chicken or the egg. But I do know this—that we, the newspapers, have to watch Colonel Lindbergh every moment of his life as a matter of news. I also know that Colonel Lindbergh has made up his mind very definitely what part he has to play in return.

What are the newspapers going to do about it? What is Lindbergh going to do about it? These are difficult questions. If we took them as the non-newspaper mind takes them, things would be simple. The layman says if we newspapers would stop printing anything about Lindbergh, he could live his life in peace. But I say, in answer to that opinion, we can't do it; if anything important happens to Lindbergh we must have news of it. A physical catastrophe to Lindbergh is as much that fated and unreasonable thing called "news" as a similar happening to President Hoover, to King George or to Benito Mussolini. The newspapers have to follow Lindbergh when he flies over the face of the country because of the inordinate public interest in him. It is his fate. He cannot escape it any more than we can escape it. It bothers us, it annoys him, but it is a fact of life. There is, in regard to its problems, much to be said on both sides.

Let me try to set down both sides in the vague and heretofore unexpressed controversy about his hop-offs. The newspapers feel that if Colonel Lindbergh told them his intended destination each time he hopped off, they could then perform their news duty efficiently and compactly. They would know where he was to land, could watch out for him en route and cover him when he arrived.

They believe that this would in many cases save annoyance to the colonel by preventing the spread of false reports which create in themselves a great deal of unpleasant publicity.

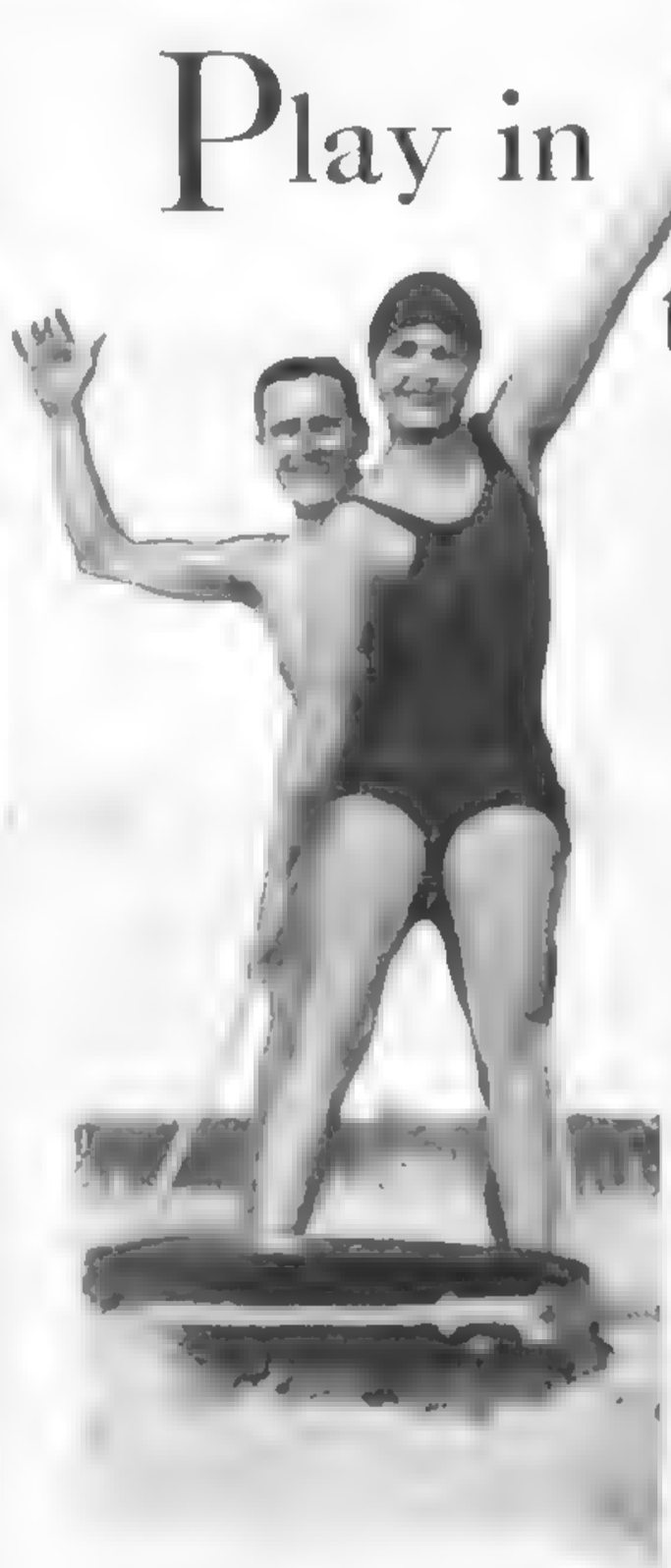
Colonel Lindbergh's side is interesting, first, as I have gathered it from newspaper aviation reporters, and then from Colonel Lindbergh himself. The reporters say, in effect, that if Colonel Lindbergh could tell them whither he was bound, it would help them greatly in their daily duties and probably save him some undesired publicity. But they are honest enough to say that they do not see how it can be done.

Prima Donnas In Print

Whenever it is known in any town that Lindbergh is to land there, the word spreads like wildfire and he is inevitably greeted by a crowd so large that he must face the danger of injury to spectators, to say nothing of his machine and himself. To telegraph ahead to some newspaper that he is to appear in its community means that he will surely have to face the peril which he so decently hates. There is always a leak. This is an extremely human, if annoying, fact which is one more proof of the colonel's value as news, whether in newspaper columns or out.

I have discarded as unfair and impracticable the idea of having him accompanied by a young go-between. It seems to me that the professional publicity counselors are out of the picture. They are distrusted by the newspapers and their employment by Colonel Lindbergh might seem to dim his luster. There remains, I suppose, the theoretical idea that the newspapers might club together and promise not to exploit the news that Colonel Lindbergh was going to land in their respective towns. But newspapers are kittle cattle. They are, thank heaven, supreme individualists. They are prima donnas. They can hardly bring themselves to agree on anything, even in

Play in the Sun



But *avoid needless torture of* Burning

GAY swimming parties in the glorious bright water! The feel of the sun and wind on bare skin!

But watch out for cruel sunburn. Don't let burning, blistered skin spoil your happy vacation days. The right amount of sun may be the best thing in the world for you—too much is very dangerous.

Sunburn kills the living cells on the surface of the skin, and spreads poisons through your system.

Severe sunburn may bring on fever, general weakness, "nerves."

Take no chances with ineffective lotions—or other cosmetics with no healing power. Use Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing, standard in 8 out of 10 hospitals for all burns.

The antiseptic, soothing oils in Unguentine penetrate the burned tissues, stop the terrible burning, speed up normal healing.

Applied beforehand, Unguentine permits the beneficial ultra-violet rays to tone up your body, but prevents them from penetrating too deeply.

• •

Get a tube of Unguentine today. Take it to the beach, and on your vacation. Keep a tube in your auto kit. At your druggist's, 50¢. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address: 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

At the first sign of redness apply plenty of Unguentine—or better still, use it before you go out. You'll tan evenly without painful burning.

Unguentine

UNGUENTINE SOAP, bland and pure, is the perfect soap for tender, sunburned skin. And because of its Unguentine content it rapidly clears up blemishes

She Was Blind—But Her Friend Made Her See!

Could you have helped her with your story? Are you one of those who know this great secret? Then let us hear from you.

She was a girl who had good features—but her skin was sallow and yellowish. She had a good education but she never felt like talking. She was a good dancer—but she never wanted to go out. Blind, she was, to the beauties of life and happiness. Then her friend told her the secret. Told her what was keeping her back. Told her she was poisoning herself every day. No wonder she was low in her mind—no wonder she had "the blues." No wonder she had "no pep." Once she learned the secret, she became a different girl. Health brought her happiness, as it always does. She learned to clean the poisons out of her body—we all have them—and Mother Nature did the rest.

If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your whole outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which the human body needs as much as any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is nonfattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, "down in the mouth."

The most world famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it, you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly—but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

TRUE STORIES

wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, success, good looks, seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who have enjoyed the health of Nujol regularly prior to the opening of this contest we offer 110 prizes as follows.

FIRST PRIZE

$1,000

Second prize $500 Third prize $250
Fourth prize $100 Six prizes of $50 each
One hundred prizes of $10 each

Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if [illegible] Contest open to physicians [illegible] patient's experience. Give full [illegible] state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November 1 1929. Address:

Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories
Dept. 1-B, 2 Park Avenue, New York City

Accounting In 12 Weeks by Actual Work
[illegible] Auto courses included. You don't need advanced education or experience. *SEND AT ONCE FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK!* COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. C0-82, 500 South Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois

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Advertising Art, Layout, Lettering, Design, Pen and Ink, Poster, Color, also Fashions & Int. Decoration. Graduates placed. Individual Program. Day, Eve. or Home Study. Dept. S. P. C. COMMERCIAL ART SCHOOL, 116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Why not a Well-Paying Office in Your Home?

SOME years ago, Russel Shirk of Indiana had no capital, and no experience, but he was determined to start a business of his own.

Today, he has a well-equipped office in his own home and enjoys a permanent, profitable income.

Just as we helped Russel Shirk, so will we work with you. If you are interested in a spare-hour proposition which may pay you, as our subscription representative, up to $1.50 or more an hour, or in a full-time job, say from $25 to $50 a week, write today for our offer.

Let Us Help You Too!

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Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

their own professional organizations. In the long run, I believe, this temperamental characteristic serves well that precious, if abused, tradition called the freedom of the press.

When theories lead to an impasse it is often true that practice will find a way out. Colonel Lindbergh believes that they have found a way out in Europe. In those older civilizations they not only police their landing fields but fence them.

The overwhelming of the gendarmes and the breaking down of the fencing at Le Bourget Field, upon the Lone Eagle's famous landing in Paris, was an entirely exceptional incident. On the ordinary Continental field, Colonel Lindbergh could and did land with as much clear ground before him as if he were driving the regular afternoon postal airplane. Policing and fencing kept the field clear.

In the New World, Colonel Lindbergh has found at least two instances where the same result was accomplished by good manners. This was true generally on his goodwill tour of Central and South America. There were occasions when Latin temperament plus the novelty of the occasion made the crowds stream dangerously upon the field. But the other Americans have better manners than we. Politeness kept them from annoying a stranger. It kept them from overwhelming him upon his arrival. It kept them from tearing his plane to bits for souvenirs. It made them turn away their eyes lest they should annoy their distinguished visitor as he walked along their streets. There were exceptions, as I say, but I know that in the main this was Colonel Lindbergh's experience with the Latin-Americans.

That he has encountered a similar experience among the North Americans, it is a pleasure to chronicle. He has found it in the smaller towns of the United States. Active, bustling, middle-sized cities, which so well embody the bustling go-ahead spirit of this country, want to see Lindbergh and don't care much how they do it or show it. They still maul him when they get him in their civic airports. His back and arms are repeatedly black and blue from the slaps and even pinches through which they show their adoration.

He does not like this, but he accepts it in the way in which it is meant and bears no resentment for it. But, holding a brief for the newspapers, as I frankly do, I would point out that this is a sin not of the press but of the public.

A Fence or Good Manners

It is not a sin of our rural communities. Lindbergh tells of an incident in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri which is typical of the better manners of our simpler neighborhoods. He had to land unexpectedly for fuel. He knew the country from his air-mail experiences. He landed in a field in a small Missouri town.

As he waited for gasoline to be brought, the crowd gathered by automobile as well as by the older hill-country methods of transport. But the men, women and children did not crowd upon the meadow. They arranged themselves instinctively at a proper distance.

Colonel Lindbergh, appreciating this deeply, wished to make sure that people so considerate would not be endangered by his take-off. He, therefore, stepped out upon the field and told them that it was difficult to get his plane into the air in so short a compass, that he would have to run down the meadow at high speed and rise over the fence at its end. Instead of rushing to the fence to see him do it, these North Americans fell even farther back and gave him the clear opportunity that he asked. To anticipate cynical response, I must admit that there were present none of our enterprising cameramen to lead the populace astray.

Can we fence our air fields? Colonel Lindbergh himself does not ask this today. He sees that it is sure to come, but he also sees that establishing a field is a process anterior to and more important than fencing it. The resources of many towns have been strained to the limit by the far-seeing, often romantic business men who want to put their town on the air map. It is too much to demand that they immediately undertake the high cost of fencing, in addition to the high cost of land and equipment necessary to an airport. Indeed, so true is it that the airport has been boomed as a community affair that the people of the community as yet resent any idea of fencing them off from their own fields.

Yet it must come. Landing fields must be fenced. Policing cannot control. Even at Army fields where Colonel Lindbergh has landed, disciplined soldiers have been unable to boss the crowds. I am not saying, nor is Colonel Lindbergh, that fields must be fenced to protect Colonel Lindbergh. Indeed, he is almost unbelievably amazed that people still want to rush out on the field to see him.

The point is that any landing airplane is poisonously dangerous to a crowd. As planes increase in number, the danger will grow. There must be fencing. Colonel Lindbergh's idea is that it can be chicken wire, through which at least a part of the crowd can witness landings. The rest of the crowd can see the plane, almost to the very moment of its contact with mother earth. I commend to the various chambers of commerce the idea of the transparent fence, plus the idea of grand stands for big show occasions.

A Publicity Dead Line

In the main I have been setting forth the newspaper idea of the difficulty that is arising between the press and a popular hero. Let me now set down his point of view as I gathered it from an interview with him in the apartment of his attorney, Col. Henry Breckinridge, formerly Assistant Secretary of War, in one of the new residential districts on New York's upper East Side.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh, according to my observation that sunny morning, is a generous and obliging man. He has tact. He understands the problems of the newspapers as well as his own. He is willing to yield on nonessentials. He is more than willing to meet us halfway. But he also has character. He has great qualities of taste and of firmness. He has it clear in his own mind just how far he will go.

Through the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I want to make not only the people but the editors of the United States understand just how far he will go and why he will go there.

This young American—I hesitate to call him dignified or majestic, although he is both—believes that his private life is his own. He proposes to keep it his own. Its invasion since his engagement and marriage has deepened his intention, for the penalties of his position as a public figure have been visited upon his bride as well as upon himself. No man of decent instincts likes that. Colonel Lindbergh hates it. Nevertheless, the colonel has abated not one jot of his willingness to face the penalties, when he thinks they come within the definition which he has set for himself.

Lindbergh will continue to give the press and public full and free information as to his official activities. He will even give information as to his business activities if it is demanded. But he will not submit to demands which he thinks and we know conflict with his private or family life.

This may be wise or unwise from a publicity standpoint. But, to put it into diplomatic verbiage, as a newspaperman I think it presents a pretty satisfactory agenda for a *modus vivendi*. It is thoroughly self-respecting on his part, and it should create a corresponding self-respect on our part. I hope that my fellow editors will get the colonel's point of view. I hope that the public will get it too. Really, we all should join to give a fair deal to a young man upon whom we have forced the rôle of an American hero.

Why 20,000,000 *Women Paid "JUST A LITTLE MORE"*

At a hundred million windows, in homes of every type and size—Kirsch Flat Extension Rods are now in use... playing an important part in creating those beautiful drapery effects which home-makers seek so eagerly and admire so sincerely.

There are definite reasons for this overwhelming preference . . . exclusive features and advantages that have led 20,000,000 women cheerfully to pay "just a few cents more per window".

When Kirsch, years ago, originated the flat extension rod, it won immediate and universal popularity . . . so apparent was its superiority over the old-fashioned round rods. Women quickly learned that it paid to insist upon the Kirsch rod that will not sag, rust or tarnish.

But another important step remained. Kirsch introduced two beautiful, durable new finishes . . . *old ivory* and *statuary bronze* . . . available at no extra cost. The flat extension rod, already preferred for its sturdiness, convenience and long life, is now admired and used everywhere for its advanced style and intrinsic beauty.

New and Exquisite Window Treatments

No longer is it necessary to hide drapery hardware beneath old-fashioned valances and lambrequins. In their place you may display the satin lustre of statuary bronze, in harmony with any dark woodwork . . . or delicate, dainty old ivory, harmonizing with white or ivory woodwork, or blending softly "into the picture" where sheer, thin curtain material is used.

Of *course* you pay a little more for Kirsch . . . it is doubly worth the difference. And an added consideration is the fact that Kirsch Drapery Hardware may be purchased from any of 30,000 dealers, including the best drapery shops and department stores everywhere.

Kirsch offers a *complete* line of drapery hardware in a great variety of styles and color harmonies, suited to windows of every type and rooms of any period. And every Kirsch rod is distinguished by the authentic style and fine workmanship that have made Kirsch the foremost manufacturer in this field.

In Kirsch Wood Poles you may choose lovely period designs, charming Modernistic fancies, or the new stipple finish poles in superb metallic hues . . . all with the exclusive Kirsch feature that permits rings to glide freely over poles of any design without marring the finish. Or the gay color combinations of Kirsch Amvio Work in cast aluminum . . . and Kirsch Wrought Iron Drapery Hardware, hand-hammered by master craftsmen.

Draw Cords for Privacy and Convenience

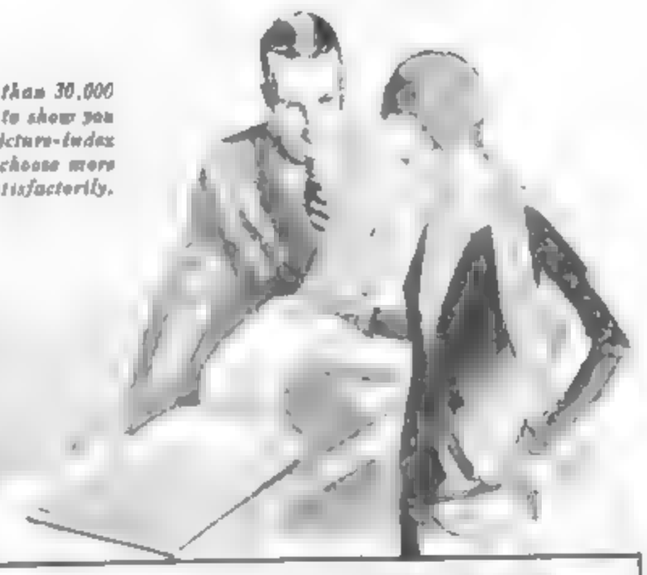
All Kirsch cut-to-measure hardware provides the exclusive advantages of Perfected Draw Cord Equipment . . . concealed cords that cannot knot or tangle, and draperies overlapping at the center for absolute privacy.

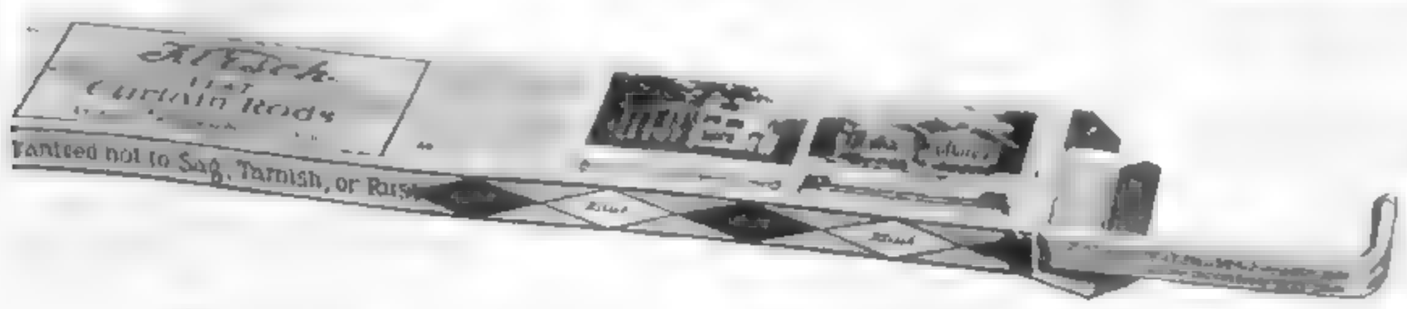
Kirsch dealers now offer you a new Modern Draping service which makes the selection of beautiful drapery effects easier and simpler than it has ever been before. They are prepared to show you, in picture, windows of every conceivable type, shape and size . . . among which you will find windows exactly like your own.

Once you have made your problem clear, your dealer will place before you a beautiful series of illustrations in full color, showing the many different drapery treatments suited to each window. Thus you are able to choose both hardware and fabrics more wisely and more quickly.

As an added help in creating beautiful drapery effects and color harmonies, we shall also gladly send you The 1929 Kirsch Book . . . a style-book filled with practical suggestions for window and door treatments, and useful information on the care and hanging of draperies and curtains. Mail the coupon for your copy today.

Kirsch drapery hardware is offered by more than 30,000 dealers, everywhere. Ask your favorite shop to show you the new Kirsch Modern Draping service, a picture-index of beautiful windows which enables you to choose more surely, and your dealer to serve you more satisfactorily.





When purchasing drapery hardware, ask for Kirsch by name. This blue and yellow carton identifies the Kirsch Flat Extension Rod as does the name "Kirsch" stamped on every genuine Kirsch rod. Look for it as your guarantee of quality.

KIRSCH COMPANY
800 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A
Kirsch Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd
Woodstock, Ont

You may send me *The 1929 Kirsch Book* without charge

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

155)

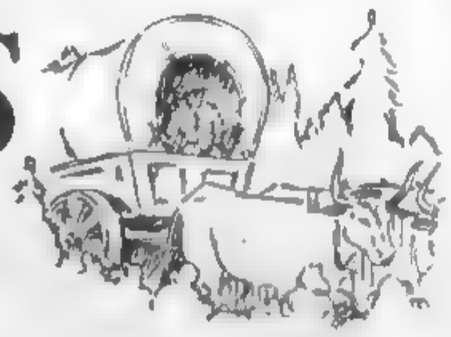
Kirsch Drapery Hardware

Hard Rubber in Every Conceivable Form

Jos. Stokes RUBBER CO.

Trenton N. J.

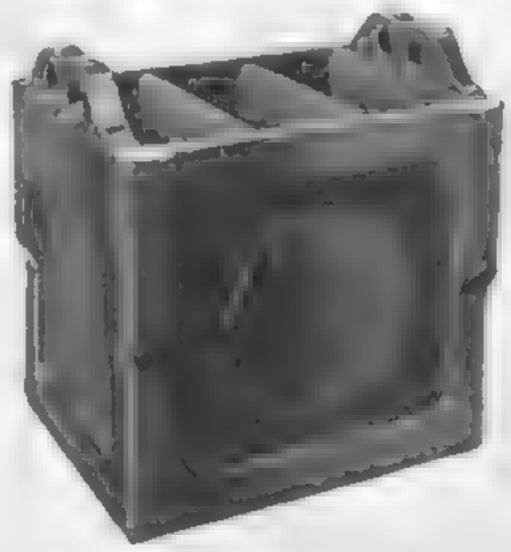
PIONEERS



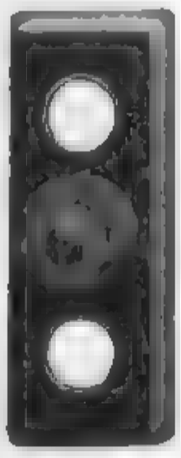
in the manufacture of

Battery Containers and HARD RUBBER PRODUCTS

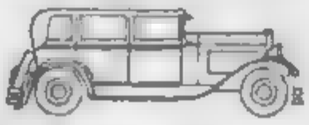
Moulders of Plastics



Moulders since 1897



Covers—Vent Plugs

We have grown up with the Automobile  We have witnessed the birth and growth of the Radio And we have met the demands for performance made by battery makers and users the world over

Prompt service in reply to inquiries

Jos. Stokes Rubber Co., Trenton, N. J.—Canadian Plant, Welland, Ont.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

$2.80 In One Spare Hour!

THINGS for a time looked none too bright for Dan J Wolf Ill health made heavy work impossible. Yet he wanted to do something to help with expenses.

An ad like this attracted him. He sent in the coupon, similar to the one below. Soon our offer came to him. Recently he wrote that in just one hour he had earned $2 80 from Curtis work!

Why not write for our offer yourself? Right now we have an agreeable, pleasant opening for you, either spare time or full time. Fill out this coupon now, and send to us!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
380 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me the same offer you made Mr Dan J Wolf

Name (Please Print Name and Address) Age

Street

City State

The TOUGHEST *twenty-five feet in the* WORLD

FROM the reception desk in the waiting-room to the buyer's office inside the rail is a stretch not much over twenty-five feet. To the salesman who calls "cold," that stretch looms as the toughest twenty-five feet in all the world.

Strong men have been known to suffer a touch of buck fever while the girl at the gate carries their unfamiliar cards to buyers who know nothing of them—and little of the company they represent.

Until a man knows something about you and your goods, what earthly reason *should* he have for wanting to see your salesman?

The man who "never heard of you" will read your printed story. The man who sends out word that he is "too busy" can find time to look through the folders and booklets that tell what you sell. The man who "isn't interested" can have his interest whetted by well-printed words and pictures of the things he needs to run his business.

Even the man whose desk is "stacked a foot high" still has room on that desk for the broadside that answers a question on which he had some doubt—and answers it in a way to sharpen his interest in your wares.

If your printing has introduced you, your salesman does not send in the card of an unknown company. The question in the buyer's mind is not, "How can I get rid of this salesman?" but, "What can this man do to *help* me?"

A good printer knows many ways of making your salesmen's work more effective. He can show you samples of good printing done on good paper that have smoothed the toughest twenty-five feet in the world to something that a salesman takes in a few easy, confident strides.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that is is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (shown in connection with their own imprint) to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

{better paper — better printing}

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Revolutionary!

A shower head that won't stop up..gives any kind of spray you want...

A turn of the lever sluices all sediment away.

Another turn of the lever gives a normal spray.

Or you can adjust to a veritable stinging needle shower.

This complete Speakman Shower, K4035M, with the new self-cleaning head, in Speakman Chromium Plate, Price $75.00.

$15

A TURN of a convenient lever instantly regulates the water openings in this remarkable new Speakman shower head. You get the *exact* kind of spray you like best . . . anything from a blood-racing needle spray to a soothing, caressing stream!

And, great news for everyone who has ever had a shower, a single twist of the same lever immediately flushes away all clogging sediment. (See illustrations at left.)

Never before have these two important features been available on any shower. Introduced but a short time ago, this Speakman shower head is already in use in thousands of homes.

If unable to find the Speakman self-cleaning shower head at your plumber's, write us. *It is quickly installed on any shower.* And like all Speakman Showers and Fixtures for bathtubs, washstands and kitchen sinks, it is flawlessly made to last a lifetime. Finished in brilliant, jewel-like Speakman chromium plate. Ageless. Tarnish-proof. Needs no polishing. SPEAKMAN COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.

SPEAKMAN
SHOWERS & FIXTURES

The Poets' Corner

The Great Ones

THE Great Ones brood aloof in calm benignity
With book and pen;
We've thrust aside the scholar's cloistered dignity
To live with men.

The Great Ones view the world with boundless charity
From high above;
We work, we strive, we speak with vulgar clarity
To those we love.

The Great Ones greatly dream eternal verities
Beyond our sphere;
We sing of human hearts and crude asperities
About us here.

Before the Great Ones' shrines, with due formality,
All Time shall bow;
We basely sacrifice our immortality
To serve you now.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

"He Will Come Back"

"HE WILL come back," she said, and let her hair
Fall like a sudden shower of sunlight there
About her shoulders, moon-flower white.
And then
She turned her eyes out to the sea again.

I did not tell her how the stars' white fingers
Clutch at a sailor's throat and hold him fast
As drunken shadows shackled to the mast
Of ships at dusk; nor how a sailor lingers

Along a harbor, bright with amber wings,
And always finds a far port's music sweet;
Knows other lips and eyes, and maidens' feet,
Hungry for dancing where a red moon swings.

She blew the candle's golden blossom out
And gave herself to sleep, as breakers came
Like silver tigers up the shore, a flame
Of music leaping with a lyric shout.

Her lips were soft against her pillow. Blue
With silence, twilight sought her room and drew
The moonlight in, cool flake on shining flake.
"He will come back," she dreamed. Why must she wake?

—*Daniel Whitehead Hicky.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

Of course, you're taking the children to the beach this summer!

If you can possibly manage it, of course, you're going to let them practically *live* in their bathing suits this summer. Sunshine—plenty of it—is so important to growing youngsters. Modern science has given new significance to a good coat of tan.

For sunshine means health and vigor . . . Just repeat that phrase and consider *why* it is true.

It is because the direct rays of the sun are a source of the precious *Vitamin D.* And because *Vitamin D*—the sunlight vitamin—is absolutely essential to growing children—*for without it the minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet, which go to make strong bones and teeth, are not efficiently utilized by the body.*

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D . . . the sunlight vitamin

Extensive research has proved conclusively that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building sturdy bones and sound teeth when taken under normal every-day conditions.

Cocomalt, as you know, is a delicious *balanced* food drink that children really love. And it brings them not only the actual sunlight vitamin but the necessary mineral salts, lime and phosphorus, as well.

Indeed, Cocomalt increases the milk minerals, lime and phosphorus, by over 50%, and it adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk. Cocomalt combines, in correct proportions, nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

A delicious drink that children love

If all this sounds overly scientific just remember that Cocomalt is a captivating delicious drink with a delightful chocolate flavor. You don't have to coax children to drink it. It's quite as much of a treat as an ice cream soda . . . and incidentally it's one way of making them drink the daily glasses of milk they need.

Serve it hot or cold, morning, noon or night. Make it a part of the children's regular diet. Give them every chance to build strong bones and sound teeth . . . and to grow up healthy, vigorous and well nourished.

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi).

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY . Hoboken, N. J.
Makers of Davis Baking Powder

FREE: A fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me your free booklet M-6, "Children of the Sun."

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*County*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

'Mid cries of "Speech! Speech!" . . . Julius Caesar rose and faced the folks

"Friends, Romans, and Country Boys," stuttered Julius, "you are here today . . . that is, I-er-am pleased to, ah, er . . ."

The greatest Roman of them all was flopping. He who had faced a thousand foes was plainly scared stiff. The Program Committee was fervently wishing they had put on the Trained Seal act after all . . .

And then Caesar's wavering hand struck something solid . . . a bottle. In desperation he lifted it to his lips and gurgled a refreshing gulp . . . then another . . . and another. The day was saved. Inspired eloquence poured forth from the throat of the mighty warrior. And when he had accepted the plaudits of the multitude, Julius sought his orderly. "Boy," said he, "fetch me another laurel wreath, this one is a size too small."

* * *

And that, Dear Reader, is how the Gift of Eloquence came to bashful J. Caesar. When you're a little older you will read all about it in your history book.

"What was in the bottle?" Now, don't be foolish; why a zippy, sparkling bottled carbonated beverage of course . . . which reminds us to remind you to check your household stock of these delicious drinks.

Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Bottled beverages Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS -OF- CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

TEXACO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TEXACO *everywhere- and at home*

Through Death Valley or across the Bad Lands; up the Rockies or down the Alleghanies—wherever your tour may lead, you will find Texaco Golden Motor Oil, the *one* pure motor oil available everywhere!

Its clear full body measures up to any motor task.

In the scorching desert where a merciless sun forces the thermometer up to 120°, 130°; or up through the snow-lined mountain pass, under heat or cold, climbing or speeding, Texaco Golden Motor Oil keeps the engine sweet-running—cool, efficient.

Thousands of veteran motorists insure their tours, just as they do their daily driving, with Texaco. To them the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is more than a symbol. It is a guarantee of a finer, safer motor oil and a high-test gasoline at no extra price.

"TOUR WITH TEXACO"

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO

GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

FULL BODY

CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE

School Days—Think back to your own days of "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic." How much your memory has lost! How little it has retained! But snapshots prevent your forgetting. Take plenty of them now, for your own sake as well as your children's.

Vacation Thrills—new scenes, new faces, new things to do—make snapshots of them all. What a satisfaction it is to know that your camera is loaded with Kodak Film—the film that *gets* the picture.

That Curious Age—when tiny tots begin to wonder why the water comes pouring out when they turn the faucet on. What a precious period in their lives—too precious to let a single picture chance slip by.

Childhood—crowded with happy experiences, but over all too soon. Before the dolls and marbles are put away for good, take snapshots at every opportunity. And the best way of making sure that these precious pictures turn out well is to load your camera with Kodak Film.

Snapshots that might have failed

had it not been for the special features of this always dependable FILM *in the familiar yellow box*

THEY'RE in *your* collection of snapshots, and in everyone else's, too . . . pictures that might have failed, but didn't. Priceless pictures. Pictures you would hate to lose, for they never could be replaced.

Conditions were not as they should be at the time you clicked the shutter. Not always your fault, to be sure. Picture opportunities don't always occur in just the right location and when there's plenty of light. You've got to take them as they come . . . and you did.

How Your Snapshots Are Protected by Kodak Film

You have perhaps been taking Kodak Film for granted. You have probably never considered the possibility that it had much to do with how those pictures turned out. When they proved to be unexpectedly successful, the chances are you have given every bit of the credit to your camera.

Yet it is to the film that much of your thanks should really be given . . . to the special qualities of Kodak Film that safeguard pictures made under adverse conditions.

It is to the persistence and resourcefulness of Eastman scientists and the thousands of careful tests they have made and are continually making that you owe a great many of your most precious snapshots.

Film Now Better Than Ever

Millions of dollars have been spent in research and equipment merely to improve a film that was already good, and the excellence of today's snapshots shows that this effort has not been wasted.

Kodak Film possesses several marvelous properties. These reduce the danger of under- and over-exposure, and insure the correct graduation of tones from high-lights to deep shadows, as well as preventing a soot and whitewash effect even in harsh lighting. They are good qualities to bear in mind the next time you load your camera.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK *film*

Only EASTMAN *makes Kodak Film*